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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BAUHAUS · DEPECHE MODE · EW&F
JAM · CHINESE ROCK · JAP POP
PIGBAG · VENOM · KEITH ALLEN

PETE MURPHY BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER

A CONVERSATION WITH BAUHAUS

BY PAUL MORLEY

I spy with my four eyes . . . Pete Murphy by Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT**	**Tight Fit (Jive)**	6	1
2	2	MICKEY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	4	2
3	3	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	8	3
4	5	T'AINT WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)	Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)	5	4
5	20	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	2	5
6	4	CENTREFOLD	J. Geils Band (EMI)	5	4
7	7	SEE YOU	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	7
8	13	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	4	8
9	12	RUN TO THE HILLS	Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	9
10	14	POISON ARROW	ABC (Neutron)	5	10
11	11	CLASSIC	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)	3	11
12	6	TOWN CALLED MALICE	Jam (Polydor)	6	1
13	16	STARS ON STEVIE	Starsound (CBS)	3	13
14	23	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	2	14
15	8	DEUTSCHER GIRLS	The Original Adam & The Ants (EG)	3	8
16	24	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	16
17	10	CARDIAC ARREST	Madness (Stiff)	5	10
18	19	SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK	Robert Palmer (Island)	3	18
19	17	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	9	4
20	27	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Jets (EMI)	2	20
21	22	MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	21
22	18	GOLDEN BROWN	Stranglers (Liberty)	9	2
23	9	SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	6	4
24	(—)	PARTY FEARS TWO	Associates (Situation 2)	1	24
25	25	BAAL'S HYMN	David Bowie (RCA)	2	25
26	15	I CAN'T GO FOR THAT	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	7	10
27	30	HEAD OVER HEELS	Abba (Epic)	5	14
28	(—)	DAMNED DON'T CRY	Visage (Polydor)	1	24
29	(—)	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	1	29
30	(—)	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	30

Fall in at five *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**PELICAN WEST**	**Haircut One Hundred (Arista)**	3	1
2	1	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	9	1
3	4	ACTION TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	3	3
4	9	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	21	1
5	5	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	14	5
6	8	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	6	6
7	6	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	17	3
8	(—)	THE GIFT	Jam (Polydor)	1	8
9	7	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	18	2
10	2	DREAMING	Various (K-Tel)	4	2
11	11	PRIVATE EYES	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	6	6
12	10	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT	XTC (Virgin)	5	6
13	20	FREEZE FRAME	J. Geils Band (EMI)	3	13
14	(—)	ONE NIGHT AT BUDOKAN	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	1	14
15	26	WESTWORLD	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)	2	15
16	18	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	20	9
17	(—)	DIAMOND	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	1	17
18	16	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	18	1
19	24	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	12	6
20	12	WORD OF MOUTH	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	3	12
21	15	20 WITH A BULLET	Various (EMI)	2	15
22	14	CHASE THE DRAGON	Magnum (Jet)	2	14
23	19	LA FOLIE	Stranglers (Liberty)	8	10
24	13	FRIENDS OF MY CAIRO	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	7	7
25	28	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION	George Benson (Warner Bros)	9	23
26	23	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	13	1
27	(25)	SEE JUNGLE	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	2	25
28	(—)	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Inglesias (CBS)	8	6
29	(—)	DR HECKLE & MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	1	29
30	17	MESOPOTAMIA	B52s (Island)	3	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(3)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
2	(1)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(2)	**Getting Up**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(4)	**Jet Boy Jet Girl (EP)**	Chron-Gen (Secret)
5	(6)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse**	Dirt (Crass)
6	(7)	**Love Song**	Damned (Big Beat)
7	(9)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos (Riot City)
8	(5)	**I Won't Close My Eyes**	UB40 (Dep Int)
9	(25)	**Destroy The Youth**	Charge (Kamera)
10	(15)	**Dancing**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
11	(11)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
12	(20)	**Megga City/Work**	Spizz Energi 2 (Rough Trade)
13	(—)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
14	(—)	**I Hate People**	Anti Nowhere League (XYZ)
15	(27)	**Got To Get Out (EP)**	Court Martial (Riot City)
16	(19)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
17	(—)	**No Hope For Anyone**	Dead Wretched (Infernal)
18	(12)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
19	(21)	**White And Green Place**	Maximum Joy (Y)
20	(—)	**It's Been Hours Now**	Dead or Alive (Black Eyes)
21	(14)	**In Britain**	Red Alert (No Future)
22	(26)	**Saturday Night Special**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
23	(22)	**Everything's Gone Green/Mesh/Cries And Whispers**	New Order (Factory/Belelux Import)
24	(—)	**Vicious Circle**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
25	(17)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
26	(24)	**Beat The Beat**	Mari Wilson (Compact)
27	(8)	**Street Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
28	(—)	**Bomb Scare EP**	Dead Man's Shadow (Rondolet)
29	(16)	**Mello Love**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
30	(13)	**Party Fears Two**	Associates (Situation 2)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
3	(5)	**Fourth Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
4	(4)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(—)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
6	(3)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
7	(9)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party Lydia Lunch (4AD)
8	(8)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (Big Beat)
9	(7)	**Not To**	Colin Newman (4AD)
10	(10)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
11	(6)	**Contradictions**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
12	(—)	**To The Shores Of Lake Placid**	Various (Zoo)
13	(12)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
14	(16)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
15	(11)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
16	(15)	**Still**	Joy Division (4AD)
17	(17)	**Live In London — Tape**	Fall (Chaos)
18	(21)	**Live In Sheffield**	Pressure Co. (Paradox)
19	(13)	**Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty**	Felt (Cherry Red)
20	(27)	**Unknown Pleasures**	J. Division (Factory)
21	(19)	**True Democracy**	Steel Pulse (Wiseman Doctrine)
22	(—)	**Introduce Me To The Doctor**	Pinski Zoo (Despatch)
23	(30)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (Rough Trade)
24	(25)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
25	(22)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
26	(24)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
27	(20)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
28	(26)	**Fire Of Love**	Gun Club (New Rose)
29	(—)	**Filth Hounds Of Hades**	Tank (Kamaflage)
30	(28)	**DJ Clash**	Nicodemus/Toyan (Greensleeves)

Compiled by NME *from a nationwide survey of independent record shops*

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **In A Jamaica Style 10"** ..... Papa's Face (Fashion)
2 **Shut Me Mouth** ...Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
3 **Rubadub Partner**..... Jimmy Cliff (Oneness)
4 **Never Gonna Let You Go** — El pa Homer (Castro Brown)
5 **Top Of The Pops**..... Sammy Dread (Jah Lion)
6 **Revolution** ..... Bim Sherman (On-U-Sound)
7 **Pretty Woman** ..... Mighty Diamonds (Reggae)
8 **Ina Dis Ya Time**..... Sugar Minott (Live and Love)
9 **Baby Love** ..... Tamlins (Reggae)
10 **Independent Man 10"** — Creation Rebel (On U Sound)
11 **Tomorrow Is Another Day** — Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)
12 **I'm Falling In Love**..... Donna Rhoden (Ital)
13 **Top Ten**..... Gregory Isaacs (African Musuem)
14 **Diamonds And Pearls** — Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
15 **Virgin** ..... Prince Far I (On U Sound)

REGGAE LPs

1 **D.J. Clash** ... Nicodemus & Toyan (Greensleeves)
2 **Radic Faction** ..... Roots Radics (Cha Cha)
3 **Mad Over Me**..... Yellow Man (J&L)
4 **Gun Men Connection**..... Nicodemus (Cha Cha)
5 **We Must Unite** ..... Viceroys (Trojan)

Music Market, 51 High Street, Oxford

US SINGLES

1 **Centrefold**..... J. Geils Band (EMI America)
2 **Open Arms** ..... Journey (Columbia)
3 **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4 **Shake It Up** ..... The Cars (Elektra)
5 **That Girl** ..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6 **Sweet Dreams**..... Air Supply (Arista)
7 **We Got The Beat** ..... Go-Go's (A&M)
8 **Mirror Mirror** ..... Diana Ross (RCA)
9 **Leader Of The Band** ..... Dan Fogelberg (Epic)
10 **Take It Easy On Me** ..... Little River Band (Capitol)

US LPs

1 **Beauty And The Beast** ..... The Go-Go's (IRS)
2 **Freeze-Frame** ..... J Geils Band (EMI America)
3 **I Love Rock'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4 **4** ..... Foreigner (Atlantic)
5 **Escape** ..... Journey (Columbia)
6 **Ghost In The Machine** ..... Police (A&M)
7 **Hooked On Classics** — Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
8 **Quarterflash** ..... Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
9 **Private Eyes** ..... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
10 **Physical** ..... Olivia Newton-John MCA)

Courtesy Billboard Magazine

AUSTRALIA

1 **Tainted Love**..... Soft Cell (Mercury)
2 **Trouble**..... Lindsey Buckingham (Mercury)
3 **Centrefold**..... J. Geils Band (EMI America)
4 **Waiting For A Girl Like You**.. Foreigner (Atlantic)
5 **Young Turks**..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
6 **Homosapien** ..... Pete Shelley (Island)
7 **What About Me**..... Moving Pictures (WBE)
8 **Cambodia** ..... Kim Wilde (RAK)
9 **Lets Hang On**..... Barry Manilow (Arista)
10 **Our Lips Are Sealed** ..... Go-Gos (Illegal)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Knowing Me Knowing You**..... Abba (Epic)
2 **Chanson D'Amour**..... Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
3 **When** ..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
4 **Sound And Vision** ..... David Bowie (RCA)
5 **Moody Blue**..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **Boogie Nights**..... Heatwave (GTO)
7 **Torn Between Two Lovers** ..... Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
8 **Going In With My Eyes Open**..... David Soul (Private Stock)
9 **Rockaria** ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
10 **Romeo** ..... Mr Big (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Without You** ..... Nilsson (Decca)
2 **Beg Steal Or Borrow** ..... New Seekers (Polydor)
3 **American Pie**..... Don McLean (United Artists)
4 **Alone Again Naturally**..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
5 **Meet Me On The Corner**..... Lindisfarne (Charisma)
6 **Mother And Child Reunion** ..... Paul Simon (CBS)
7 **Got To Be There**..... Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
8 **Son Of My Father** ..... Chicory Tip (CBS)
9 **Hold Your Head Up**..... Argent (Epic)
10 **I Can't Help Myself** ..... Donnie Elbert (Avco)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Release Me**..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2 **Edelweiss**..... Vince Hill (Columbia)
3 **This Is My Song** ..... Petula Clark (Pye)
4 **This Is My Song** ..... Harry Secombe (Philips)
5 **Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields**..... Beatles (Parlophone)
6 **On A Carousel**..... Hollies (Parlophone)
7 **Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Bear** — Alan Price Set (Decca)
8 **Georgie Girl** ..... Seekers (Columbia)
9 **There's A Kind Of Hush** ..... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10 **I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman** ..... Whistling Jack Smith (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Wonderful Land**..... Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Tell Me What He Said**..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3 **Can't Help Falling In Love** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
4 **March Of The Siamese Children**..... Kenny Ball (Pye)
5 **Let's Twist Again**..... Chubby Checker (Columbia)
6 **Wimoweh** ..... Karl Denver (Decca)
7 **A Hole In The Ground**..... Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone)
8 **Twistin' The Night Away** ..... Sam Cooke (RCA)
9 **Hey Baby**..... Bruce Chanel (Mercury)
10 **Dream Baby** ..... Roy Orbison (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Club to sue for breach of contract

LKJ CANCELS AFTER BLACK PRESSURE

LINTON KWESI Johnson has cancelled a concert because of claims that owners of the venue have made contributions to fascist organisations.

The concert was due to take place on Wednesday (17) at Rock City in Nottingham. But after details of the show had been announced, LKJ received letters from local organisations warning him that he could expect an organised boycott and possibly a picket line should he decide to appear.

The letters came from the Afro-Caribbean Society of Trent Polytechnic Students' Union — whose signatories included the Black People's Action Group, the Pan-African Congress Movement, Umoja Khumba, The Afro-Caribbean Artistic Centre, The Cavaliers Social Club (an organisation of mainly middle-aged West Indians in the area) and The Sierra Leonian Association — as well as individual members of the black community and the Asian Youth Movement. In them, it was alleged that "substantial contributions" have been donated by "a shareholder" in Rock City to "permanent based British fascist organisations". According to the Afro-Caribbean Society, these rumours have been "common knowledge" in the town for some time.

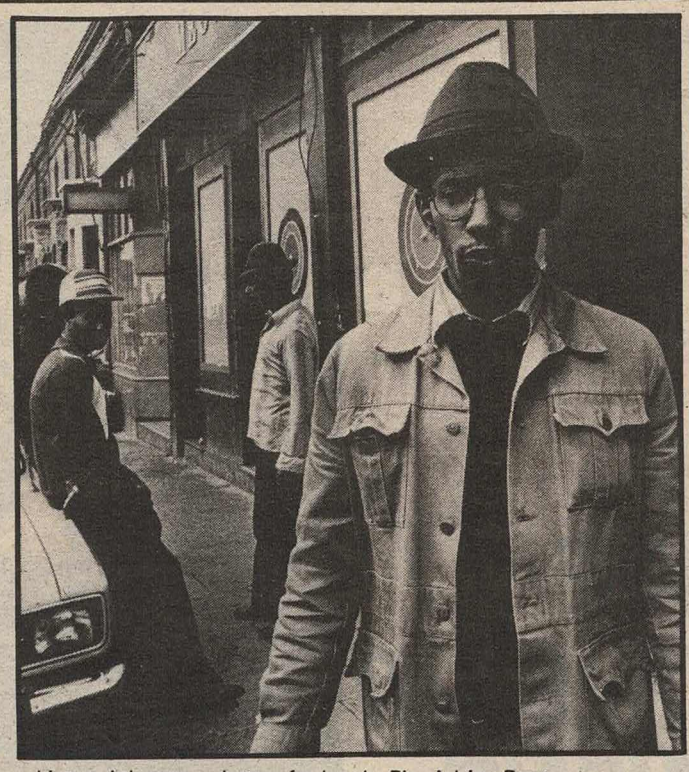
Both Linton Kwesi Johnson and John Cooper Clarke, who is touring with him, decided to cancel the concert. Linton told *NME* that he was sorry to disappoint people in Nottingham but that he felt there was "no way" he could now play the venue, given the nature and the sources of the rumours, despite the fact that they are unsubstantiated. He added that this was "a political principle of the greatest importance" and that he was keen to play an alternative venue in the city.

The principal shareholder in Rock City is the George Atkins Group, whose other holdings include local betting shops and two casinos, the Wilton Sporting Club and the Victoria Club. When *NME* contacted Paul Mason, booking manager at Rock City, he denied the claims and added: "My job is hard enough as it is without these stupid rumours." Eric Green, managing director of the George Atkins Group, also denied the Afro-Caribbean Society's allegations and stated that the rumours were "a complete fabrication".

He added that the company would "definitely be taking legal action against Linton Kwesi Johnson for breach of contract", and that they were consulting their solicitors with regard to proceedings against the signatories of the letters containing the allegations.

We await and see.

— MARK CORDERY



Linton Johnson — letters fro locals. Pic: Adrian Boot

'Jaz vanishes' mystery

MYSTERY STILL surrounds the disappearance last week of Killing Joke vocalist Jaz Colman — although the group still intend to press ahead with the major UK tour scheduled to begin next month.

It was straight after a gig in Brighton — according to the Killing Joke camp — that the singer vanished into the night, leaving no word of his destination, or reasons for going, or date of return. But it was when the group turned up to film a slot for BBC's *Riverside* programme — and Jaz failed to show — that the real worrying started. In the event, they muddled through the session using a dummy in his place.

Killing Joke manager Brian Taylor says he's as confused about the walk-out as the group themselves. Nothing has been heard from Jaz apart from a phone-call to his mother, reassuring her he's all right, and another call to the record company, EG — but not from Jaz himself. A girl claiming to be with him told them: "Jaz is OK and not to worry, he'll be back."

What thickens the plot most of all, however, is Jaz's long-standing fascination with the occult . . .

According to Brian Taylor, Jaz warned some months ago that 1982 might be the time when "the lure of other things" would pull him away from the band. This was taken to mean his absorption in mysticism, especially the brand once practised by black magic writer Aleister Crowley (with whom he shares a birth date), and his ambition to write a book on the same subject. It's also thought to be more than coincidence that his disappearance came right before March 10 — a date believed by Jaz and thousands of occultists round the world to be of cosmic significance, because it marked a unique conjunction of the planets. (In India especially, the date was widely expected to be the end of the world.)

Theories about the singer's whereabouts range from Iceland — a place he's visited before, believing it the focus of planetary ley-lines — to Sicily (a former Crowley hang-out), to Switzerland, where Jaz claimed to have shadowy friends who would assist him on his quest.

The other members of the group, meanwhile, are left rehearsing for their tour — which, if necessary, they'll try and complete as a three-piece. Although there were no known rifts within the band, and Taylor says the others "admire" Jaz's behaviour rather than resent it, the difficulties of replacing the main singer and writer would be considerable. From bass-player Youth, however, the missing singer's flatmate, there comes a plea for Jaz to return — both to clean the flat and to look after his cats.

All of which suggests, perhaps, that the story's implications are more comic than cosmic.

— PAUL DU NOYER

"Good scam, Jaz — see you 'reincarnated' at the next gig, OK?"

Simon and his mate re-form

SIMON & GARFUNKEL are back together on a permanent basis, after a split lasting ten years — apart from a one-off reunion three years ago for an awards ceremony, and a concert last autumn in New York's Central Park. And it was the latter which prompted them seriously to consider resuming their partnership.

"We sat down and talked at length about working together — and, you know, that's something we'd never really done before," explained Paul Simon. "Now Art and I have ironed out all our difficulties, and we're back in business as a viable proposition."

The initial outcome of the reunion will be a new Simon & Garfunkel album, and their plans for live performances include a British visit later in the year for a string of concerts at London's Hammersmith Odeon — with the possibility of provincial shows, as well.

Enid leaves 'School

GIRLSCHOOL have undergone a line-up change, with bassist Enid Williams leaving, to be replaced by ex-Killjoy Gil Weston.

TOUR DATES

The Fall

THE FALL, already set for a major London show at the Hammersmith Palais on March 25 (reported last week), have now confirmed a string of provincial dates.

Confirmed dates are Bradford Palm Cove (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (March 24), Swindon Brunel Rooms (26), Glasgow Night Moves (April 1), Edinburgh Nite Club (2), London Holloway North Polytechnic (23), Colchester Essex University (24), Bury Derby Hall (27), Derby Blue Note (28), York University (29), Retford Porterhouse (30) and Southampton University (May 1).

The Outcasts

THE OUTCASTS, Ulster's top punk band, as they say, are in England next week for a mini-tour of the following venues: Stevenage Bowes Lyon House March 21, Sheffield Marples March 22, London 100 Club March 23, Birmingham Digbeth Hall April 3, London Lyceum April 4, Bristol Granary April 5. Vice Squad share the Brum date, Anti-Pasti at the Lyceum.

ICA Scotchpotch

SCOTS ON THE ROCKS is the title of the seventh Rock Week to be staged at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts and, as the title implies, it's devoted entirely to bands and artists from North of the Border.

The full running order is **The Delmontes, Sophisticated Boom Boom** and **The Recognitions** (Tuesday, March 23); **The Cuban Heels, James King & The Lone Wolves** and **On A Clear Day** (Wednesday, 24); **The Scars, The Visitors** and **The Cocteau Twins** (Thursday, 25); **TV21, Boots For Dancing** and **The Twin Sets** (Friday, 26); **The Revillos, Those French Girls** and **Epsilon** (Saturday, 27); and **Richard Jobson, The Bluebells** and **Endgame** (Sunday, 28).

The line-up has been arranged by Edinburgh's top rock agency Regular Music. All tickets are priced at £3 — though, for non-members, it's necessary to purchase an ICA Day Pass costing 40p. All seats are bookable, and the number to ring for enquiries is 01-930 3647.

● The ICA has also pulled off another scoop by securing the premiere of the film **Rough Cut And Ready Rubbed**, which is being screened for a three-week run in the ICA Cinema from tomorrow (Friday). The movie — presented by Forum Youth Films and directed by Hasan Shah and Dom Shaw — features Stiff Little Fingers, The Selecter, Johnny G, Sham 69, Patrik Fitzgerald, The Cockney Rejects, A Certain Ratio and The Purple Hearts. The support picture is **Eddy Grant Live**, filmed at the Notting Hill Carnival.

TOUR NEWS P.31

Break the sound barrier.

maxell

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LOTTA STEIN talks to the spokes-men for Decent Assault, the band who are putting a whole new angle on biker rock

WELL, WE ALWAYS SAID ROCK WENT IN CYCLES...

"And after 'Pump It Up' — 'Fa Fa Fa Fa (The Saddle Song)' ..." Pic: Glenn Morgan.

"FACING/FIGHTING Everything Negative" is the motto of the Decent Assault 'manifesto', handed out to punters when the duo made their debut appearance recently at Brighton XTREEMS Club.

Decent Assault are the South-East's newest offering to a music world crying out for oddities. Dressed for the Tour de France, wheeling their bicycles onto the stage to the accompaniment of a blanket of random piped sound, you might well expect a comedy show, a grotesque mockery of outlandish fashion and pretentious posing. A witty gimmick? Irony?

No. Close encounters of the serious kind.

Honesty is decked around the PA. Geoff Smith's passionate, poetic vocals meet Graham Barlow's metaphysical, Spanish-classical guitar, co-ordinating tightly with bass/drums backing tape and some peppered percussion! Smith breathes a desperate mystery/misery out of his non-ironic costume, whilst Barlow's stature remains calm yet totally involved with his flamenco-style strumming.

"Clothes are related to different degrees of action," Geoff tells me later. **"We run and cycle a lot, so we dress like this all the time. It's our style. It's honest. We're not *trying* to draw attention to ourselves through the clothes, although of course we're pleased that it obviously helps.**

"Any cyclist would tell you we don't even adhere strictly to *their* way of dressing; we're subversive within it. We're infiltrating every style and group in order to appeal to a cross-section, but without losing ourselves within it. Style attracts people."

Physical fitness — 'Strength Through Joy' . . . ??

"No," he assures me, "we have nothing to do with the right wing. I vote Labour. Mind you, party politics are extremely limited."

In May 1979, a year before leaving school, Geoff realised something "truly new and challenging" which he says had never before been discovered. They will not disclose *it* until "the time is right". The 'realisation' was a combination of factors — personal experience, reading Wilhelm Reich, and Bertrand Russell — concern with human character. "Our music and style are the means by which we will get across what we have realised — although only snippets of it will appear at first."

The titles alone speak of social and personal concern — 'Trial And Error', 'Business Is Business', 'Waiting Room', 'Problems Of Motivation', 'This Constant Feeling'.

Their performance is an anxious attempt to convey this *message,* but in such couched terms it renders the duo tense and cold, an unfortunate stumbling block for the trust, honesty, self-criticism, warmth and humanity which they list amongst their qualities. There is a chill thrill to their reasoning, which they maintain undermines the dogma of all previous pretence and power structures.

"I'm not talking about us thinking 'we're right' like millions of others — no, never that! You see, we've realised something so massive that we now have *no* belief — belief is an expression of doubt."

Keeping the world in suspense about their secret 'realisation' necessitates a self-control on stage, a distinct lack of the subjective. Their sound is poetic and classical, and rich too in modern dance tune, interrupted only rarely with some weird, tortured noise.

'This Constant Feeling' is about their *sense* of the world, an awareness and understanding of how and why things happen, the belief that things will improve, which must always be faced in order to defy bad atmospheres and influences — social, political, economic. Here, musical precision and sharpness express with intensity, a resistance — resistance to resignation, pretence and apathy.

Decent Assault are not telling us to do what they do, they're trying to tell us what they've done. Once we understand *it,* if we want to do *it,* if we have the will, we *will* — the choice is always ours.

Have you guessed their secret? "Stick with us as this movement grows," they urge. "Just encounter what we have to give."

Tom put on the headphones and said, "This is Major Tom. Come in, base control!" After a moment of crackling on the line Tom heard the voice of base control, loud and clear . . .

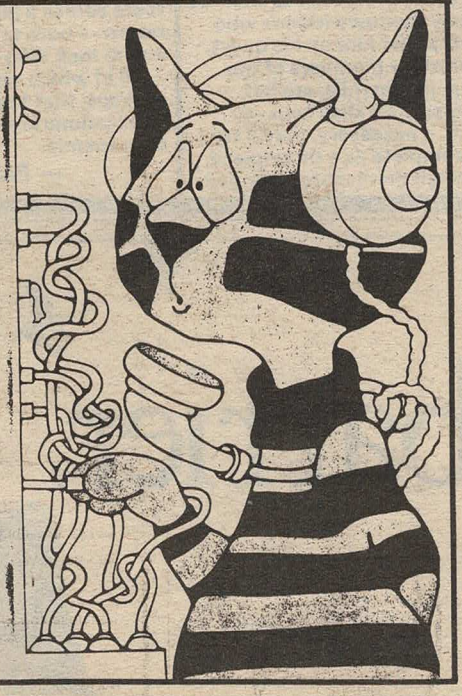
MAJOR TOM — GO IMMEDIATELY TO THE MOON — THE CHEESY MOUNTAINS ARE DISAPPEARING — YOUR MISSION IS TO FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING AND STOP IT — BASE CONTROL OUT!

Tom took off the headphones. He looked puzzled and worried. What could be wrong on the moon, he wondered.

"Oddball! Set a course for the moon. Full speed ahead! There isn't a moment to lose," ordered Tom.

The orange swung on to its new course.

8



*EXPOSED: another cultural input of that eclectic artistic larcenist Mr David so-called Bowie. The source? Peter Longden's seminal book **The Planet Of The Elves,** published by Ladybird, just one of Longden's cult trilogy of **Major Tom** adventures. Oh — hang on — the book only came out this year. Yeah, well, the pinch **might** have been the other way round, s'pose ...*

Chinese (rock'n) roll

RED CHINA rocks for real! And if you need proof you can always check out our source — the debut LP of The Dragons, called 'Parfums De La Revolution'.

The Dragons are three Cantonese boys, whose weird, warped version of punk — played on guitar, drums and two-stringed Chinese violin! — is one of the city's very underground attractions. They were discovered by the enterprising Parisian journalist Marc Boulet during an officially approved investigation of Chinese popular culture. It got more interesting once he slipped his zealous guides and chased up a few clues he'd picked up in Hong Kong to track down The Dragons in Canton — the nearest Chinese city to the British colony.

Not surprisingly, The Dragons are not approved of, though they once played a week's residency at a teahouse. It was subsequently converted into something more sedate by anxious authorities. Thus, in order for Boulet to preserve The Dragons for prosperity, they had to deal with a friend in charge of a Cantonese youth centre, which they occupied one Sunday afternoon to record 'Parfums De La Revolution' on a four-track tape machine.

The entire LP was completed inside two hours and it shows; but it's probably the closest anyone will get for awhile to China's alternative and, it's claimed, more radical culture.

Available on the French Blitzkrieg label — who previously brought you two underground records from Poland — it'll shortly be out over here via Avatar, but if you're really curious and can't wait you might want to try The Dragons' cover of 'Anarchy In The UK', released as a single, first (Contact: Alphee Productions, 26 Rue Rochechouart, 75009 Paris).

The new Cultural Revolution starts here?

— SIFU SHAOLIN

Lowry

"We added the extra synthesisers, horns, percussion, timbales, chorus and go-go dancers when we ran out of ideas after our first single."

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BANANARAMA

The Banana bunch L-R: Keren, Sarah, Siobhan. Pic: Chris Clunn.

MUSIC

Don't Determine My Life ..... **Doc Alimantado**
Me And Baby Brother ..... **War**
Pull Up To The Bumper ..... **Grace Jones**
I Don't Know Why I Love You .. **Stevie Wonder**
Magic ..... **Donna Summer**
Now That We've Found Love ..... **Third World**
Song For Europe ..... **Roxy**
Metronome ..... **Manicured Noise**
SARAH:
Religion ..... **PiL**
World Is Africa ..... **Black Uhuru**
Rock On ..... **David Essex**
SHUV:
Your Precious Love ..... **Linda Jones**
Don't Play That Song ..... **Aretha**
KEZ:
Lady Marmalade ..... **Labelle**
Love Child ..... **Diana Ross**

TIP FOR THE TOP

The Bluebells

READERS DIGEST

SARAH:
Profession Of Violence ..... **The Kray Twins**
Brendan Behan's Island
Catcher In The Rye ..... **J. D. Salinger**
George Best Biography
The Ronnie Biggs Story
SHUV:
La Parte Etroite ..... **Andre Gide**
Down All The Days ..... **Christy Brown**
Trinity ..... **Leon Uris**
Strumpet City ..... **James Plunkett**
Tess Of The D'Urbervilles ..... **Hardy**
The Boys From Brazil ..... **Ira Levin**
Easter, 1916 ..... **Yeats (Poem)**
KEZ:
Far From The Madding Crowd ..... **Hardy**
House Of Dolls
Past Imperfect ..... **Joan Collins**
Leneige En Devil ..... **Henri Trioyat**

CINEMARAMA

Female Trouble (1978)
West Side Story (1961)
Midnight Express (1978)
Scum (1979)
Great Rock And Roll Swindle (1980)
SARAH:
The Execution Of Private Slovik (1974)
Altered States (1981)
O Lucky Man (1973)
Taxi Driver (1976)
SHUV:
The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter (1968)
The Exorcist (1973)
Gregory's Girl (1981)
Bob and Bing "Road To" films (1940-62)
KEZ:
The Birds (1963)
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
That'll Be The Day (1973)
Jungle Book (1967)

TELEVISION

Coronation Street
Benny Hill Show
Get It Together (coz it's so cheap)
World In Action
Bouquet Of Barbed Wire
SARAH:
Crossroads
Krona Margarine ad
Stanley Baxter
Till Death Us Do Part
SHUV:
Blankety Blank
Punchlines
Worzel Gummidge
Wickers World
KEZ:
House Party
Bullseye
The Golden Shot

OTHER PASSIONS

SARAH:
West Ham United
Buggles
Bacon
Terry
Gimpy dancing
Netball
Rings
Martin the Marquee DJ
Lindsey (my little sister)
Dandy Nicholls
SHUV:
Gimpy dancing
Boxer dogs
Dexys concerts
Jacuzzis
Dive bombers at fun fair
My family
KEZ:
Swimming
Chocolate
Chips
My brother Matty
Gimpy dancing
Asteroids
Gold

HATES

Sammy Davis Junior
Rod Hull and Emu
Charlie Drake
Princess Anne
Arthur Askey
Isla St Clair
Chris Hunter
Rachel Heyhole-Flint
Bernie Winters
Peter Gordeno
Gail Tilsley plus father-in-law
But seriously: nuclear weapons

Taking Japan—by Cab

CABARET VOLTAIRE, those independent perpetrators of the weird noise jive, join the jet set rock star elite this week as they embark on a whistle-stop commercial visit to Japan.

The trip, which ties in nicely with the release of 'Red Mecca' in Japan, will include two shows in one day in Tokyo and another two-in-a-day in Osaka, as well as various TV appearances and some video work-outs.

"We originally only intended to do one show each in Tokyo and Osaka but they both sold out," Mal explains. "Japan is a very big record market for us. I don't know how many albums we've sold but it's at least as many as in England."

Their Japanese outlet, Japan Records, have been trying to get the Cabs to play over there for a year now but "communication problems and language barriers have made organisation a very difficult and lengthy process".

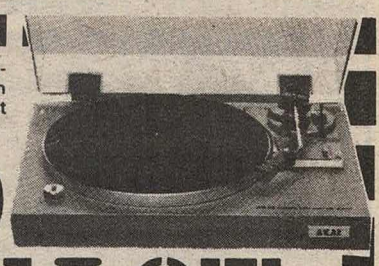
A more lucrative note in the deal is the offer of promotion by Roland Electronics. The idea being that Roland supply all the effects and amps during the twelve-day visit and, in exchange for 'advertising by using', the Cabs get to keep the equipment when they return to England. This little deal is rumoured to be worth about £4000.

On their return from Japan, the Cabs intend to arrange six to eight gigs over two weeks in May. "There are a few places that have been asking us to play so we will be doing a few gigs to tie in with the new double twelve-inch. It's called '2 × 45'.

"Also we're setting up an independent video label called Double Vision. The first release on that will be a 1½ hour Cabaret Voltaire video structured like a TV programme. It's an attempt to get away from the strictly promotional video. That will be coming out at the beginning of . . ."

C'mon Mallinder. If you want an advert, bloody pay for it.

— AMRIK RAI



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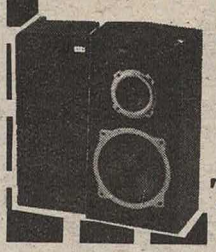

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Luxury coach journey ● Cross Channel ferry ●
Accommodation in top class hotel ●
Tick Box 1
Skipper shuttle available. **Price £39.**
Departs midnight 30th, returns morning 2nd.
Details as above minus hotel accom. Tick Box 2

THE JAM

Live in Amsterdam on 24th April
Departs 23rd, returns 25th April, **Price £57.**
Includes tickets for the concert ● Luxury coach journey ●
Cross-channel ferry ● Accommodation in top class hotel ●
Tick Box 8
Live in Brussels on 27th April. Departs 27th returns 28th April. **Price £36.**
Details as above. Box 4.

ELTON JOHN

Live in Paris on May 16th
Departs evening 14th, returns mornings 17th May
2 nights accommodation
Price **£85** Box 3

QUEEN

Vorst Nationale, Brussels.
Depart morning 22nd, return 24th April. **Price £57.**
Includes accommodation. Box 5.

STATUS QUO

Amsterdam, 23rd May
Price £57
Depart morning 22nd
Return morning 24th
Hotel accom. Box 6.

STATUS QUO

Brussels, 24th May
Price £37
Depart morning 24th
Return morning 25th
No accom. Box 7.

A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip reqd.
☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 ☐7 ☐8

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Address.....

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.....

No places required.....

Swan take — L-R: Gerard Quinn, Jerry Kelly, Paul Simpson. Pic: Les Pattinson (for it is he!)

RINGING THE WILD SWANS' UNTAMED MELODIES (Or — Cygnet Your Tunes)

PAUL MATHUR hears The Wild Swans debunk the Zoo mythology — on record and in conversation

ABOUT THREE years ago several people said some very silly things about pop music in Liverpool — and while the Liverpool Scene that was thus created gave the groups involved a valuable boost, everyone in town has spent till now trying to deny that such a scene ever existed.

It is quite perverse that the definitive proof should come via Zoo Records — the company about which the original furore was created, and the company that has just released a compilation LP of the incestuous Zoofolk. The LP, although excellent, seems to be perpetuating the myth of the New Disneyland, Liverpool as an Aladdin's Cave of talent and creativity. Zoo in fact realise that the real situation is completely different — they only hint at their true feelings in the whimsical packaging of the LP.

A far more important and radical debunking of the theory comes from another release on Zoo, the aptly named 'The Revolutionary Spirit' by The Wild Swans, a group of five young men who are doing more than anyone else to assert a stamp of individuality on music from the city.

The Wild Swans are Paul Simpson (vocals), Jerry Kelly (guitar), Ged Quinn (keyboards), Alan Wills (drums) and, for the moment, Alan from The Modernaires helping out on bass. Paul used to be in The Teardrop Explodes but that's only as relevant as, for example, the fact that Jerry used to be in Systems or that Ged is at Oxford doing Fine Arts.

Is it difficult to escape from the Teardrop/Bunnymen Connection? (They supported the Bunnymen on the last tour and of course they're on Zoo.)

"It is in that people might think of us as being surrogate Teardrops or Bunnymen, much as they did with A Certain Ratio in comparison with Joy Division on Factory.

"The only reason that the single came out on Zoo was that we couldn't afford to put it out ourselves. Pete (de Freitas, drummer with the Bunnymen) is a mate and he said he'd put up the money. He took the tape to Bill Drummond at Zoo and persuaded him to bring it out. It was no great discovery thing, Bill didn't even particularly like us at first."

But surely signing to Zoo may do more harm than good in the long run?

"A lot of people seem to have got the impression that we've signed to Zoo, but we haven't, they're just putting out this single. The only thing we've signed with them is a publishing deal with Zoo/Warner Brothers. We want to put the next single (probably 'The Iron Bed') out independently so that we're not going to be pressurised into writing rubbish to fulfil contractual obligations."

'The Revolutionary Spirit' is by no means the best single ever released, nor is it the worst.That's not what's important though. What's important is the spirit behind it, a spirit that is evident in everything The Wild Swans do. They are friends first, and the group is the best way they know of using this friendship. They are not the rock-conditioned youngsters that abound in every town in the country, spouting rhetoric picked up from big brother or from the music press or from an environment that tries to convince them that it is all about shifting product, accessibility, units, consumers, etc. Not once during the time I was with them did they

THE ACT · THE ACT · THE ACT
TOO LATE AT 20 · TOO LATE AT 20

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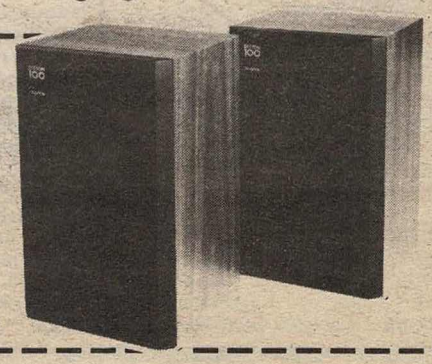
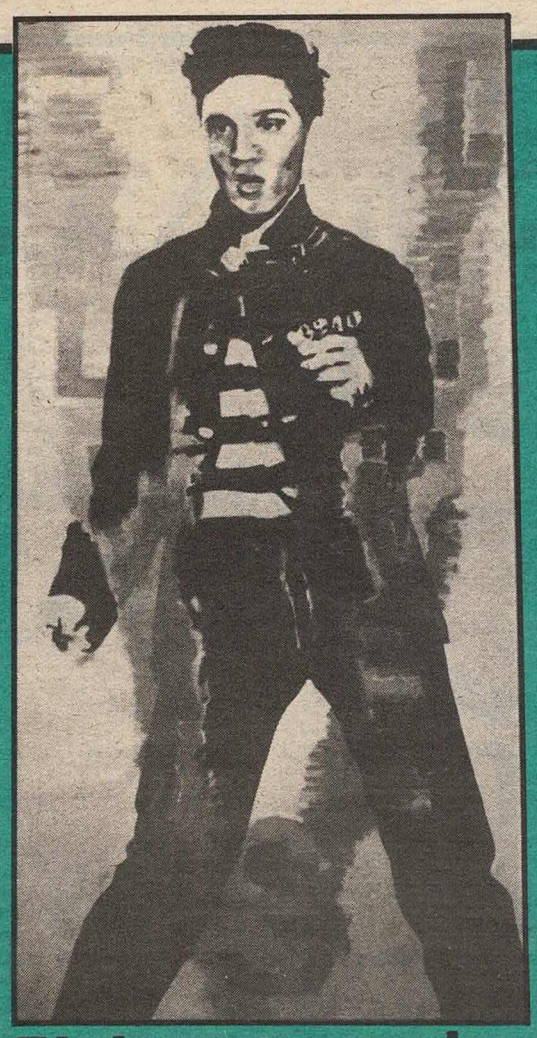




ELVIS LARGER than life may have become a cliche, but the cliches of pop are the very stuff of painter Corinna MacNeice's explorations. MacNeice (above) sees Jagger and Vicious, youth gangs and 'rock energies' as the themes of an age and of the kind of friendships such an age evokes amongst its youth. Her paintings will be on show from March 18-April 9 at the October Gallery, 24 Old Gloucester St, Queen Square, London WC1, where the hours are Tues-Fri from 12.30-4.30pm.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Elvis at a stroke

mention traditional rock ideals; I don't know how, but somehow they're unsullied by The Biz.

As a result of their attitude, they rely on feelings, on instincts that things are right; instincts that told them their last drummer, Joey, was wrong for them; instincts that recognised a kindred spirit in replacement Alan when he breezed in from Anglesey. They knew he was a Wild Swan without really knowing why.

This reliance on feelings means they find it hard to speak fluently on what they're doing. They grasp for phrases and explanations of something that is essentially part of them, occasionally making astute points as they skirt about.

"Our music is soul music in that the music we make is an extension of our individual personalities. We get on well as mates and so our music works well as a whole. We may not be wonderful musically but what we play has got that spark. It's the same sort of spark the Bunnymen or Joy Division have."

This isn't the cocksure ranting of over-confident would-be pop stars, it's an attempt to put into words a realisation of five individuals cohering in a way that none of them has ever experienced.

This coherence is rare. The only new northern bands who seem to have it are Black, The Last Chant and Send No Flowers. The danger now is that press overkill could cause irreparable harm, like giving young plants too much water.

If The Wild Swans are given time to mature at their own pace, fo fulfil the promise they show now, *no one* will be able to tame them.

ZINE SCENE

A wail in the mail

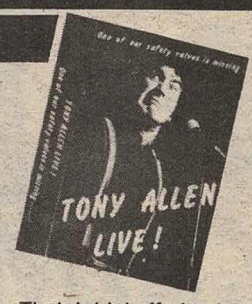
EVERYONE and his Sony seems to be getting into cassette 'zines these days, especially when an alternative publication's non-pro status can exempt them from the wrath of the Customs and Excise men, and allow new or local musics to air themselves in full without copyright considerations intervening. Which means that the most modern way to check out any foreign band or 'scene' from here is generally now to be found round the heads of a tape player.

Talk Talk fanzine, for instance, after its William Burroughs flexidisc, has just ended a long and persistent Midwestern career to go cassette as **Fresh Sounds.** Each *FS* cassette is an hour long and each provides the old fanzine stuff (info, interviews) in a "special information bulletin" so that the tape won't be taken up with organising a magazine format — it's all music. *FS 101* includes Get Smart! (recommended by *Thrills* from *Sub/Pop*'s first cassette 'zine, if you recall), The Mortal Micronotz, The Yard Apes, and The Embarrassment, also on *Sub/Pop* I; *FS 102* involves The Buckthrusters, The New Wave Brothers, Colour Entertainment, Monte Montclaire and The C Lucas Experience. It's a great way to catch a spot of Kansas colour — especially a musician like C(hristopher) Lucas — an artist from Lawrence, Kansas whose music has previously been audible only between sets at clubs in the locale.

The printed part of each 'zine fills you in further, and, like all cassette 'zines, it's great for an instant vacation in foreign climes. $6 by mail from Fresh Sounds Inc, PO Box 36, Lawrence, Kansas, 66044 USA.

Australia's DreamFresh Corporation have also put out a cassette magazine, though they've only sent the teensy accompanying mag along to advertise it. I'm left wondering what Aussie aural dada could possibly equal such minute xeroxed madness as displayed in **LaLa** (the title), but if you want to find out and let me know the address is PO Box 427, Leichardt, Sydney, Australia, and the whole "pocket kit" costs $3.50.

Another new venture is **Red Tapes**, "an organisation committed to recording and distributing audio material from the political counterculture on cassette." A laudable ambition, certainly, which for the counter culture info, will set you back only £2.55 inc P&P from Red Tapes, PO Box 64, Sheffield S1 1BY.



Their initial offering is a live forty minutes of Alternative Cabaret — founder Tony Allen — recorded in Dolby Stereo at lat year's Edinburgh Festival. Allen zips through dilemmas, squatting, drugs, cops, cinema, censorship, nukes, sexual politics and the like, but Red Tapes say they want to hear from all you other comrades ("left or left-leaning") who feel your own art could make a contribution to equally ideologically sound sounds.

Reel and rock!

— CYNTHIA ROSE

THE WORLD's longest surviving reggaezine *Small Axe* out of Custom House in London's dockland reaches its tenth number with the latest issue out this month.

Delving into the arcane, the publication puts long unsung DJ Prince Jazzbo on its cover and runs an interview and selective discography of the man inside. Other features include research into the Far East sound practiced by Augustus Pablo (above), an interview with Twinkle brother Ralston Grant, short articles on the little recorded Reggae George and Billy Dyce, pages of reviews and an index of other reggaezines from England, the US and Switzerland. *Small Axe* is available from Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, London, E16 3QP.

— OBSERVER

RUDI CRIMSON

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27 DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE
28 BLACKPOOL OPERA HOUSE
30-1 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK

APRIL 1 LEEDS QUEENS HALL
2 · darlington trades hall
5 · london venue
· headlining

rudi's own tour to follow in late april

ON VIDEO ON VIDEO

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FOR YOUR HI-FI'S ONLY

Having saved the world once again, our hero looks forward to an evening of aural delight, listening to a little music with a good bottle of red. He places the record on the turntable — but the sound is not good. "I don't know much about these things" said the blonde "but I'd say you have a deficiency at both frequency extremes, considerable loss of midband information, a hump around two kilohertz and poor channel separation". "Where did you learn that?" asks our hero! "From this" she replies, producing a well-thumbed copy of Practical Hi-Fi. "The April issue includes one of the most ambitious amplifier test reports ever undertaken and special supercut records from the Decca label and lots, lots more". He moves across the room and lays down beside her. "Amazing" he murmurs "turn up the lighting I've got some reading to do!"

PRACTICAL HI-FI

April issue out NOW

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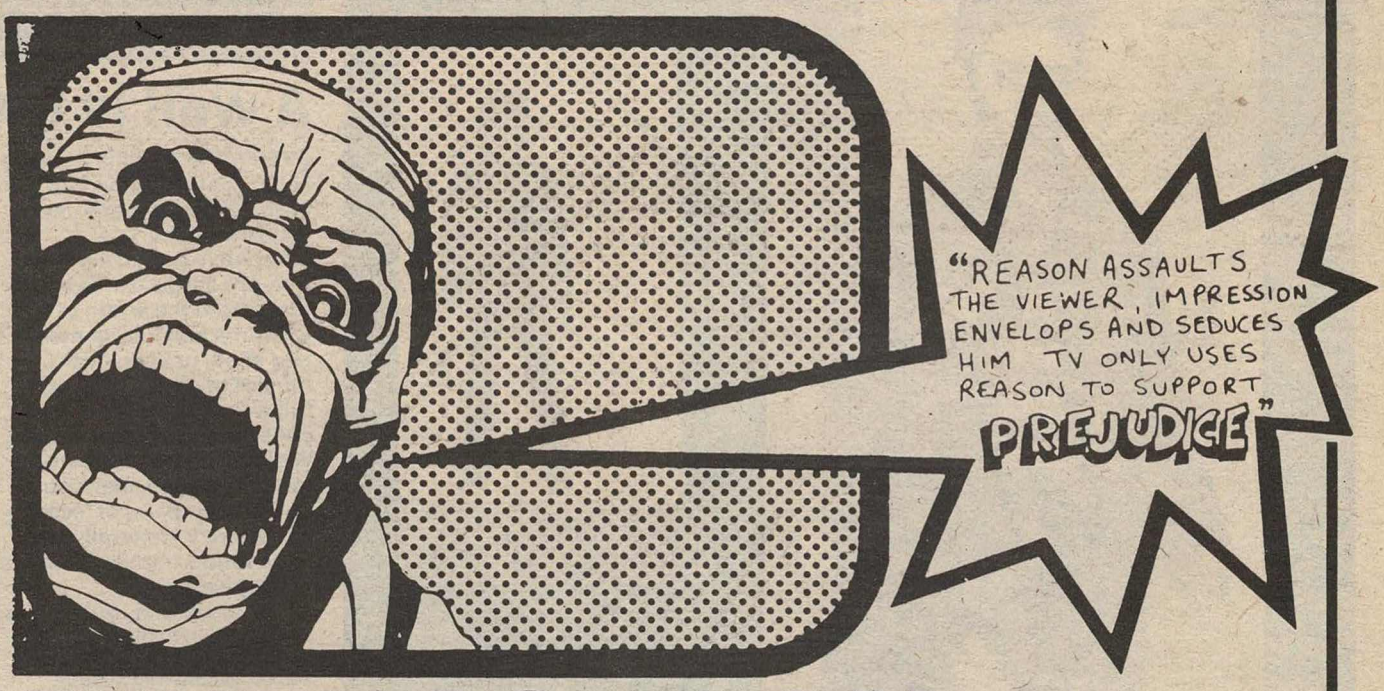


FUNNY POLITICAL

PAUL RAMBALI draws a bead on The Penguin Book Of Political Comics

UNDERNEATH the ill-chosen umbrella of its title, the *Penguin Book of Political Comics* harbours nothing so much as an incidental history of the radical underground movements of the '60s, written from a viewpoint that hasn't quite cooled by one who was there.

Editor and author Steef Davidson is described by his publishers as a runaway and a visual artist. He was part of the Happenings movement in Amsterdam, a member of the Dutch Provo, and one of a Situationist group in America, where he worked with the Underground Press Syndicate, one of the duties of which was: *"To warn the 'civilised world' of its impending collapse."*

Skipping over the caricature of political figures that has long been a service of the daily press, and ignoring the idiosyncratic work of the likes of Steadman, Crumb and Lowry, he defines political comics as cartoon strips containing overt propaganda — as opposed to the covert sort found in sanctimonious superhero, turgid true-love and blood-thirsty boy's adventure stories.

This kind of propaganda has appeared in the thick of many of the major upheavals and minor scuffles of this century. The innocuous, illiterate, but very legible comic strip form has been pressed into the service of as many One True Ways as there are One True Ways. Communist, Capitalist and Christian alike have used it to thump their various tubs. In the '60s, the idea had evolved so far on from nursery indoctrination that it even suffered the occasional attack of structuralism. *"The subversion of the comic strip,"* utters one misappropriated cartoon character, *"a graphic form of proletarian expression, means the by-passing of bourgeois art."*

The quote is from a Situationist cartoon critique of their own comics. In the hands of the Situationists, Captain America could declare that: *"The tactics of the proletarian revolution have become one with the search for pleasure and its means identical to its goal: the transformation of work into play."*

The glamorous, wicked rival of a True-Life Romance might pause in the heat of an embrace to say: *"Having destroyed all human relationships, the consumer society offers instead Birkin's arse, Bardot's tits and the thighs of the panty-hose ads; a world of hallucinations, where subjectivity is locked away, where all desires are abandoned in favour of the dominant images of consumerism."*

The comics collected in this book, not all of them Situationist, come mainly from the heyday of the underground. They took their cue from the rebellious satire of *Mad* in the '50s, grew in the underground press, and they vary from witty, graphic expressions of personal dilemma to crude renderings of the politics of revolution drawn with a pen and a clenched fist.

Over half of the strips are European, and only a few of them are the much-reprinted underground funnies, the Furry Freaks and Mr. Naturals in whom the irrascible spirits of Donald and Mickey live on. These are political comics, the work of anarchists, subversives, comedians, agitators, pinkos, workers, squatters, women and students in the days when students did that sort of thing.

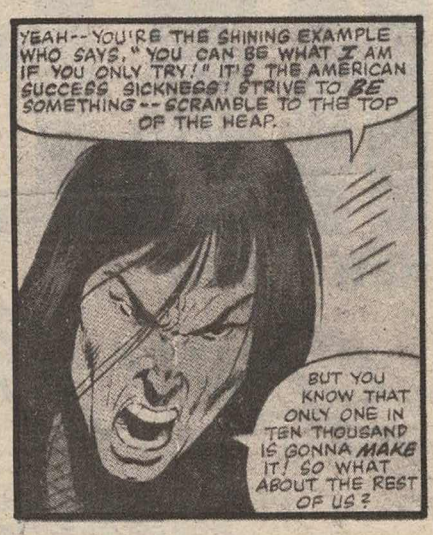
In them can be found the ideas of the SDS, the Free Speech movement, the Black Panthers, the Weathermen, the Movement du 22 Mars and the Situationists in France, the Angry Brigade in Britain, the Provo and the Buro De Kraker in Holland, Autonomia in Italy . . . These comics were like bombs in their time, and some of them can still be heard ticking. There is even a comic that explains how to make one.

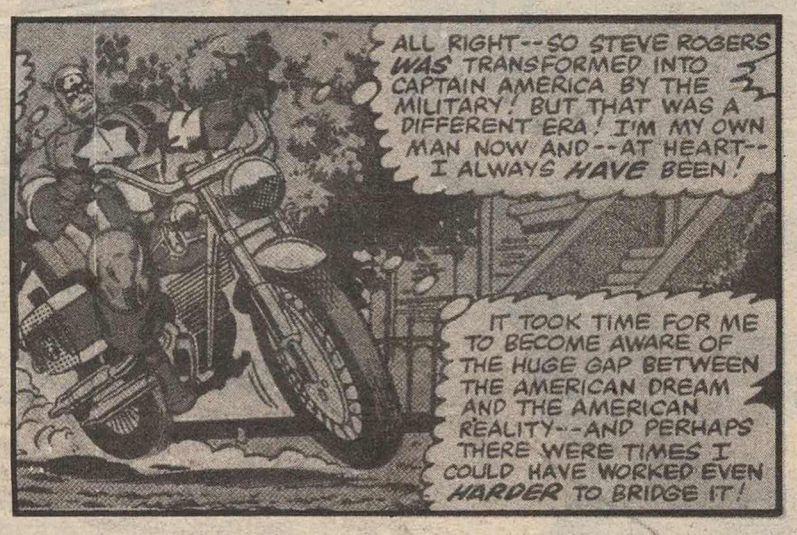
Alongside the comics, there is a pointed and salutary account of some of the key episodes of the protest movements of the '60s and early '70s. Together, the comics and text give a valuable insight into the way the moment of rebellious fervour is slowly co-opted and contained, even quelled, by the creaking dogmas of the Left — the nearest compatible ideology, but by no means one strong enough to contain all the ideals. Most of these comics were drawn in the heat of that moment, hence their potency; when the fervour is gone, the ideologues set in.

This is the book that answers the question, whatever happened to peace and love? (Peace got drafted, love caught the clap). You can't afford to miss it. If you can't afford it, liberate it.

The Penguin Book Of Political Comics by Steef Davidson (Penguin £5.95)

WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA KISSES OFF THE AMERICAN DREAM


YEAH--YOU'RE THE SHINING EXAMPLE WHO SAYS, "YOU CAN BE WHAT I AM IF YOU ONLY TRY!" IT'S THE AMERICAN SUCCESS SICKNESS! STRIVE TO BE SOMETHING--SCRAMBLE TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP.
BUT YOU KNOW THAT ONLY ONE IN TEN THOUSAND IS GONNA MAKE IT! SO WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF US?


ALL RIGHT--SO STEVE ROGERS WAS TRANSFORMED INTO CAPTAIN AMERICA BY THE MILITARY! BUT THAT WAS A DIFFERENT ERA! I'M MY OWN MAN NOW AND--AT HEART--I ALWAYS HAVE BEEN!
IT TOOK TIME FOR ME TO BECOME AWARE OF THE HUGE GAP BETWEEN THE AMERICAN DREAM AND THE AMERICAN REALITY--AND PERHAPS THERE WERE TIMES I COULD HAVE WORKED EVEN HARDER TO BRIDGE IT!

ALL SING praises to Old Glory. Captain America, the very personification of the American Way, has at long last acknowledged that the American Dream isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Always alert to swings in the national consciousness, the Cap's creators at Marvel have reacted to changes in mood more sharply than most commentators, and in the March edition of *Captain America* they ask the questions that should be asked.

Now that President Reagan's patriotic kitsch has legitimised bigotry and ignorance, the very notion of Being American has been soured — so that even a figure of The Cap's fibre is thrown out of kilter when he hears despised figures mouthing words similar to his own. But Cap being Cap and Marvel being Marvel, he's righteously and accurately defined where the Dream ends and Reality begins.

We're proud to have Captain America on our side.

— CHRIS BOHN

P.S. Fans of Steve Gerber's *Howard The Duck* and *Stewart The Rat* might like to know he's presently putting Superman through more mental agonies — in four special DC comic issues called *Phantom Zone* — than he's been through since arriving on Earth 40 years ago.

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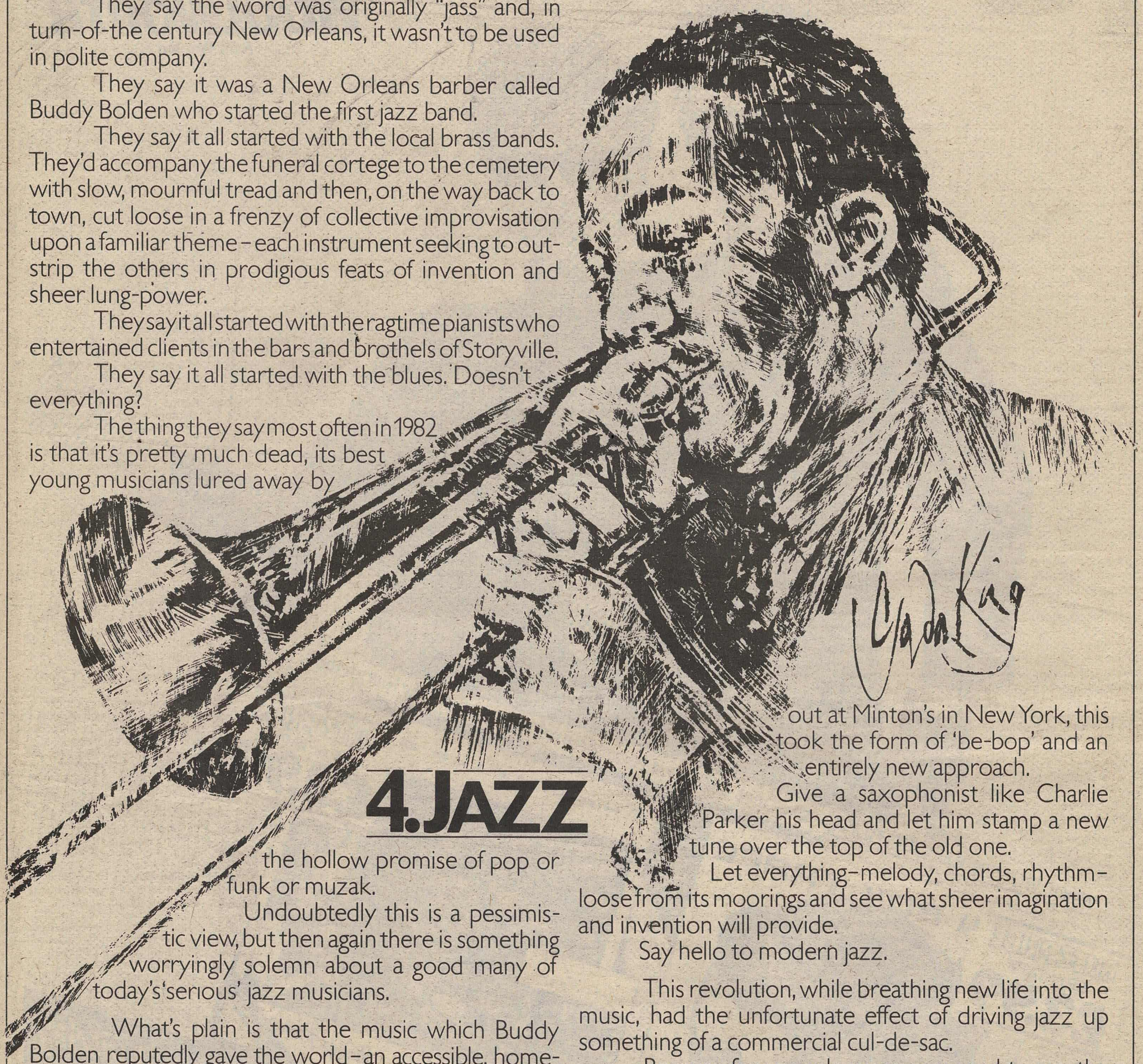
AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.



They say the word was originally "jass" and, in turn-of-the century New Orleans, it wasn't to be used in polite company.

They say it was a New Orleans barber called Buddy Bolden who started the first jazz band.

They say it all started with the local brass bands. They'd accompany the funeral cortege to the cemetery with slow, mournful tread and then, on the way back to town, cut loose in a frenzy of collective improvisation upon a familiar theme – each instrument seeking to outstrip the others in prodigious feats of invention and sheer lung-power.

They say it all started with the ragtime pianists who entertained clients in the bars and brothels of Storyville.

They say it all started with the blues. Doesn't everything?

The thing they say most often in 1982 is that it's pretty much dead, its best young musicians lured away by the hollow promise of pop or funk or muzak.

4. JAZZ

Undoubtedly this is a pessimistic view, but then again there is something worryingly solemn about a good many of today's 'serious' jazz musicians.

What's plain is that the music which Buddy Bolden reputedly gave the world – an accessible, home-spun, footstomping sound – was, by the 20s and 30s, all got up in a dinner jacket and minding its table manners in the nightspots of America's big cities.

Although the ensembles of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Paul Whiteman and Duke Ellington were made up of brilliant soloists, the real appeal of the music lay in the slickness and punch it gained from tight, cultivated arrangements.

The big bands grew bigger, some of them even aspiring to the status of orchestras.

With the 40s came moves to revive the original buccaneering spirit of early jazz.

For some this meant 'trad' and precise recreations of the New Orleans style.

For others, like the young virtuosos who hung out at Minton's in New York, this took the form of 'be-bop' and an entirely new approach.

Give a saxophonist like Charlie Parker his head and let him stamp a new tune over the top of the old one.

Let everything – melody, chords, rhythm – loose from its moorings and see what sheer imagination and invention will provide.

Say hello to modern jazz.

This revolution, while breathing new life into the music, had the unfortunate effect of driving jazz up something of a commercial cul-de-sac.

Because few people were prepared to see the sonic storms of trailblazers like John Coltrane as exactly easy listening, jazz became an underground music, best appreciated by people wearing berets.

Small wonder then that today's most widely-known jazz musicians (George Benson, Oscar Peterson, et al) have planted themselves firmly in the middle of the road.

Too many geniuses have died in obscurity over the last 75 years.

We must be grateful that at least their recordings have survived.

NEXT WEEK: ROCK

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

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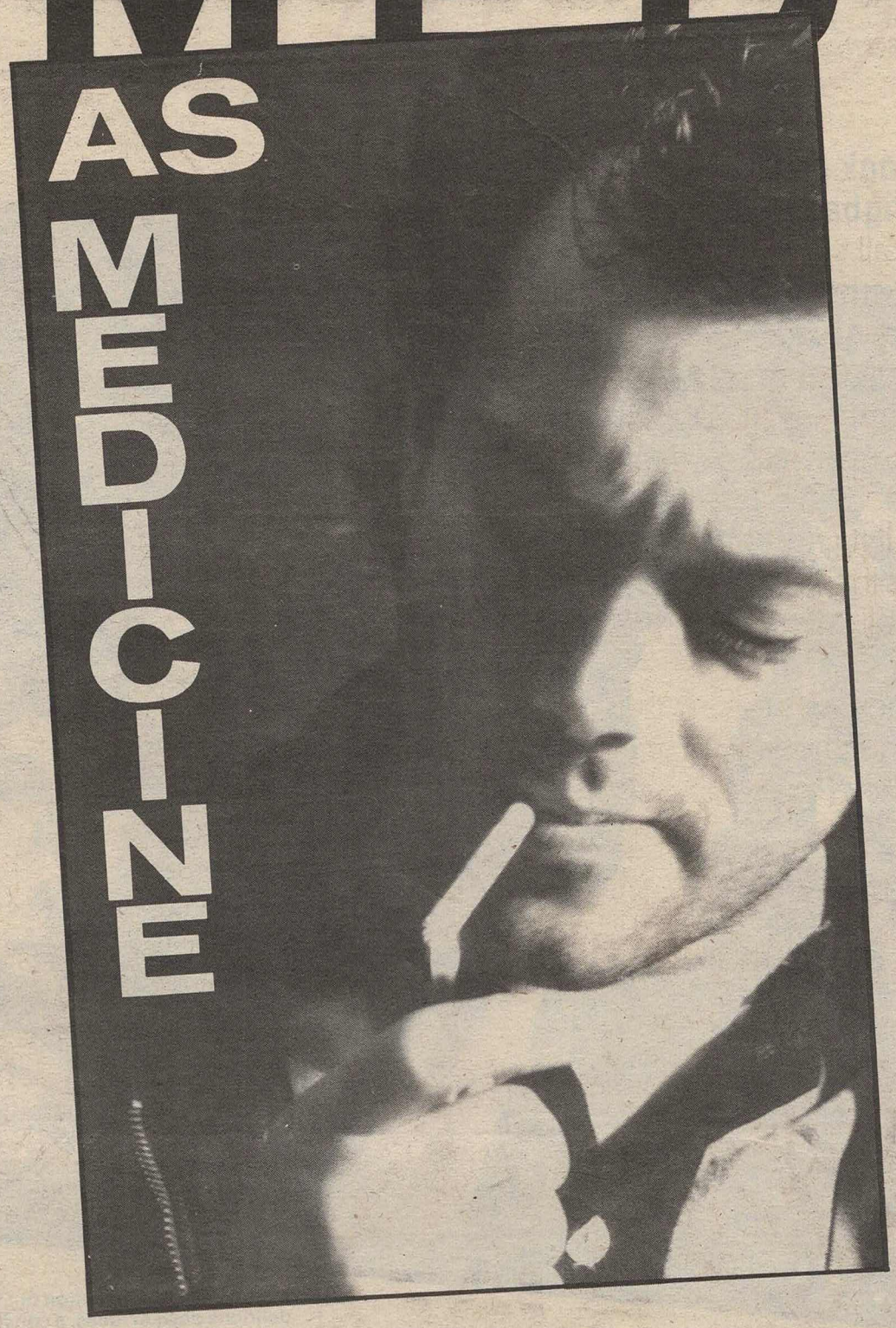
COMEDY AS MEDICINE



Mark Cordery meets Keith Allen, a joker who refuses to be a commodity — even though nobody wants to buy him. Photo by Andrew Luckhurst.

KEITH ALLEN is a persuasive talker, a fluent, determinedly articulate performer — and an explicitly political person, with more than a couple of ideas to rub together, none of which he leaves behind on stage.

Allen invariably pauses before he speaks (because he's listened to what you've said, and not just because he's watched Quentin Crisp on the TV) in a medium-fast East End accent, peppered with the occasional, precisely enunciated Do you know what I mean?.

His biography is authentically confusing:— schoolboy, public schoolboy, borstal boy, drama scholar, miner, screen printer, porn-movie linkman, actor, drummer, comedian. He is magnificently open in conversation, with rigorously developed ideas, free association, and pearls of unprintable material. About his life, places he's been, he talks with little emotion; neither overt affection or obvious bitterness. After hours he tells stories which are as funny to him as they are to us.

In the dishevelled morning after he closely resembles a more angular version of Jack Nicholson. He is an anti-pretension, anti-hypocrisy terrorist whose motivation is an ego which needs self-respect — "What's the point of making money if you can't relax?" He is currently of no fixed abode.

"A joke that feeds on ignorance starves its audience. We have the choice. We can say something or we can say nothing. Not everything true is funny, and not everything funny is true. Most comics feed prejudice and fear and blinkered vision, but the best ones. . .illuminate them, make them clearer to see, easier to deal with. . .comedy is medicine, not coloured sweeties to rot their teeth with."

— Eddie Waters in *Comedians* by Trevor Griffiths.

Allen: "My Old Man occasionally slips into this role. . .being what he thinks he ought to be. The hard working-class slightly fascist. . .he's not really like that, it's just that he thinks he *should* be. . .'Well. . .all this immigration's alright, I'm not saying it isn't, but you can have too much of it y'know, I dunno, I think enough's enough.' But he listens to 'Ghost Town' which he thinks is a *great* record, or The Beat, and then he doesn't see it like that."

The uncanny cunning of comedy should involve a similar oblique strategy to that envisioned by Dave Wakeling for Pop Music, although of course it doesn't always work out this way. Too often, exploitation and *laissez-faire* is allowed to prevail.

"I think my job's easier than being in a band. It's all down to me. I like being the complete focus of the audience's attention. I can think very quickly in that situation, I'm good at that; in a band there's too many other people to take into account. I can just talk, do whatever I like."

You can hide in a crowd?

"No, it's not that. Doesn't matter if you're in a group, if you're playing an instrument and telling the truth, there's nowhere you're going to want to hide. . .That's one of the reasons I don't like television, and don't do TV work. Apart from anything else, it was the end of stand-up comics because you can't do whatever you like, you don't have that freedom. I was going to go on *Oxford Road Show* but you have to go through your 'act' with these producers, work out exactly what you're going to do. It gives you this impression that it's live TV, but it's not. It's rubbish."

And it's one of the reasons that Keith Allen isn't famous. While Rick Mayall boxes clever and Alexei Sayle makes a spectacle of his lack of self-respect, Allen continues with a thoughtful and wilful disregard for the 'career process'. It's not that he isn't trying though. There will be at least two films this year; one currently being made with Lora Logic, about a science fiction illustrator who lives in the fantasy world he finds necessary for his creations, and who is traumatised on losing his job and finding that he has to deal with another 'reality'. He is waiting for a taxi one night when the Allen character, particularly inspired to converse after an evening's drinking, approaches and proceeds to annoy him. . .well, not just annoy him. . . The other film is a contractual secret at the moment, though if it's a good production it will deal with the darkest shade of comedy.

After appearing regularly at Cabaret Futura — "I admired Richard (Strange) for doing that, though a lot of the acts were a bit duff" — Keith Allen gave up performing for about six months, evidence of the thoughtful disregard and refusal to switch on to automatic.

"I wanted time to think about what it was I was trying to do, what it was that I really wanted".

Recently he has been playing in *All Who Sail In Her*, an explicit and eloquently political cabaret, written to open the new Deptford Albany. As a result of the reviews — which have generally been a lot more favourable to him personally, than they have been for the show as a whole — he was the lucky recipient of a 'Congratulations!' telegram from a West End agent/manager.

"He was talking in such glowing terms about something he'd never seen. . .but he books 90% of clubs in the country, so I told him I might be interested. . .I'd end up second on the bill to Lena Horne, Lonnie Donegan, people like that, which I'd like to do for a while. It was funny though, I mean he obviously hasn't got a clue what I'm like."

ALLEN WAS WORKING at the I.C.A. when they booked The Clash, amongst others, for some shows in 1976.

"I remember talking to Mick Jones and he was coming on with all this *really heavy* stuff about how they were *really* going to smash the system, change the music business. . .I'd never heard a muso talking like that and I was a bit taken aback. But the worst thing was, at 21 years of age, I actually believed him".

I expect he was sincere. . .

". . .What makes it really obscene is that you then have all these kids wandering around Ladbroke Grove seriously looking for The Answer. And The Answer was in a 24-track recording studio in New York. Sandinista!" — he contrives a snort — "I suppose there's something to be said for that kind of attitude, something might get through, but I don't know. . .look for a problem everywhere but on your own doorstep".

While we are slanging, the name Alexei Sayle inevitably surfaces, again.

"One thing I'll say for him; Alexei was a heavy Maoist in his day — and there were only about 48 of them in the country — which makes what he's doing now all the sadder. He's totally cynical about the whole thing, although at least he's honest about it. He was telling me about *Over The Top* and how he knew what a load of crap it was going to be, though he was quite happy to do it anyway." (Later in the evening he asked to hear *The Comic Strip* LP, which he hadn't heard, and proceeded to predict Alexei Sayle's act word for word. As well as identifying the sources. . .)

Allen's disapproval of a lot of things, his scorn for contemporary comedy, have been voiced before. So say something once, why say it again? If it wasn't worth repeating. . .

"I'm the most important person in the world to myself. . . *I don't want to be turned into a commodity.* I could do the Cheeky Chappie bit and make beer commercials. . .six grand each."

Nearer the heart of the matter. The sniping is just the oil-slick surface. Beneath lurks Allen's perception of the insidious manipulation of The Media, and the effect it has of eroding the individual's self-respect, and his potential for social action.

"I don't like to do more than three shows a week. It gets meaningless. Alexei used to do three shows a *day*. Two at the Comic Strip and then rush over and compere at the Comedy Store. I know what it is . . . it's his Liverpool Jewish Communist background."

Eh?

"He wants to be loved by the whole world. But that's not my job. My job isn't just to make people laugh. That's why I don't play working men's clubs. I could get away with just being funny, but that's all. I like people laughing, I really enjoy it, but when I'm working that might be just a starting point . . . I might want to take it somewhere else."

An inquiry, an exploration after the truth is at the heart of Allen as a performer. The Truth is a trap. The traitor distrusts truth; but if it's not enough to say 'I keep on trying', it will have to do for now. And you can believe evidence of comic success.

"I used to tell this joke about the copper in Catford who got his arm blown off, for stealing a torch . . . well, taking one without permission anyway. It blew up on him that night. It was in all the papers . . . picture of him standing there with his stumpy arm, and his wife standing beside him looking really sad, as she would, I know; but the point it that they had a collection for him in the local town centre, and they raised £5,000 in one morning. I said this once, and this woman got up and said, very middle-class voice, That is not true. They raised £10,000 over the whole day. Then this bloke stood up, I'll never forget it. He was just an ordinary looking bloke, out with his mate and their wives, just laughing and having a good time. And he says, Yeah, but he'll have a hard time counting it. The audience fell about.

"The point I wanted to make was that more PR went into that then your average rock concert, for instance. And that Penlee life-boat disaster. My heart went out to those people, it really did, but the way it was presented on TV . . . It sells you so much more. That whole thing of England, The Waves, The Family, The Community . . . And it only gets used by the Right . . . I can understand that, the appeal. For identity and for closeness, people want that and there's nothing wrong with it. (Human Nature. The longest running show since *The Mousetrap.)*

". . . But it gets misrepresented, and you'll get people who'll be happy with it; however it's come about. People will just take it. But some other way . . . not with Capitalism . . . not with patriarchy . . .

"COMFORT! I think that's what I attack in my show . . . That's the nearest I've come to defining my work . . ." Allen laughs and wonders.

Some people don't think about what they have to do, every day, to maintain their position of comfort.

"No, and even less about what other people do to other people so that their position of comfort is maintained.

"Emotionalism. Emotions. It's so important and yet the Right seem to have a monopoly as far as appealing to people on that level is concerned. The Left just doesn't do it. I have no time for parliamentary politics, period. but CND, Right To Work, that's not going to get anywhere either."

Allen views such events, 'Poland' in particular included, essentially as bourgeois hobbies, distractions from the real and all-encompassing task. He quoted from the back page of the pilot issue of a Welsh magazine entitled, *Fuck Off.* Writing on the riots of last summer, it concludes . . .

". . . the possibilities for complete transformation were obvious. The reactionary pro-capitalist slogan of CND/Right To Work — 'Jobs Not Bombs' (HA, HA, HA) was gloriously overturned by the petrol bombers of the summer into BOMBS NOT JOBS."

Cynically speaking from a less explicitly volatile time — USA, 1976 — and to a more privileged and comfort-able social milieu, All-night Party candidate, Howard The Duck, has this to say:

". . . The unemployed in this country are just plain lazy — and I respect them for it. It takes guts to resist the societal pressure to entrap oneself in a meaningless, boring, socially unproductive nine-to-five automaton existence. Especially in this world where the first question everybody's conditioned to ask is, 'What do you do?' The problem isn't unemployment — it's how to provide you hairless apes with a more convincing rationale for spending half your waking lives battling tedium just to make somebody else rich. Personally, I hope we never succeed in formulating that nifty nugget of persuasion."

We've dug a lot of nifty

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

SNOUTS 'N' SNAILS

Richard Cook practises the heckle'n'jive with the Pigbag trotters

"WELL, I BEGAN with alto sax. Then I started playing more and more guitar and less sax; then I did more percussion because we thought we'd have less guitar."

Pigbag's James Johnstone is modest about his instrumental prowess. Pigbag are not much bothered about pushing musicianly virtues. They are content to let the sound speak for itself — more so, in fact, than any other important group currently circling the boundaries of breakthrough. Pigbag's Joy Of Music is not spotted by fatuous escapism or superficiality: it is as equally about sweat, work and struggle as it is about love, laughter and the attendant strata of jive.

And it is more than that. Pigbag represent, in one writhing conglomerate of free spirits, the most significant of creative advances in a pop market sagging under the proliferation of style — the real arrival of a different instrumental music, necessitating the re-evaluation of jazz and acoustic music on one hand and the pulse of the dance stance on the other foot.

For not only can Pigbag flip out groovy little dance tunes like the universal 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag', they can force entry into the much darker realms of improvisation and internal dynamics — a substance that makes the ephemerality of the pop people we all waste too much time on come clear.

I WANT MORE! screams the dissatisfied seeker in me, muscling out the wastrel aesthete: and here come strong, generous Pigbag, ready to serve it up.

This isn't one of *my* silly ideas, either. As one of the three most important groups in the country (you do know about this, don't you?), Pigbag are spearheading a newness that is untraceable to specific skeletons in the dusty cupboards of most pop protagonists. Pigbag's inspiration is not resurgence or rediscovery because *this is the first time it has been looked at this way* — the birth of a non-vocal music equally allied to a pop/dance sensibility and the adventure, risk and thrill of improvisation. Pigbag are breaking ground without foregoing an unrivalled sense of frolic.

Any amount of innovation is stymied, of course, unless it delivers at gut level and in the marketplace. Pigbag's suspension of the rules to cut it every which way puts the credible to a very severe test. 'Papa' is an absurdly simple riff-dance workout that partisan hepcats and idling popsters alike all took to; but consider the explosive cross-rhythmic Afrobeat and the outraged horns of the record (taken to crazed extremes at a live level) that spin it leagues apart from the prettified groove of white Anglo-funk.

And consider, most of all, the ever-widening dimensions of 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive', the most challenging and exciting English LP since 'God'. It is *superbly* flawed — by the sound of players striving and grasping after a greater music, the on rushing urgency of all the jazz horn players they've ever heard running through their minds and out through their fingers, ceaselessly pushed by the intensive variegation of the beat, the inspiration often not matched by the execution but the delirious dash of ideas, a constant provocative flux.

To seal it they've also used the studio with an assertive intelligence to lend darker colours to 'As It Will Be' and the fathoms-deep 'Brian The Snail' that ought to dismiss images of Pigbag as one-trick ponies.

The best line of the jive is that it's working.

On Dick O'Dell's miniscule Y Records operation, Pigbag are posed to overcome the spurious stigmas of no compensating image and no major label support: with 'Heckle And Jive' an almost immediate indie No.1 and bigger chart success on the cards, the people are speaking. It's — *happening!* And I can scarcely believe it either.

LONG USED TO sleeping on floors and scratching through a gig circuit that seemed almost arbitrary in choice, Pigbag are approaching their first major UK tour with a mixture of bemusement and calm acceptance. They sent their two tallest members of the group to intimidate me, I thought at first, but both James and trombonist / pianist / percussionist Rodger Freeman seem very good-natured boys. We sit in the least noisy quadrant of Rough Trade's warehouse and consider the divination of Pigbag music.

"I think we're into the energy jazz has got, the spontaneity," says Rodger with a desperate lack of enthusiasm. Granted a habitually long face and a voice that always seems on the verge of sleep, Rodger is not a man to get easily excited. A classic horn player: saving it for the music.

James: "It wasn't a conscious thing. We were all into lots of different kinds of music. I wouldn't describe it as jazz."

Well, of course not. I think we are at last coming out of the dark where people hear a horn section and immediately slap 'jazz' on it. Rodger says it's their own form of music — exactly! Do they feel a kind of responsibility, though, as educators of an audience, harbingers of a participatory eclecticism that says take what you like but be mindful of spirit and substance?

"I think it's up to people to find music they like — that's how I got into jazz, just looking around, looking for something exciting. If people listen to us and think, maybe we should get into some jazz — that's good. But we haven't set out with that intention."

James speaks with an apologetic verve. He smokes with the air of someone afraid of being caught behind the cycle sheds.

So what is the Pigbag intention? James has a ready-made sheepish grin for his answer, under his cockatoo sprig of hair.

"Just to play! We really enjoy just playing music."

Music for music's sake, then?

"Ummm . . . don't know if it's *just* that. Maybe . . ."

"It's all really unconscious," says Rodger. "Like, we've been going about a year and a half and it only now feels like we're starting. As if we started yesterday."

One of Pigbag's trademarks has been their very lack of image. A rather anonymous stage presence (though the sight of all those wild instruments linked to the most determinedly physical sounds is enough to carry any audience along), and the impression of a group of straight musos is not the stuff of any flavour of the month. Do they feel awkward in the milieu of groomed pop stylists, staring at the shoes, faces crimson?

James, a trifle bewildered: "We just don't seem to have bothered with fashion. We wanted to make music for people and we seemed to fall into the way we play naturally. Everyone's been learning their instruments as they went along."

Rodger is unwilling to accede to the idea of Pigbag's instrumentalism cordoning them off.

"I think a lot of it sounds like lyrics. Some of the sax and trumpet parts are like talking."

James: "Voices are sounds like instruments — I've never felt prejudices against instrumental or vocal music. If a lot of people don't like instrumentals, because there's no chorus they can sing along with or something, that must be put down to some kind of conditioning. A lot of people say we should get a singer, but we've never thought we really need it."

How is a Pigbag piece put together?

"Something simple, a bass line or a drum pattern . . . someone plays it and other people put things around it. We find it really hard if we try to structure a piece in advance. Sometimes it can come together almost instantly."

When do you know if a tune is no good? Is there a point where you draw the line on indulgence?

"If it's not fun to play . . . we are conscious that people come to our gigs and want to hear

'N' PIGBAG TALES

our singles. That can be a bit boring, and we try and get out of that. We do drop a lot of stuff."

The shelf-life of pop with the sinew of improvisation — are you still in doubt that this band is crossing over like no other has done?

"Some of the new stuff's a bit wild. We played some in Portsmouth for the first time and it was — wild." Rodger lets himself go a bit. "The rhythm is really broken up."

"We've thought it a bit self-indulgent to do a whole set improvised, but we might do an LP like that."

I egg them on — just go into the studio and blow, man!

"Some of our early gigs were like that," confesses Rodger. "We did one at Bristol and it was a complete row for half an hour. And they went — yeeeaaaah!"

What sort of audience do you want — discriminatory, hero-worshipping, listening, dancing?

James: "We like to think anyone will come along. I've met kids and older people into jazz who all enjoyed it."

"A lot of people want us to go on and go completely nuts," adds Rodger lugubriously. "In America it was like that."

"Touring seems to change us quite a lot," says James. "It makes us play a lot tighter. It's difficult — if we play a lot it's less exciting for us and the inspiration in the improvising doesn't click so well. There has to be a balance where you can relax when you're playing but not know it so well that nothing new is ever going to happen."

What jazz players have they drawn inspiration from?

"Ornette Coleman first inspired me to play alto sax," says James. "But I really like David Murray, World Saxophone Quartet, Arthur Blythe, Cecil Taylor . . ."

Rodger: "Things with a real spirit. I even used to listen to a trad jazz group a lot because they had this different feel — very different to any rock playing."

"I saw Cecil Taylor at this little club in New York," remembers James. "A tiny place — we just walked in and there he was, playing this incredible . . ." He grins at the memory of the unclassifiable energy of the master.

ALMOST OVERWHELMED by the similar powers of the Rough Trade shipping team, we make our way to a nearby pub, exchanging enthusiasms for the great David Murray. "We never get to see these people when they come over. We always seem to be playing!"

Thoughts turn to the 'Bag's residence on Y Records. There always seems to come a time when every group making returns inevitably bids farewell to their worthy independant affiliations. The plea is always that they could advance no further without major support: are Pigbag approaching the familiar crossroads of consolidation and breakthrough?

James: "It gives us a lot more freedom where we are. We're not pressurised. Dick's like part of the group, he does the sound and the management. But it is expanding and Dick only has so much time to do things."

Can you only go so far with Y?

"We're still doing what we want to do. Enough time and space to rehearse." Rodger seems completely unconcerned over ambition.

"The prime objective isn't to be as big as possible — otherwise we'd be making it more commercial. If anything we're going further out on a limb. If we were on EMI we could have just done an album of singles."

And they haven't. We should be grateful. Do they worry about getting lazy, without any special recording or live commitments?

"Oh, we're *playing* constantly, even if it's only rehearsing. We all really want to play. It's just hard getting up."

What time did you get up this morning, James?

"Eight o'clock."

How does the prospect of appearing on *Top Of The Pops* appeal to you?

"Miming seems a bit weird — could be quite good fun. I think quite a few people would like us to have a hit single. 'Papa' nearly made it — they wanted us to do an edited version."

Why didn't you do it?

"They would have edited out the solos! We tried it and it sounded really odd. It was just too long for radio play. It's down to the conditioning again."

So what can Pigbag do to break this down?

In a way they are in an ideal position: they hold the aces on a unique kind of crossover that could seriously cover different markets. In that sense they show a degree of compromise on the unyielding commitment of Rip Rig & Panic while still retaining a personal identity. James considers the possibilities of strategy.

"I like pop and free jazz and I don't see why we can't do music that's influenced by both. A hit single would help us to get both across."

Rodger is not so sure, and persistently pushes a 'so what?' line to the idea of a hit 45. Plenty of people like Pigbag — isn't that enough? Rodger's lack of ambition is almost touching.

THERE IS ANOTHER side to the vocal-less phenomenon. Music without words diffuses, on a direct level, politics of a personal or wider scale: the purity of instrumental sound is in itself a statement, a breath of open interpretation, but it could be seen as a step away from rhetoric that at least one member of Pigbag (Simon Underwood, ex-Pop Group bassist and string player) was seriously into.

James and Rodger both deny any interest in any particular political stance: what, though, of music as a power for or symbol of change? The young black jazz movement of the '60s did see the turbulent force of their playing as a synonymous gesture with the black consciousness force of the time. A heavy parallel, yet the principle is worth noting.

James: "You do have a certain influence over an audience, and if they react in a certain way as a result that's like a change. If you can provoke *joy* at a gig you have achieved something."

Rodger: "The independent label is like a stance, too. We do foster a certain kind of attitude that isn't spelt out but is clear in what we do."

James: "People can look at us and see that you don't have to go for as much money and fame and success as quickly as possible. What we do is just natural to us."

Let me give them the last big question. How do you feel about being white boys playing a music so rooted in a black tradition?

"I just don't think of it as playing black music," says James. "I always thought of jazz as music I enjoyed. But I see us playing our stuff as best we can — not playing the best jazz or funk. I never thought we'd be in this position. We can do music all the time. It's brilliant! Great!"

The apparent contradiction of values in Pigbag — between the genuine exhilaration of the desire to play and the unconcern for the more tangible rewards of popular success, between the dignity of independence and the carelessness of intention — is a paradox that makes me fear for them. Pigbag have it in them to make something great, to torch a path which could lead to any amount of fruitful discourse; or they could simply let it blow away from them. They won't be pulled apart by tension but they could find themselves on the dreaded inward spiral.

Later, I ring Dick O'Dell, Svengali-by-consent to the reluctant crusaders. What if Pigbag ever wanted to move on from Y?

"Of course they could," is O'Dell's genial response. "They could leave any time, though there's no need. Yes, we do sometimes feel a bit held back by being an independent, but it's fun to flirt with the majors. We get a kick out of them coming round and offering deals.

"The negative side doesn't worry me much. You make it your own way. Most music is aimed at making top ten hits, but it doesn't *have* to be."

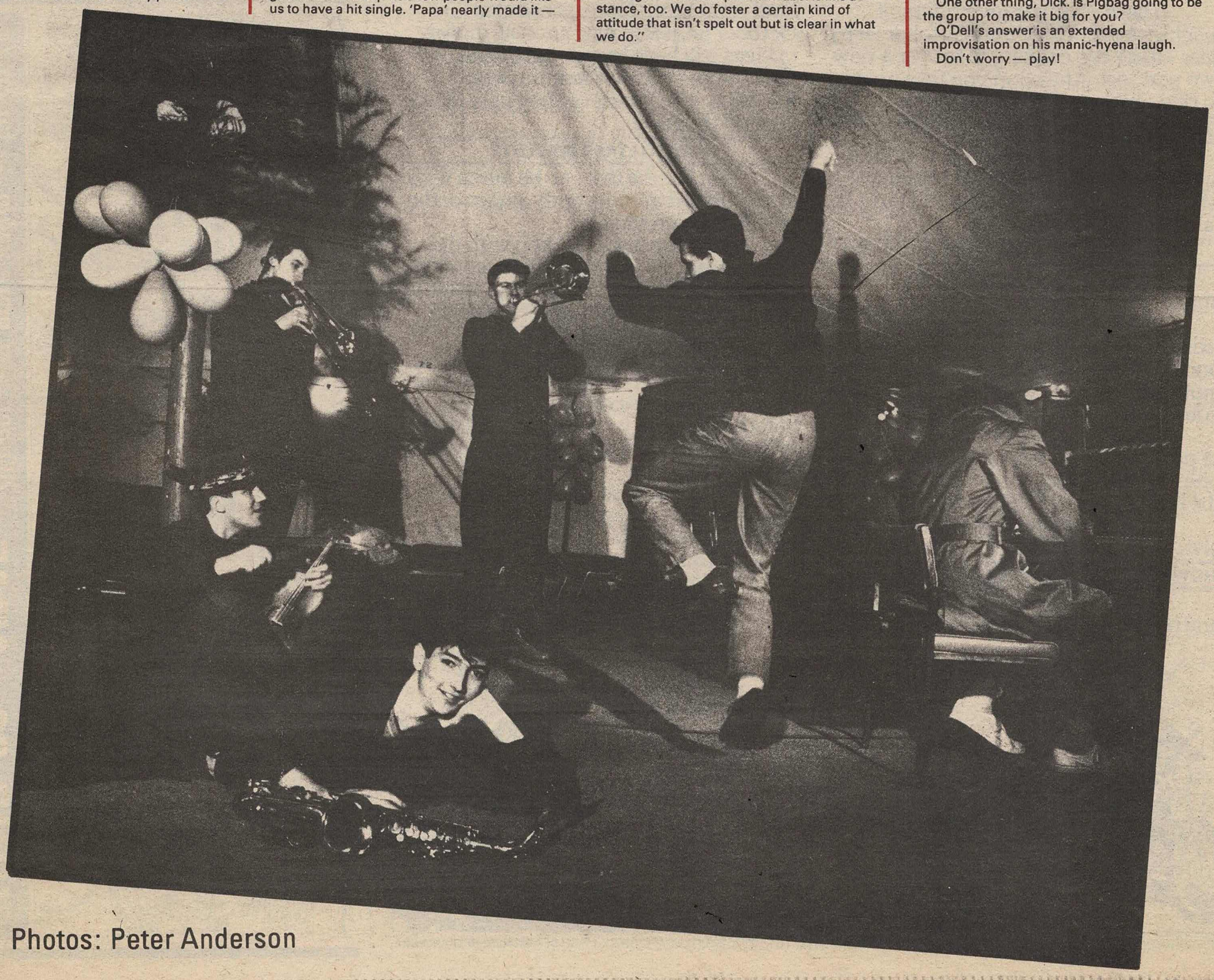
How about the Pigbag/Y anti-image — how conscious is it?

"Well, it's an advantage. It means whoever is picking up on it is picking up on the reality and actually getting something from that. I can admire some groups and their images — it's just that that's not for us."

One other thing, Dick. Is Pigbag going to be the group to make it big for you?

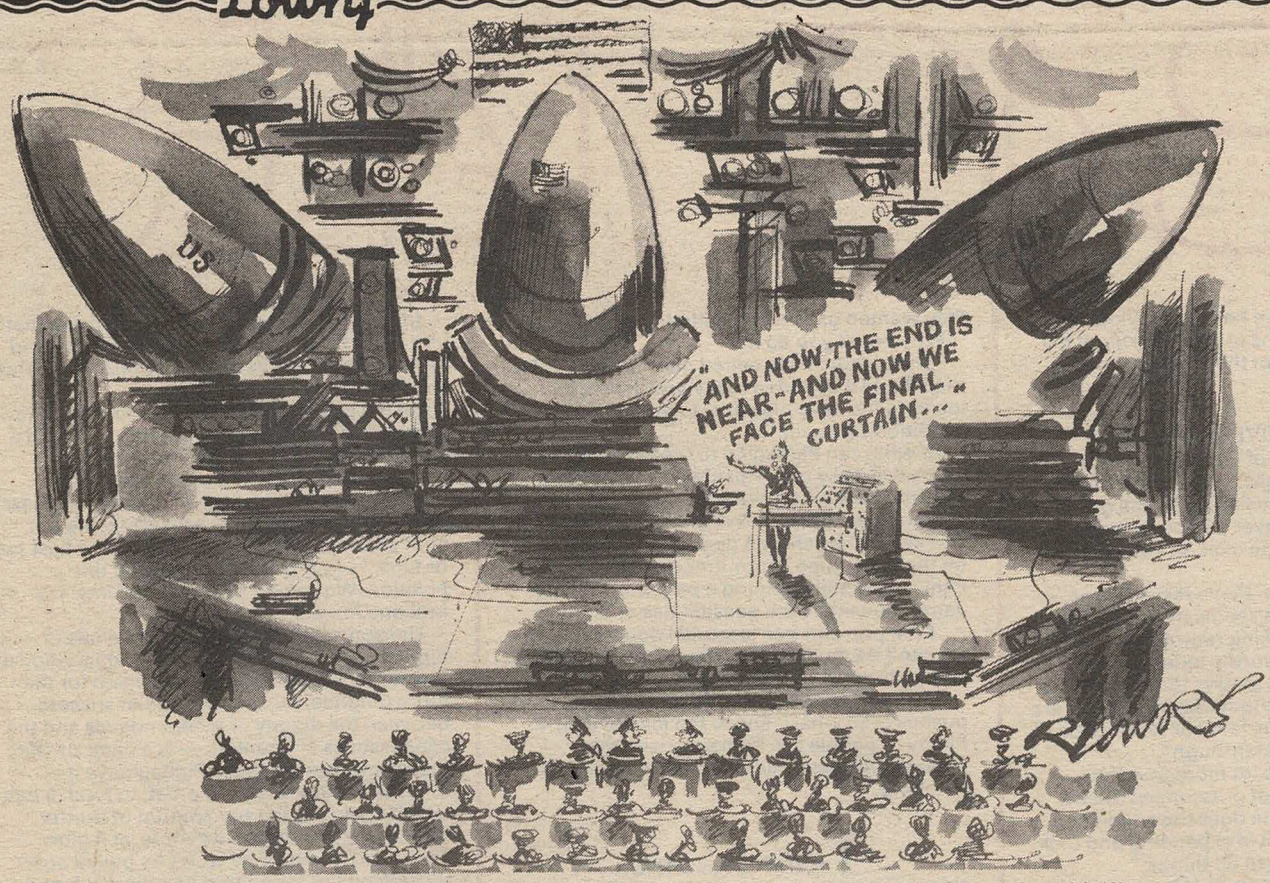
O'Dell's answer is an extended improvisation on his manic-hyena laugh.

Don't worry — play!



Photos: Peter Anderson

Lowry



"Trust Ronnie Reagan to come up with the ultimate marriage of politics and showbiz!"

L plates, the new bike law, and you.

If you ride a bike or scooter on a provisional licence you will be affected by changes in the law from March 29th.

These changes give riders of machines over 125cc until October 1st to pass either the existing 'L' test or a new two part test. And soon you'll be unable to ride a bike on 'L' plates indefinitely.

EXISTING 'L' TEST OR NEW TWO PART TEST?

To take the existing 'L' test your application must be received before March 29th, otherwise you will have to take the new two part test.

WHAT DOES THE NEW TEST INVOLVE?

Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre your bike.

Part II is much the same as the existing 'L' test and can only be taken once you've passed Part I. (If you drive a motorcycle or a scooter with a side car you will only have to take Part II.)

You'll stand a much better chance of passing if you've taken a course with one of the training bodies appointed by the Department of Transport.

Your local Road Safety Officer will give you the details.

HOW ELSE MAY THE NEW LAW AFFECT ME?

If you hold a provisional licence and ride a bike which was first registered after December 31st, 1981, its maximum power output and power/weight ratio will also be restricted when the 125cc limit comes into force (scheduled for October 1st, 1982).* And soon all motorcyclists will have to pass both parts of the new test within a limited period (probably two years) or they may face a year off the road.

HOW DO I TAKE MY TEST?

Part I of the test can be taken with an appointed training body as part of the course they provide.

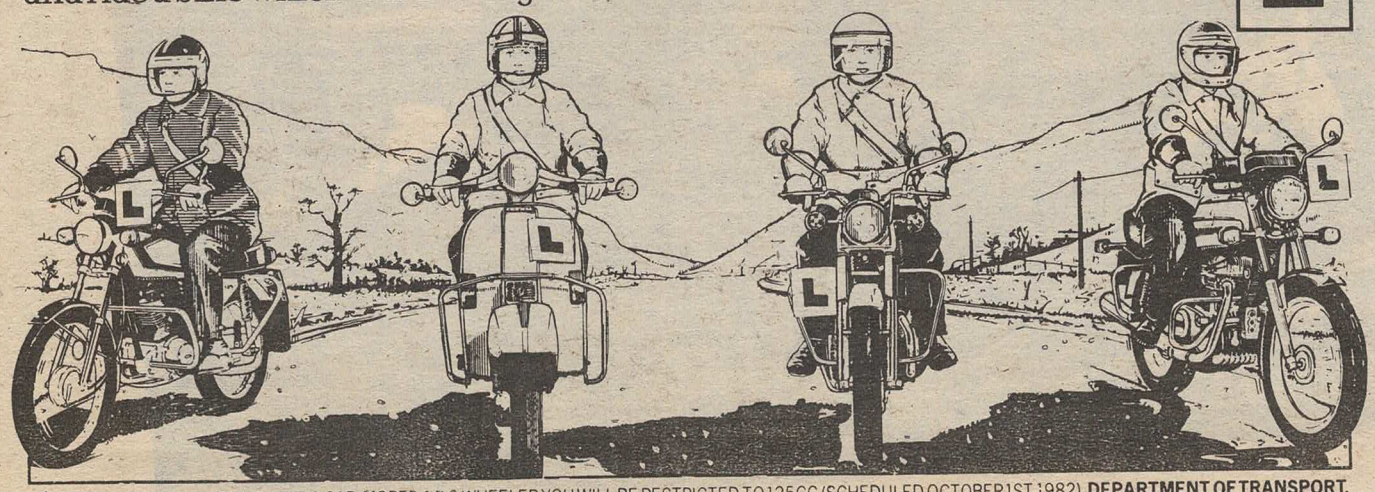
Part I can also be taken with the Department of Transport, who conduct existing 'L' tests and Part II of the new test. Ask for form DL26 at your Post Office.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT MORE ABOUT TRAINING AND THE NEW TEST?

If you want to know more about training schemes contact your Road Safety Officer at your council offices (or in Scotland, your Regional Council office or police station).

If you want to know more about the new test send an SAE to Driver Enquiry Unit, DVLC Swansea, SA6 7JL for your free copy of "Your Driving Test".

PASS YOUR TEST STAY ON YOUR BIKE L



*IF YOU HAVE A FULL LICENCE FOR A CAR, MOPED OR 3 WHEELER YOU WILL BE RESTRICTED TO 125CC (SCHEDULED OCTOBER 1ST, 1982). **DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT.**

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

A Greenham reggae party

TWO WOMEN's reggae groups have joined the performers at the upcoming Greenham Peace Camp protest this weekend: Batuna, who've played with Misty and will appear with the support of People Unite, and Abacushi, who recently played with Ranking Dread at Dingwalls. And performers at the 'artist's gate' will include Attila the Stockbroker and anarchist poet Heathcote Williams.

☐ At presstime, Cardiff County Council are meeting to discuss the role of the local authorities whose job it is to act against locals protesting about 'civil defence' manoeuvres of the Hard Rock sort mentioned previously in *Plutonium Blondes*.

They've got reason for concern. Protesters who chose to delay construction of the proposed nuclear bunker at nearby Bridgend had concrete poured over them and last Friday three other citizens barricaded themselves inside the official Cardiff town 'shelter', waited until the construction force had left, and rang up local radio stations to make their feelings and position public!

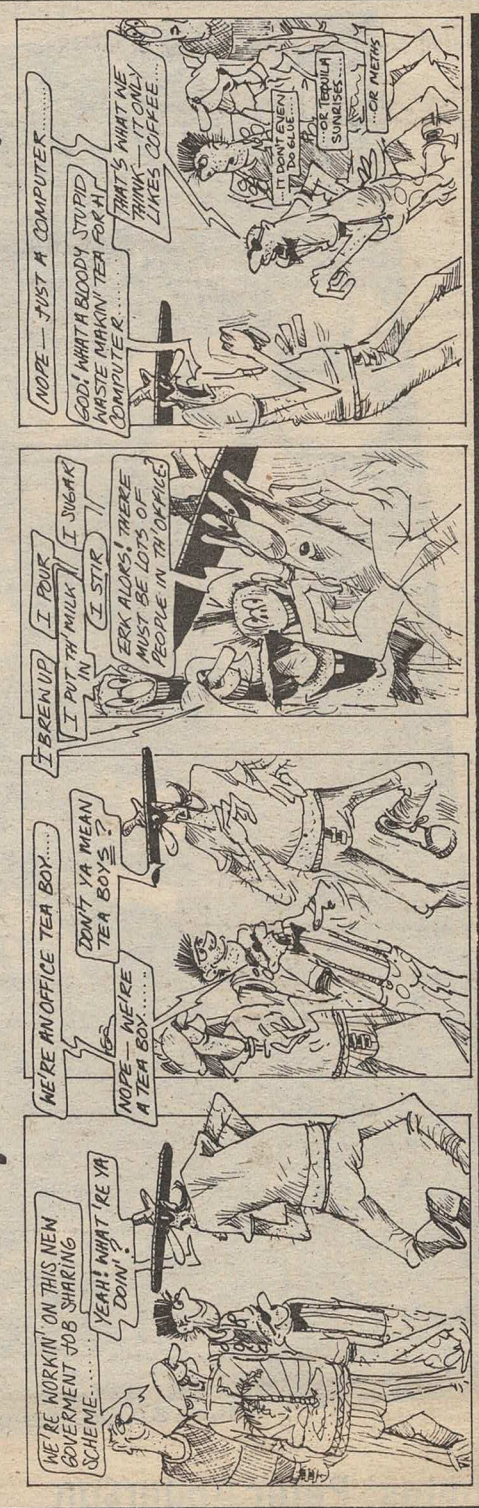
☐ Way back when, the first *Blondes* column ever mentioned the surprise findings of a Walls Ice Cream company survey — that the No. 1 fear of the majority of their 'youth market' was not the rising price of choc ices, but the threat of nuclear holocaust. So it was ironic that Armed Forces minister Peter Blaker should try to sugar the Trident pill by claiming it will only cost every man, woman and child "the price of one chocolate bar a week".

By contrast, CND have a few questions of their own they've made public to the Trident hungry government: **1:** If, as the government claims, the existing Polaris deterrent has worked, why is the UK *increasing* targeting capability? **2.** Why is the UK increasing their explosive power from 3,000 Hiroshimas to 7,000? **3.** Why is the UK increasing missile accuracy? **4.** How can Trident be 'independent' when it relies on American satellites for guidance? And **5.** Why is the UK destroying military 'deterrents' in favour of a first-strike capacity? If you feel a need to have these questions answered to your satisfaction, write to your MP.

☐ Finally, before the deluge of Easter CND and No Nukes Music events gets under way, one London date from New Variety, another political theatre organisation. It will be held this Friday at The Old White Horse pub at 261 Brixton Rd, SW9. Compere for the evening is Roland Muldoon, and the 'stars' are blues reggae duo Akimbo, Seething Wells, a five-piece 'butcher's shop' harmony group dubbed Sprat's 21st Century Pop Motets, and funk group Mr Clean.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Benyon


(NOPE — JUST A COMPUTER.....
GOD! WHAT A BLOODY STUPID WASTE MAKIN' TEA FOR H!
THAT'S WHAT WE THINK — IT ONLY LIKES COFFEE...
I DON'T KNOW, I DO GLOE...
OR TEQUILA SUNRISES.....
...OR METHS
I BREW UP
I POUR
I PUT TH' MILK IN
I STIR
ERK ALORS! THERE MUST BE LOTS OF PEOPLE IN TH' OFFICE!
WE'RE AN OFFICE TEA BOY.....
NOPE — WE'RE A TEA BOY.....
DON'T YA MEAN TEA BOYS?
WE'RE WORKIN' ON THIS NEW GOVERMENT JOB SHARING SCHEME.....
YEAH! WHAT 'RE YA DOIN'?

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DAVID WHO?

NME'S 1st Annual Photography Competition
Sponsored by Photomarkets and Olympus Cameras

1st PRIZE An Olympus OM2N 35mm SLR Camera (£190). (Top of the Olympus line and a camera that has gained acceptance with both pro and amateur alike.

The overall winner will also receive:- An Olympus Pearlcorder Compact Tape Recorder (£135).

2nd PRIZE: An Olympus OM1N 35mm SLR Camera (£135). (The first 35mm camera to demonstrate that a top specification SLR model needn't be bulky or heavy.

3rd PRIZE: An Olympus OM10 35mm SLR Camera (£110).

4th PRIZE: An Olympus ZXA2 35mm Compact Camera (£70). (A beautiful stuff-it-in-your-pocket model).

SPECIAL BONUS
The photographer who, in the opinion of the judges, exhibits unique characteristics in their entries, will be invited to accompany an *NME* photographer on a working assignment. Furthermore, John Halsall of London Features International (a company which handles the work of many famous photographers) is prepared to syndicate the winning entries on a world-wide basis and therefore gain maximum exposure for these aspiring photographers.

HERE'S THE THIRD of three opportunities to stake a place in the big shoot-out of *NME's* first Annual Photographic Competition. Those shutterbugs who devoured last week's *NME* will already know the game plan, for those late-comers who didn't here's the scam: read *all* the rules carefully, submit (no more than three) entries of *the kind of photographs you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content — music or related youth culture subjects,* mail them off as instructed and a special panel of hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts made up from representatives of *NME,* Photomarkets, Olympus Optical and *Amateur Photographer* will select the top of the shots.

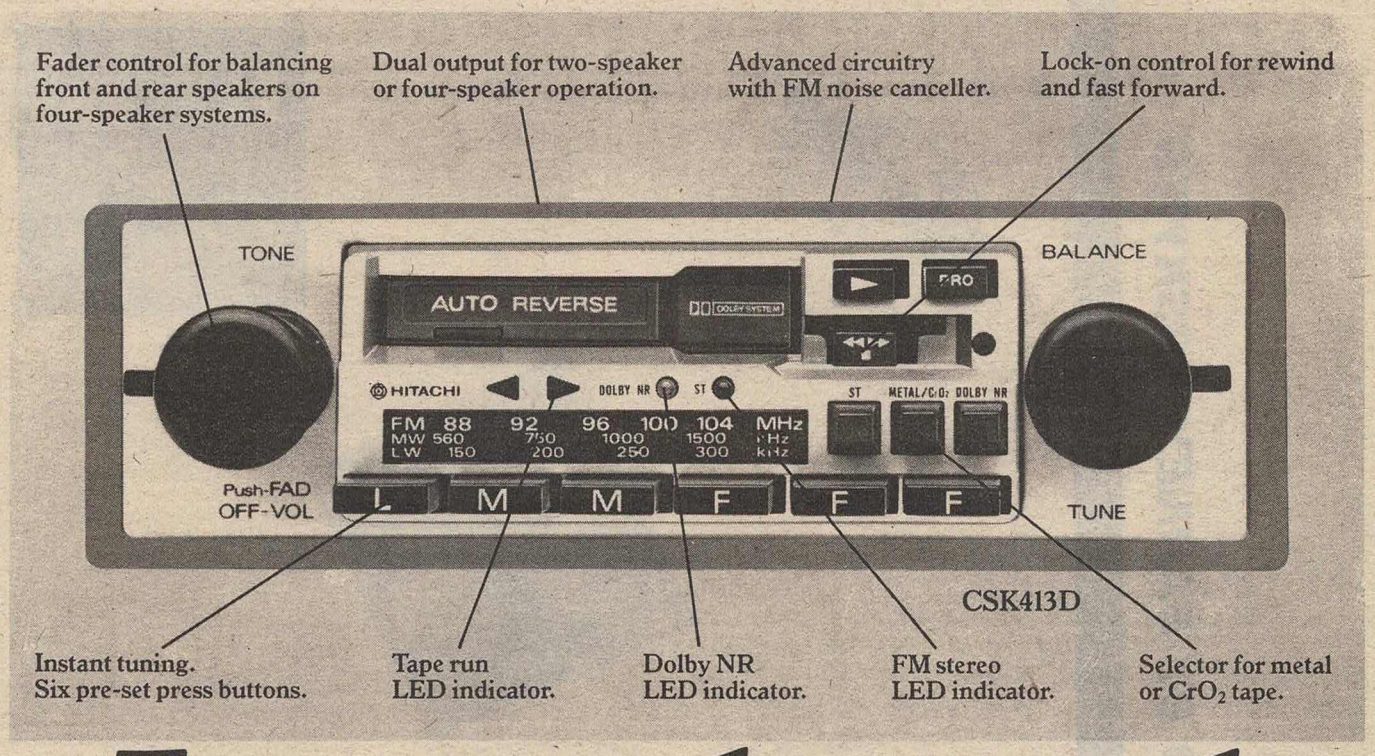
RULES OF ENTRY:
1) The competition is open only to *amateur* photographers — those who *don't* make their living as photographers.
2) All entries must be submitted in the form of 10" × 8" black & white prints. *No* Polaroids, colour transparencies, contact sheets or negatives will be considered.
3) Entries are only valid if accompanied by an official entry form which *must* be fixed to the back of each print submitted. A maximum of three prints from each entrant is allowed.
4) We regret we are unable to return entries. *NME* reserve the right to keep any entry photographs that might be suitable for publication on their files for up to six months. If used, payment will be made at our usual rates.
5) Whilst every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post or elsewhere.
6) Copyright remains the property of the entrant but *New Musical Express,* Photomarkets (UK) Ltd, and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd, reserve the right to reproduce any entry at the usual rates of payment. If an entry has won a prize, no fee will be paid.
7) The decision of the judge is final and no correspondence can be entered into during and after the competition.
8) The competition closes on April 19, 1982 and *no* entries will be accepted after that date.
9) All entries must *not* have been published or offered for publication elsewhere or entered in any current competition.
10) The competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of *NME,* Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Optical (UK).
The Editor's decision if final and the results will be published in a future issue of *NME*.

IMPORTANT NOTICE — PLEASE READ CAREFULLY
Entry to this competition does *not* automatically grant photographers official *NME* privileges to obtain photo passes for any concerts held at any venues either here or abroad.
Furthermore, *New Musical Express* cannot, under any circumstances, obtain any official photo passes on behalf of any would-be competition entrants.
If, for any reason, an entrant takes any photographs during a public performance without first obtaining permission from either the artists or the promoter, then *NME* cannot be held in any way responsible for any cameras, equipment or film impounded as a result.
Neither correspondence nor telephone conversation will be entered into concerning the aforementioned subject.

— The Editor

All entries must be mailed to:
NME PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99, 6YP.
(please note: *no* entries will be accepted at *NME's* editorial offices).
Official Entry Forms, to be pasted on the back of each print.

Name of Entrant.....
Address.....
.....
.....Phone.....
Title of picture.....
.....
Date when the photo was taken.....
Location.....
I, ...(signed)
declare that I took the photograph entered in this competition and that I am the copyright holder.



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Walsall • N. Thomas, 38 The Village, Walton-on-the-Hill • Appleyards (Staffs) Ltd., London Road, Newcastle-under-Lyne. **Stoke-on-Trent** H.T. Electrical, 4/8 Vauxhall Street, Longton • Oliver Rix Garages (Hanley) Ltd., Clough Street, Hanley • W. T. Bell (Burslem) Ltd., Sandbach Road, Codbridge. **Suffolk** Dave Wallis Car Audio, 322 Spring Road, Ipswich. **Sunderland** Cliffs Service Station (Autosave), 11 Windsor Terrace, Grangetown. **Surrey** Thames Car Radio 158 High Street, Egham • Car Sounds, 176 East Street, Epsom • Conrads Car Radio, 42 Thornton Road, Thornton Heath • Woking Car Radio, 9/11 Church Street, Woking • Road Sound, 182 Victoria Road, Aldershot • Ian Banning Ltd., 12c Worplesdon Road, Guildford • Universal Car Supplies, Victoria Works, The Street, Ashtead. **Sussex** Road Radio Ltd., 41 Station Road, Burgess Hill, and branches • Harfield and Foster, Spencer Street Workshop, Bognor Regis • Dials Car Radio, 187 Lewes Road, Brighton • H.T. 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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY BARNEY HOSKYNS

DOLLAR: Give Me Back My Heart (Buck)
Dollar are our new Carpenters, and anyone who doubts Trevor Horn should subject themselves to this astonishing *tour de force* of plastic production. The song is abysmal but Horn's sound is so seductively artificial it virtually enshrouds one with its space and softness. The slow pace opens doors to everything from Liberace-style fountains of cocktail piano to a finale in which the girl's multi-tracked voice — a treacherous synthetic kiss of death — dissolves in self-consuming showers worthy of 'Smiley Smile'. I wish Horn would stick to Dollar and not take on such bogus pop acts as ABC.

BUCK'S FIZZ: My Camera Never Lies (RCA).
Fizz now have a hard job trying to keep up with their mega-blond twin counterparts, but this potent little essay on the fame game which has claimed their souls, while never whispering of such dark sickliness or rococo utopias as 'Give Me Back My Heart', is a complex, almost excessive record that transcends the sphere of commercial mush into which it is born. The camera never lies because it never reflects, though Fizz bravely inform us that there's *"nothing worth lying for"* anyway. Opening like Heatwave, 'My Camera' goes through an entire cycle of MOR superpop from Abba to the Dooleys to 'Mirror Mirror', but it's almost too good to succeed. And my pen never lies either.

THE MOODISTS: Gone Dead/Chad's New Car (Au Go Go)
The Moodists plunge into 'Gone Dead' with their colours flying, an underworld club pop sound where choruses are unnecessary and voices run freely into each other over a supremely unclean, uncomplicated, and *physical* rhythm section. They play with a new density and openness and genuinely hit the nerve of rhythm. 'Chad's New Car' is like Ian McCulloch with the rhythm section of The Birthday Party — no, make that three Ian McCullochs with the rhythm section of The Birthday Party

JOSEF K: The Missionary (Crepuscule).
The "farewell single" from the only one of those Postcard groups that really *mattered*. 'The Missionary' is like a storming funk version of 'What Goes On', with Paul Haig using his Lou Reed larynx as passionately as ever. It also bears more than a passing resemblance to Marine's magical 'Life In Reverse', with which it shares the ever-astute Crepuscule label. Both are high-voltage guitar-funk thrashers and both really *travel* — always a welcome relief from the Orange Juices of this twee little world we inhabit. I remember when this mag's C-81 cassette came out the distance between Edwyn's 'Blue Boy' and Paul's 'Endless Soul' seemed almost immeasurable. Paul, please don't hide *your* love forever.

ASSORTED GROOVE THANGAMMIES

THE TIME: Cool (Warner Bros. 12")
The Time are a limp new edition of the elfin mongrel Prince, but in the case of 'Cool' their tributary nature can only be construed an advantage. Like Chic's 'Happy Man', 'Cool' is one of those sublime records so busy proclaiming black success in the white capitalist world it fails to notice how deeply embedded in its uptempo melody — here concealed in the *very* Prince-ish keyboard — is an extraordinary melancholy, a kind of bittersweet yearning which slices the edge off Morris Day's contrived swagger. So when he sings a line like *"I have the finest perfume money can buy, keeps me smelling like a rose,"* its vulgarity sends lacerating shivers of sadness down your back. The desperate equation of coolness with fantastic wealth — the record globetrots from Rome to San Francisco — here contains more pathos than the most tearstained soul ballad.

VICKY 'D': This Beat Is Mine (SAM 12")
This spruce and juicy item has been on import tormenting the best feet since Christmas, so I merely draw attention to its having come *off* import — thanks to Virgin. Almost worth buying for the title alone, 'This Beat' is really a remake of Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love' — just ten times more saucy, succulent, and, well downright exquisite (to be precise). The synth on this record actually *squirts*. Buy it.

THE QUICK: Rhythm Of The Jungle (Epic 12")
At one vast remove from last year's white funk puddings was a great record called 'Zulu', made by two rather weedy and anonymous white boys — the Chinnichap of Britfunk — called The Quick. Beneath its inane Afro-chants it had more pure grit and spunk than all your Stimulins and ABC's rolled into one. 'Rhythm Of The Jungle' proves they still have the balls, though it's a far warrior cry from 'Zulu'. Mixed again by John Luongo of Pavilion — who's also busy remixing Funkapolitan for his U.S. market — it bounds mightily along on crunching bass line and the distinctive 'Zulu' drum sound, while even the comparatively puny vocals stretch and shove as breathily as any Jacksons' record. Unlike our precious nightclubbing dilettantes, The Quick — they sound like a pop group from L.A., don't they? — know how to *work a studio*, and *that* is what dance records are about, something which seems to have been forgotten since the great "disco" days of 'Mighty Real' and 'Let's All Chant'.

FUNKAPOLITAN: In The Crime Of Life (London 12")
It's bad luck that Funkapolitan have had to encounter the ugly, begrudging class prejudices of an otherwise politically dormant music press, because they have heaps more talent and a far greater grasp of heavy American radio funk than any of the indigenous dance factions thus far designated hip. August Darnell produced this, and while I wasn't one of last summer's converts to the Kid Creole scheme of things, I couldn't forget that Machine single he produced in 1979. With his hands at the helm, 'Crime' and the flip's 'War' — neither of them particularly interesting songs — come on both strong and sweet, simultaneously rooted in a groping rhythm section and floating on free-fall guitars and keyboards. Funkapolitan lack a strong soul voice, but their debut album will turn more than a few heads. The debs have gone, it's time they rocked *your* house.

T.C. CURTIS: Body Shake (Groove 12")
Snappy workout cruising off Quick-style bass bomp, Heaven Seventeenage synth trumpet, and crisp interjections — get down and do the aforesaid body shake, or similar advice — from a female backing team plucked out of 1963.

BUMBLE AND THE BEEZ: The Room Above (EMI 12")
Michael Riley's drumless reggae combo goes Euro-disco with a vengeance. This has a really hefty kick in its beat and a strong tune to match — EMI's marketing of the group stinks, but I don't see how 'The Room Above' can fail to break them on its own terms.

WHITE NOIZE

FLESHTONES: Shadow Line (IRS)
Weighing in somewhere between the Vogues' '5 O'Clock World' and the B-52s' 'Dirty Back Road', this presents the Fleshtones in their favourite garage-band guise, an acoustic guitar/tambourine tradeoff between the Standells and the Shadows Of Knight. It's nothing very unusual but it has style and it is produced in its new form by Richard Mazda, also responsible for the astounding 'Hex Enduction Hour'. What the Fleshtones should really do is re-release the incredible 'American Beat'.

FLIPPER: Sex Bomb/Brainwash (Subterranean)
Hardcore act from Berkeley, Ca. 'Sex Bomb' is pristine garbage of the highest order, but 'Brainwash' goes a few steps further along that path strewn with dead Kennedys *et al*. A series of identical false starts in which the lead Flipper tries unsuccessfully to stutter out some pressing confession before each time giving up with the words *"never mind . . . forget it . . . you wouldn't understand anyway . . ."* It's true, I don't, but maybe you will . . .

STEPHEN MALLINDER: Temperature Drop/Cooldown (Fetish)
Twisting, furtive voyage to nowhere, a kaleidoscopic flight of dub drums, subterranean bass and groaning keyboard treatments. Temperature steady, limbs unprovoked, future soundtrack material. One could say that unlike Dollar, Mal at least hasn't made the pretence of writing a song to excuse the production-for-production's sake. 'Cooldown' repeats and refers but remains in an even more embryonic state.

BIM: Factory (Swerve)
No-one could forget and forgive the awful 'Romance', but this is an improvement. A towering procession of drums pregnant with doom and a bundle of anthemic scrap-ends from heralding trumpets to heroic guitars combine in a swirling 'Do You Believe In The Westworld Pt.2' — one which inadvertently answers Yes.

THE DUDS

(beginning a new 10-part family serial)

XTC: Ball And Chain (Virgin EP)
XTC undergo a brief seizure by one of those social THEMES. *"Don't want demolition, Don't want your compensation,/It's not just bricks and mortar, We are lambs to slaughter."* This one's penned by mouldy Moulding rather than perky Partridge, and guess what but it's just a rewrite of 'Sergeant Rock'. Not that Andy P doesn't get his way with the EP's remaining three ditties — 'Heaven Is Paved With Broken Glass', 'Punch And Judy', and 'Cockpit Dance Mixture', all of them well-crafted, witty, and above all knowing, sung with that tireless drudgery we've come to know and detest so well.

DEAD OR ALIVE: It's Been Hours Now (Black Eyes 12" EP)
Despite Pete Burns' preposterous appearance, Dead Or Alive can't manage anything more distinctive than a polite if overwrought tribute to Echo And The Bunnymen. 'It's Been Hours', 'Whirlpool', and 'Nowhere To Nowhere' are all the same song, a kind of melted-down Gothic pomp elegy intended to invoke some troubled darkness but actually just evoking a best forgotten era when Jethro Tull were worshipped by acned adolescents the world over. Maybe Pete Burns is what Ian McCulloch turns into when the Liverpool moon is too full.

B-MOVIE: Nowhere Girl (Some Bizzare 12")
One of the most vapid and heartlessly plastic pieces of music it's ever been my displeasure to hear. Glam dance pop lacking even the distinction of a melodramatic tune, this is an attempt to stray into an area that Duran Duran have already covered with a great deal more life and colour, and B-Movie had best back out of it with what little grace they may have left in reserve. Perfectly dreadful.

THE WEATHERMAN: Life! (Pre 12")
An idle slab of dance fodder dredged up by some ex-Member of Manicured Noise, who is obviously one of those dull-witted young men who thinks that by shoving a splat of handclaps on the offbeat of a "funk" rhythm he has somehow created a unique dance masterpiece. Manicured noise indeed, and what's worse, I bet he listens to *good records!*

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Never Say Die (EMI)
Comically cleancut and sanitised pulp protest, the ultimate EMI "streets" record, with Mensi delivering forth in an overtly American accent and all traces of rebel cred. smoothed away like so much milk paste.

IDEAL: Sex In The Desert (Warner Bros.)
Where DAF drift *unter wasser*, these cryptic Krauts remain on dry land — and their *wuste* (even produced as it is by the great Conny Plank) is about as dry, sterile and altogether cumbrous as Germanic "satire" can get. Orientalism of this glib kind is excruciating.

PLACIDO DOMINGO: El Mundial (Polydor)
The great Spanish tenor wraps his chords around a rousing theme song for the Madrid World Cup. Subtitle: It's A Knockout Spaghetti Western. One would expect a Pavarotti to stoop to this, but somehow not Domingo. Still, if that's the way *el mundial* goes round, what kind of an Atlas am I to try to stop it? The week's most unintentionally camp offering, for sure.

LOU REED MIGHT HAVE CROSSED THE STREET
BUT HE'S STILL WALKING ON THE WILD SIDE

A NEW ALBUM

LOU REED

the Blue Mask

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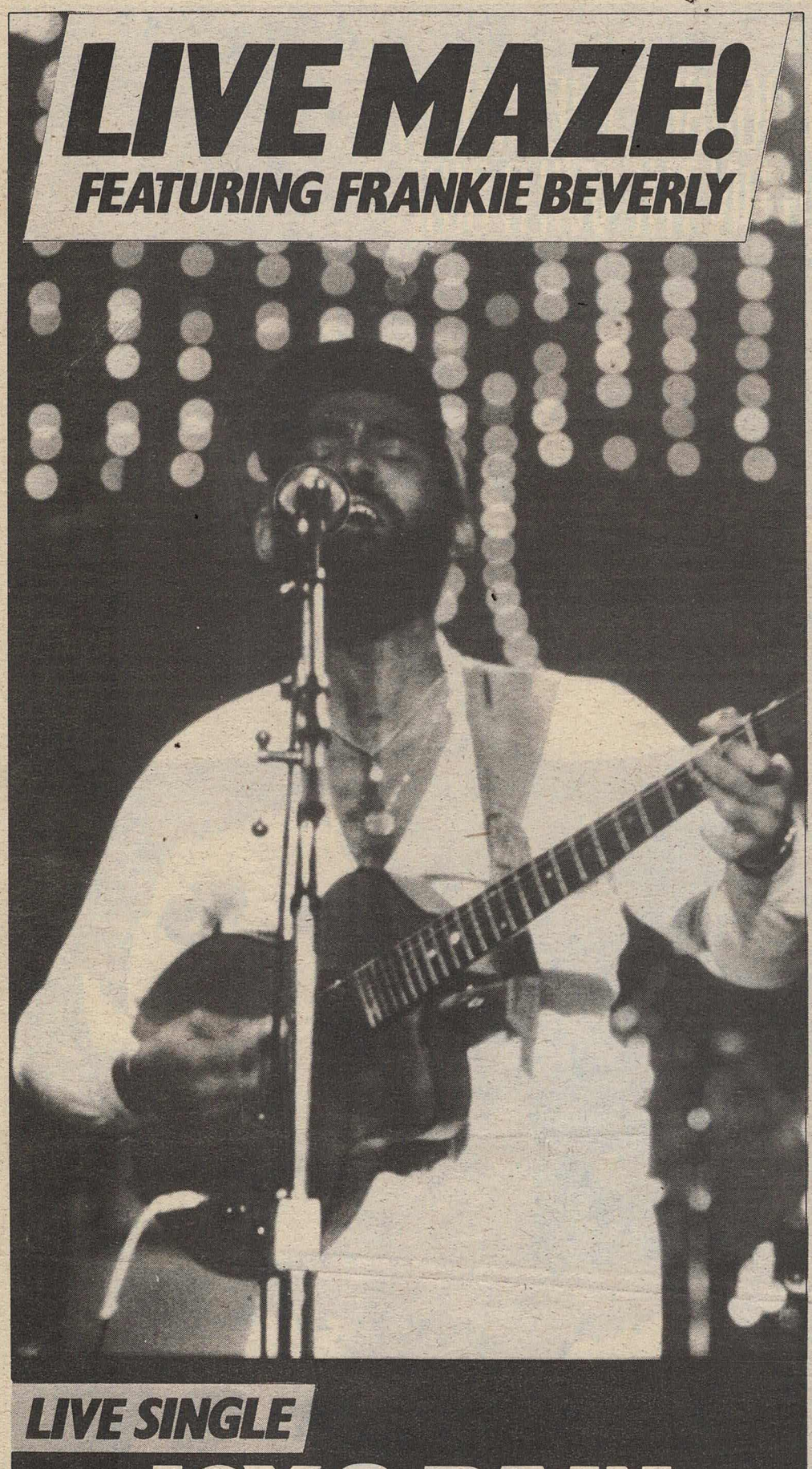


ENERGY IS GOOD

Energy is good — lethargy is evil. Yukio Mishima said that. Most Japanese pop is lacking in ambition, lust and life. CHRIS BOHN says that.

PETER ANDERSON joins them all on a trip to Tokyo.

"The author of *Hagakure* (a book of moral and practical instruction for Samurai) devised a cure too potent for the modern malady. Presaging a splintering of the human spirit, he warned of the unhappiness of such a division, 'It is wrong to set one's mind on two things at once'. Jocho (the author), who could not help recognising the validity of any kind of passion as long as it was genuine, well understood passion's laws . . ." (*Yukio Mishima on Hagakure*)

TOKYO. The Emperor's Palace at Meiji Garden is mostly hidden from the public gaze by evergreens; only the black curlicues of the oriental roof are visible from the surrounding moat that keeps visitors at a respectful distance. A lone guard stationed outside the barracks sullenly observes the goings-on as out-of-towners line up and take pictures of each other before the sacred background.

Though the present incumbent (since 1926!), Emperor Hirohito, renounced the position's divine status when Japan lost the war, he's still held in reverence by many subjects. So what better way to celebrate National Day than by calling on the palace?

This simple act of devotion takes on more sinister overtones when a convoy of minibuses bearing right-wing banners and flags draws up. The civilians spill out and quickly mobilise themselves into formation to pay homage to the figurehead of a lost, once glorious, imperial Japan. Normally they would make their affiliations known by wearing traditional uniforms, but then they wouldn't be allowed in the palace's environs.

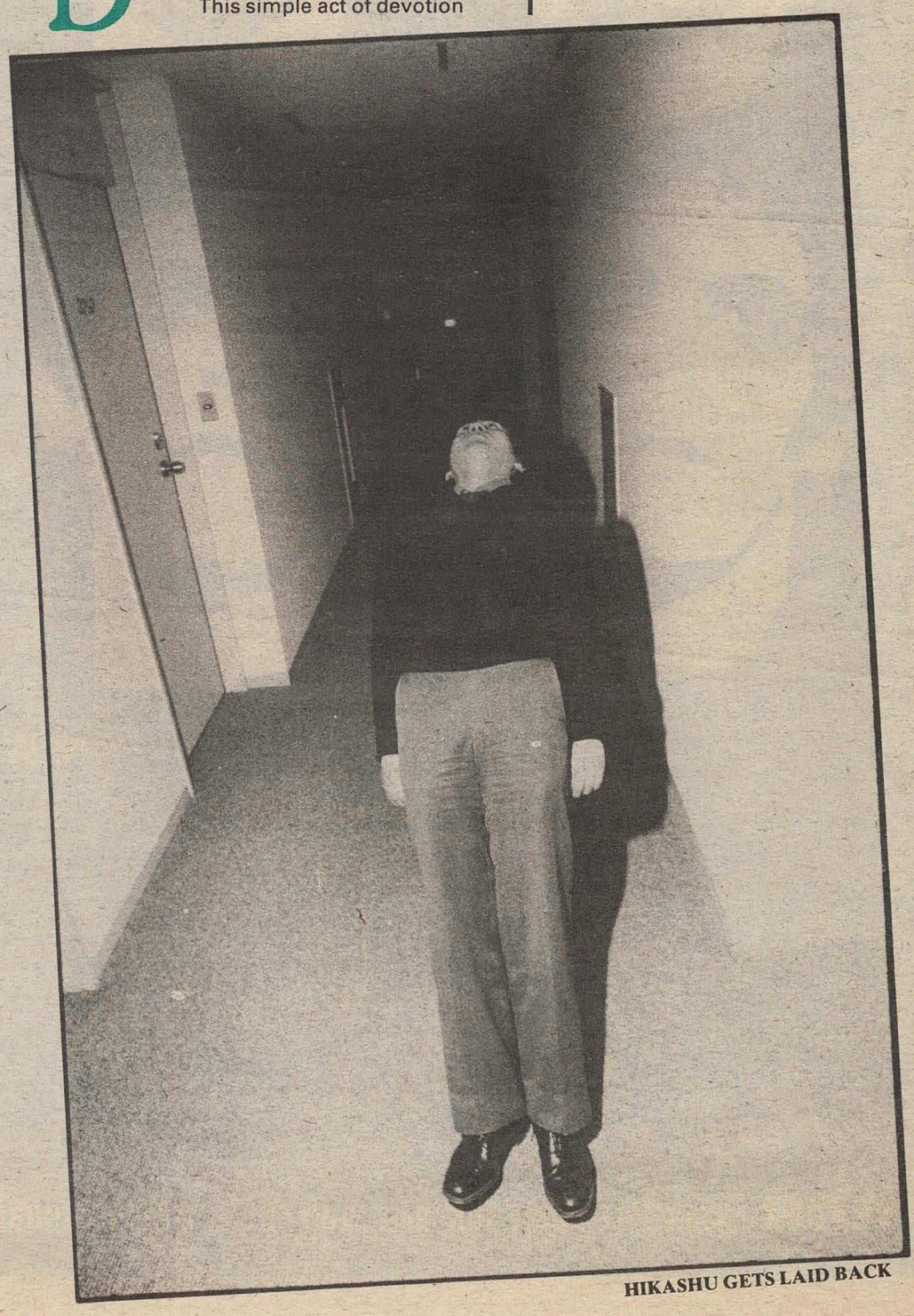
The Emperor's refusal to dignify their militancy with public recognition is a milder example of the paradox that ended Japanese extremist author Yukio Mishima's life in pointless sacrifice a decade ago, when he committed ritual suicide as a protest against the moral decay and the advancing westernisation of modern Japan. If his death didn't win official favour or visibly stem the Western tide, the tragedy of dying in vain nevertheless appealed to inverse melancholic elements in the Japanese character.

The memory of Mishima's end persists today, not only because the courts have yet to decide whether the assistant at his suicide is guilty of manslaughter, but also due to the increase of patriotic fervour at the expense of post-war liberalisation.

Today, being National Day, is a good day to witness it.

The most distressing aspect of the new fervour is the way it has seized sizeable chunks of Japanese young. Down in the youth district — not a million miles away from Chelsea's Kings Road — rightwing youths dressed in thigh length martial arts tops revealing bare legs strut proudly through the throng, disdainful of both the Winter cold and their contemporaries' slavish following of Western fashions.

The acute division of tastes and attitudes is further emphasised when you cross the road into Harajuku, the noisy outdoor haunt of the extraordinary rockabilly cult. The contrast of fastidiously dressed '50s kids and martial arts boys couldn't be more marked, but neither is ultimately the most sensible



HIKASHU GETS LAID BACK

LIZARD IN TOKYO

LETHARGY IS EVIL

response to present day Japanese conditions. One can sympathise with both the Americanised contingent who don't want to be hamstrung by the suffocating customs and culture of their parents, and the traditionalists who bemoan the disappearance of old Japan.

But achieving the balance between the old and the new isn't easy. Artists looking to establish an ethnic, modern Japanese culture by drawing on the past and present are likely to be tarred as nationalists. And any conscious rejection of foreign influences can smack of the nationalist tendency towards racism and imperialism. The task is to found a new form originating in today without allowing the nationalists to proclaim it as their own, or better than anybody else's.

The last thing a native culture needs is the endorsement of a nationalist movement, which invariably isolates those elements it can use politically, those sentimental signs most likely to appeal to the more susceptible sections of the populace. Or, because of their obvious national traits, to foreigners looking for souvenirs.

Well, what's the point of bringing anything back if it's no different from what's available at home? The problem of souvenir hunting is separating shiny exotic things from genuine quality goods. It remains unsolved by the current importers (wholesale) of the new Japanese music . . .

"The present is the age of technocracy (under the leadership of technicians); differently expressed, it is the age of performing artists. One who excels at an art can win by means of that art the enthusiastic applause of society. At the same time, such people are lowering their life goals, aiming only at appearing as dashing and as important as possible. They forget the ideals for a total human being; to degenerate into a single cog, a single function, becomes their greatest ambition . . ." (*Mishima on Hagakure*)

DAVID CLARIDGE is a 28 year old entrepreneur who once ran the daft kitsch club The Great Wall, which specialised in Oriental schlop, and is now the mind behind the enterprising international Mobile Suit Corporation. So far it has released the Anglo/Indian Monsoon's beguiling 'Ever So Lonely' and, just recently a Japanese compilation, called 'Tokyo Mobile Music 1'. He spent two months in Japan researching it, following the laudable brief of looking for bands with "their own individual musical identity and which perhaps culled their sound from old and new Japanese culture".

Of the seven he found, I'd say he lost 4-3. Having met five of the participants, courtesy of Claridge's sponsors, I'm not inclined to redress the score.

One might argue that the decision by the Japanese label Alfa to launch their acts in Britain (via Epic) put the best groups out of his reach, but none of their output has lived up to the preceding publicity. Yellow Magic Orchestra's offshoots aside, there's not really a lot to make a fuss about: only Susan's nationality renders her more authentic than Aneka; Sheena And The Rokkets are pallid, imitation R'n'B-ish poppers; and the Sunsetz' offcentre approach too quickly becomes a set pattern.

As to the many YMO spin-offs currently flooding the market, they're mostly the products of supreme aesthetes — pristine, pretty and pointless — containing neither the satire nor the invention of the best YMO records. Alfa product brought here consists of neutered, neutral pop that brandishes its blandness like a passport to international acceptance. Its politeness is dispiriting, its conformity depressing, its polish the one distinguishing factor from Western nondescripts.

The prevailing pleasantry that is Japanese pop can't even be seen as the latest stage in rock's ritual self-renewal, as can similar developments in Europe. Japan's rock tradition is too young, it hasn't passed through its dirty period yet! Which has nothing to do with creaking Western concepts of rock as rebellion.

Japanese notions of family loyalty, bowing to one's elders, the patriarchal company hierarchy and the fact that most people live well in such a society mean a wholly different set of conditions. Yet even within its more limiting social framework there is room to manoeuvre, as is proven by the activities of Japan's best filmmakers and more adventurous musicians — Phew and some of her associates on the independent Pass label, Lizard, Hikashu, YMO associate Akiko Yano, occasionally YMO, and very early Stomu Yamashta's Red Buddha Theatre.

The rest (of those who've made it through to the West) seem content to be quaint refractions of Western trends. They confine themselves to banal reflections, dippy love songs and dopey philosophical musings, unless, of course, the language barrier disguises a more subtle intent. If it does, it's not at all indicated by either the music or the English titles. Few nibble at the core of the struggle for a Japanese identity. The intermittently funny Plastics at least tried to reconcile their own post-war trash culture with the Anglo-American influx, and Anarchy might eventually arrive at something more inspired via their copycat, but nevertheless spirited punk.

Japanese pop, then, might satisfy the home market but precious little of it is different or good enough to warrant exposure outside its borders. And as it offers no insight into Japan, much of it is hardly worth bothering with. It parastically feeds off alien cultures and bears little or no reflection of the society, or even the culture clashes, that spawned it.

"I am convinced, however, that art kept snugly within the bounds of art alone shrivels and dies, and in this sense I am no believer in what is commonly called art for art's sake. If art it not constantly threatened, stimulated by things outside its domain, it exhausts itself . . ." (*Mishima on Hagakure*)

THAT I CONTINUALLY digress from Claridge's kitsch corner is some indication of my feelings for 'Tokyo Mobile Music 1'. The best tracks both belong to Akiko Yano, who really belongs in a feature all of her own. The second best to Lizard, who I'll tell you about in a moment. Not bad either is a warbly mix of Okinawan folk and pop from Shoukichi Kina.

An engagingly garrulous native from the Island of Okinawa, which was occupied by American forces up until ten years ago, Shoukichi started telling me about all this before he decided his mystical experiences in India and rediscovery of Bob Marley and the '60s were infinitely more interesting. There's also Salon Music, whose cute reruns of Roxy/Ultravox are only slightly less timid than the painstakingly quiet duo behind them; and Earthling, led by a bemusing charlatan who has devised a simplistic "we are all earthlings" mantra to match the depth of his boundless, universal electro pop.

The most familiar song on the record, a perfunctory Japanese version of Kraftwerk's 'The Model' by Hikashu, turns out to be the most misleading. Hikashu are none too pleased that 'The Model' has been chosen to represent them as it's the song they used to warm up on. 20 years ago Chuck Berry, nowadays Kraftwerk . . .

Hikashu are quite content to be living in the modern world. Not that it's always straightforward.

"It is a contradiction we're living in this country," explains shy, giggling vocalist and writer Koichi Makigami via our patient translator Haruko Minakami. "Just living here with all this technology, in modern Japan, but with the old traditions and mentality surviving. Already the old and the new live uneasily side by side."

Both as leader of Hikashu and as a solo artist he wants to "expose the real meaning of living in Japan".

In musical terms that means he relates his cool, precise fusion of electronics and rock guitar conventions to the traditional Japanese art of Kabuki theatre. In essence the two aren't so far removed, as both are heavily stylised and rely on minimal changes and gestures to convey emotions and movement. Additionally he constructs his songs around the *haiku* form of three line poem that conjures up a spirit, a feeling more than an exact meaning. Not being able to understand Japanese, I'll take his word for it.

"Don't worry," confides Haruko, "not many Japanese understand his lyrics either."

His claims aren't so extravagant as they might first appear. Koichi entered music via theatre, performed years ago with a Japanese fringe group at London's Royal Court, hung around the city awhile and got to know the Henry Cow commune of improvisers. Being unskilled, improvisation seemed the easiest way to get involved, just so the later shift into simplistic techno pop. In between times he returned to Japan, starred in the Tokyo version of *Grease* and taught himself trumpet and bass.

Following his earlier techno pop slumming, he's moved into the more playful, ambiguous area of domestic pop covers. His first solo LP, inanely and provocatively named 'Festival

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Bad Dream At Black Rock: Penman (left) has difficulty in explaining Rockford (centre) synopsis to Chinese director (right). Right?

DIARY OF A CATHODE ADDICT

Saturday March 6th
Midnight Movie on BBC1: Robert Wise's eerie **The Haunting**. A young Claire Bloom as lesbian mind reader, swathed in dark clothes and darting everyone sour glances. Unattainable, naturally, but an aesthetic sexuality to rank alongside my two established iconographic crushes — the young Hepburns, Katharine and Audrey.

Sunday March 7th
My regional disposition this weekend allows for an unforseeable midnight snack, an American comedy import never previously encountered, called **Love American Style.** Sketch format. Garbage, even by my elliptic standards, but it does feature Judy Carne — the first media-girl crush I ever had; when I was nine or ten, that dotty girl on *Laugh In* with the short hair and alien accent was the only one for me. She put out a single — 'Sock It To Me' — and I waited in vain for the pop world to hail its intrinsic majesty. I heard it played once on daytime Radio 1 and it disappeared. Love hurts.

Monday March 8th
New series of **Maggie** (BBC2), featuring the young Kirsty Miller, whom I haven't got a crush on. First series promised something — nothing secret or magical or revolutionary, but something all the same. Now I'm not so sure. Is it that I've changed (so hard, so uncaring?) or that she *hasn't* changed, that the series has moved in the wrong direction? I certainly can't take that twee, twinkly theme music any more. In between 1st and 2nd series we've had *Going Out* (for all its shabby sins) and *Gregory's Girl*. In comparison, *Maggie* is a bit too *nice*. Before, at least, Dad's brow was furrowed with recession blues, Mum was drowning in Valium, and tenements were tumbling like opposing hands in a *Bilko* poker game. Now everyone is HAPPY! and not a little upwardly mobile. Maggie, at this rate, is bound to get that university place (a social anthropologist) she so assuredly desires. The acquisition of a *nice* sort of feminism must be next on the cards. What's between Maggie and her suitor(s) is another thing again — neither idealistic romance nor sprouting sexuality; they just have *nice* wee chats, perched on country stiles. Oh dear. Maybe I should send her an existentialist primer.

Maggie has an unconvincingly *temperate* atmosphere: a smothered 'middle class' version of 'working class' life? Smooth and few blemishes. Mike Leigh's new play next Tuesday looks better all the time. Who is *Maggie* meant to appeal to? **Grange Hill** (BBC1) fever continues to grip a large section of the pre-5.45 News audience, and rightly so. *Maggie*, at 6.20, must be aimed at viewers at their wits' end over the current outbreak of liberal plot craziness in **Crossroads** (miss one episode and it'll take two weeks to get back on course). They should have listened to me way back when; the foregrounding of that Brownlow clan was an unmitigated error in favour of the mediocre. Oh dear. And I did so used to love *Crossroads*.

Film '82 (BBC1) had yet another 'idiosyncratic' guest presenter beginning a three week stint tonight. What next: leaving the slot fallow for a month?

Tuesday March 9th
Arena (BBC2): Gavin Millar introduces two classic British documentaries, from a time when documentary wasn't the insane, greedy industry it is today. Both are nicely made, but side by side set up a somewhat contradictory tension. Humphrey Jennings' **Listening To Britain** is a eulogy in early Powell/Pressburger fashion, a wartime paen to a certain empirical idea of Britishness — half spiritual, half social — worth defending against the Hun. **Housing Problems,** by Edgar Anstey and Arthur Elton is much grittier, a searing indictment (as they say) of 1930s council housing conditions — looking forward to a brave and better new world which, as Millar himself footnoted, wasn't and still isn't there for everyone.

A new series of **Disappearing World** (ITV): witchcraft in a far flung bush community. Two villagers accused of adultery stand trial. Seek the oracle's word, it is decided. The oracle turns out to be a chicken, and its wise word is whether it dies or not after having been administered a whacking dose of strychnine. Liberals might have their quibbling doubts, but I'd trust a fowl metabolism any day of the week over Lord Denning.

Wednesday March 10th
Did someone mention Lord Denning? The sprightly old sage cropped up, predictably enough, on news reports today — hobbling to work as he always does, unaffected by the London Transport strike. This was just one of the items on today's News programmes which rendered me incoherent with anguished 'political' rage; I really shouldn't watch them. Worst of all was the not-even-'neutral' treatment of our Metropolitan Constabulary's act of perplexing stupidity concerning crime statistics. Both ITV and BBC seem to go along blindly with the pernicious, nonsensical singling out of street crime and blacks. Massive photo blow-ups of (white) O.A.P.s injured in muggings, statistics themselves blown up to fill the screen. Talk about turning a trick! Social injustice made spectacular. Scaremongering of the worst kind. **News At Ten** signs off with its usual 'light-hearted' item — tonight it's a chirpy little report on Prince Andrew turning 18, for which strenuous task he now receives £20,000 P.A. and a cosy office. Sure beats Y.O.P.S.!!! Goodnight . . .

Thursday March 11th
See P. for first time in a week. Compulsive TV Addict's chatter bursts out of us, even before drinking has begun. "Carson?! . . . Burt Reynolds' **This Is Your Life** spoof last week! . . . saw Ed MacMahon in a film the other day . . . That **NOT** Parkinson sketch — brilliant! *And* it pisses all over the likes of Yarwood . . . It was about time someone stitched that slag up . . . Christopher Lloyd in **Taxi** this week!!! Wearing something different for the first time! That dance! Louie and Lassie! Dietrich on voodoo, philately and computer programming! The Cybermen and Beryl Reid on **Doctor Who**!" and so on.

Surprisingly acid Editorial in Guardian today about crime statistics cock-up. Good one.

Friday March 12th
Not much on. Out for most of the night tempting the hallucinogenic properties of North London Guinness. Missed decent looking **Playhouse** with Michael Elphick.

Letter from L. Liked my James Garner piece and says **Barney Miller** lights up her tired existence. This seems to be the case with a rapidly increasing number of people. More specifically, the character of Arthur Dietrich is favourite for most of those people. What is it about this amazing pedant that tickles us? His appeal is deeper than simply *wiseguy with a heart of gold*. A man of knowledge, a sacred clown. A true star. His function should not be underestimated.

Extricating a teaspoon from under an armchair cushion I find a rough note from my preparatory essay on Jim Garner: ". . . his (Rockford's) trailer by the sea doubles as apartment and office, but looks, from the outside — WHO'S TARDIS??? — improbably like either." Note that I seem to be using 'either-neither/or-nor' structures over much in recent TV criticism. Can this have some deep-rooted psych . . . Nah.

Saturday March 13th
Apropos of my rage over TV News, come across fitting paragraphs in article from an American intellectual video journal: "The spectacle rules by ideas as well as by armies. It creates spectators who are no longer ignorant or passive in the classic sense, but rather who are overwhelmed and dominated by false ideas about their lives . . . The spectacle is forced to speak of this sorry state of affairs which it attributes to various marginal factors — for example, criminals, unforseeable environmental mishaps, the occasional incompetent official, assorted lunatic dictators. And not surprisingly, the spectacle has learnt to exploit its own decomposition. It terrorises whole populations with images of impending cataclysm which it maintains will only be prevented by greater adherence to Power." (Isaac Cronin & Terrel Seltzer, *Video 81*.)

Reading also today about sleep — for instance, hormonal dysfunction during regular insomnia; this explains much, possibly too much. In same book sleep is defined as "state of inertia and unresponsiveness", which is also an adequate definition of early viewing tonight. Decide it is the big things about TV that make it bad, and the little things that make it good. This week's good little things: the repeats of **Pixie & Dixie** (especially Mr. Jinx's voice); the Habitat/art deco furnishings in **Stingray;** the Alliance Building Society ad; Arthur in **Minder** declining a drink — "No, not for me, I'm off to see a man about some fireplaces." On the other hand, Steve Davis anywhere on TV (but particularly on Tuesday's **Question Of Sport**) is unbearable. The, to me, most annoying ad on TV continues to be Impulse Body Spray.

Best part of a bottle of Liebfraumilch. Best part of the night was, as usual, **Johnny Carson**.

Sunday March 14th
Strange dream last night about going to Los Angeles to script a James Garner show; confusion with a Chinese director, a photo copying machine and a surrealistically minded lift-shaft. The show itself looked great, though.

Watch **Police 5** for *real* London crime reporting. No mention of anyone black, although a very strange looking "Middle Eastern/Mediterranean" bloke in a huge bobble hat had it away with someone's car. Mainly white gangsters, used-car funny business, heavies being sent round. Things like £6,000 worth of trousers, £10,000 worth of soft toys.

When an LWT announcer tells you twice in two minutes that their new "adult comedy series" is "very provocative", you know you should have braved the March gales for a contemplative Sunday night pint. **Whoops Apocalypse** was no exception. I'm begnning to wonder just what "adult comedy" is. Seems to be something cobbled together in a frenzy, and very unfunny. Read that *A Fine Romance* has won the BAFTA award for comedy. This bloody country and its adult comedy! Think I'll stick to kids' stuff.

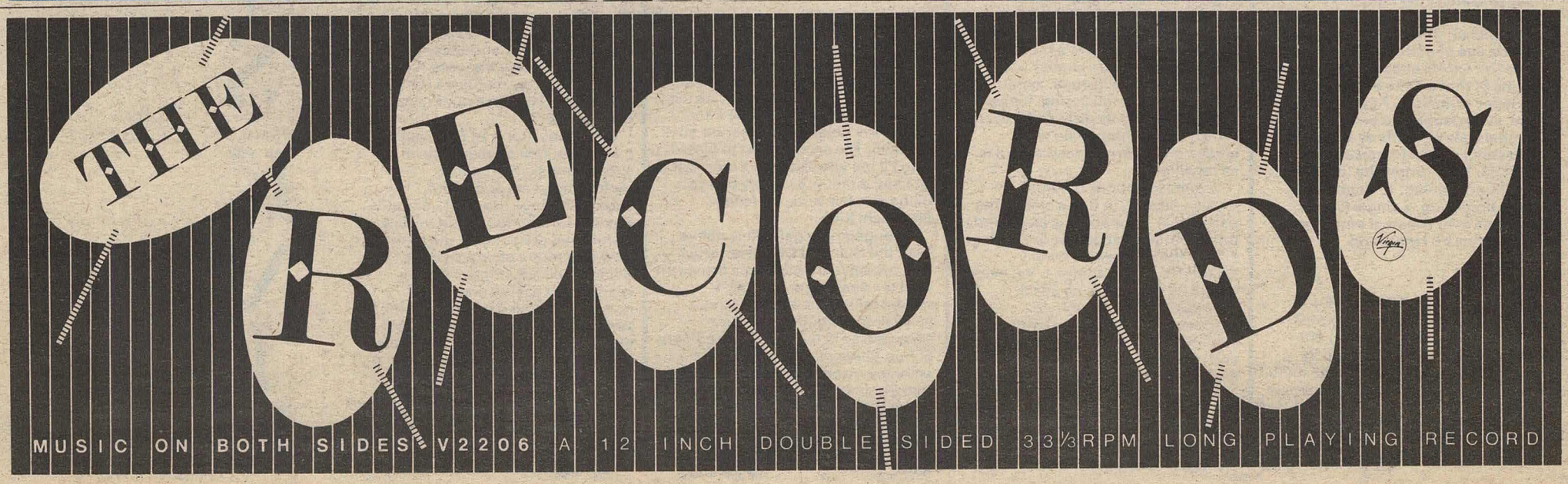
Whoops Apocalypse is "provocative" because Political, which is not much use if the gags are duff. I laughed out loud once, and giggled softly twice. Alexei Sayle — thank God you're out of *OTT*, my son — was a saving grace as narcissistic Kremlin sadist, otherwise it was all a bit heavy-handed for my tastes. Johnny Carson's political jokes are much better — subtle but searing, civilised but far more than skin deep.

Nausea, following ingestion of disappointing frozen Pepperoni pizza. Evening redeemed by smashing Peter Yates film **The Friends Of Eddie Coyle** on BBC1. Robert Mitchum looking like he's made out of disintegrating papier mache. Peter Boyle as sweaty as ever. Richard Jordan fast becoming a hero. What with lingering TV dinner indigestion and the spectre of Peter Boyle though, I'm frightened to go to sleep.

Monday March 15th
As I feared: bad dreams. Worried about my TV addiction, I call on Maggie, thinking she might want to wring an anthropological paper out of it. She isn't interested; I suggest Levi-Strauss, she wants a ride on the Waltzers. Field research takes us to a Rangers vs. Celtic derby. A Rastafarian Celtic fan hurls a golf ball filled with razor blades at me, but on the exact moment of connection with my forehead the blades turn into Yorkie Bars. Maggie gives me the phone number of a good psychoanalyst — a Ms. Lackford — but everytime I call I just get her answering machine. We eventually meet up in a low rent diner called Bloomingdale's, where Peter Boyle is head waiter. I order an anchovy and egg mayonnaise sandwich. "Wry?" he asks. "Hell, why not — whose knife is it anyway?" I reply. James Garner's mouth materialises over our table. "There's no turning bap now kiddo," it chortles.

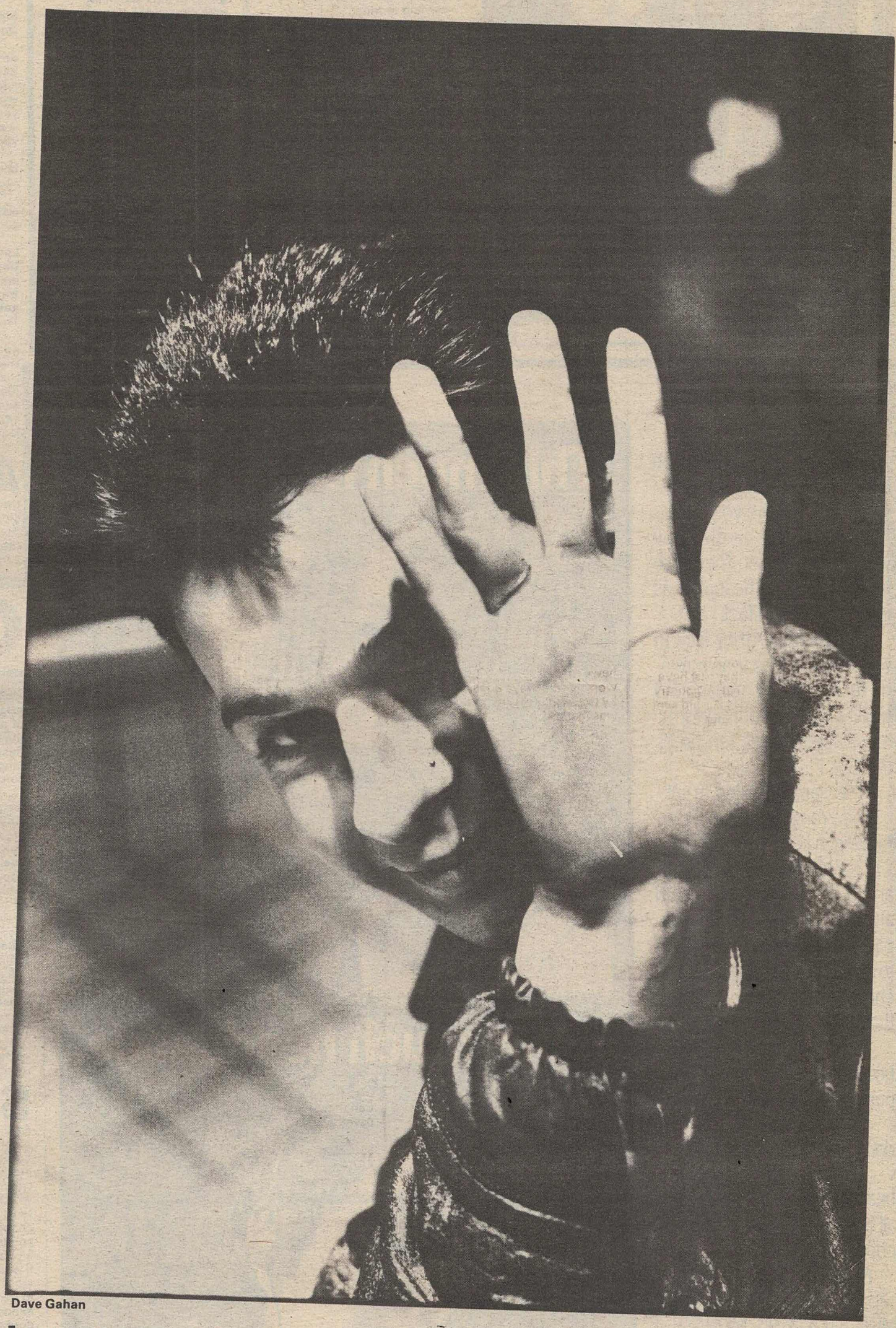
I woke up in a cold sweat and headed straight for the first **Open University** broadcast.

IAN PENMAN swims across all three channels



SOUND OF THE SUBURBS

Andrew, Martin and Dave.



Dave Gahan

Lynn Hanna talks to the nice boys next door in Basildon. Family photos — Peter Anderson.

APART FROM his clothes, which are meticulously modish, Martin Gore's baby blond curls, bashful expression and exceptionally sweet smile make him look like the boy in Bubbles, Millais' famous Victorian advert for Pears soap.

His group mate Andrew Fletcher looks comparatively harsh by Depeche pop standards: sandy hair sticks up straight from his head and his manner, although chatty, tends towards dry. It's dark Dave Gahan, the singer with the soft face and sunny smile, who opens the door of his parents' semi-detached house in the satellite suburb of Basildon.

There seems to be something in the air which encourages clear complexions, wholesome electro-pop, clean-cut teen culture and untroubled eyes.

The taxi from the station bowls along wide, smooth roads between low, grey rows of modern estate housing, past broad sweeps of spring green. On the surface it's a closed world of comforting order, easy affluence, unchallenged conformity and modest domesticity. Depeche Mode — a little flushed from the drowsy afternoon combination of sunshine, central heating and a flaring fire — sit in the small, square cosy living room of a house identical to the ones they all share with their respective parents.

A bright, neat girl sits at one end of the settee, quietly flicking through a magazine. Dave Gahan makes coffee, although he drinks hot chocolate himself. Audible through the wafer thin walls, now nearer, now farther, come the thin tones of Dave's younger brother, a squatter, pudgier version of Dave himself, as he wanders through the house with a small Casio keyboard.

"He usually plays it in the loo," says Dave, "because it's got good reverb in there."

ALL OVER BASILDON, Andrew tells me, young synthesizer bands are starting up, despite the lack of rehearsal rooms or places to play. For Depeche Mode who smile and reminisce their way through an afternoon at home, it doesn't seem so long ago that they were playing house-gigs themselves to a small audience in pyjamas with additional soft toys and teddy bears.

Time has flown, they think, since they caught the commuter train to the bank, the insurance office and college every morning. Because Depeche Mode signed to an independent label for no advance, they were still doing day jobs when 'New Life' was at Number 20 in the charts, and a week after they finished work they were on *TOTP*. Four months ago Andrew Fletcher had never flown, now he finds air travel no more or less exciting than catching the 7 o'clock train into town.

This is the first day off Depeche Mode have had in months, sandwiched between a trip to Spain and a spell in the studio. And although they were looking forward to an uninterrupted reunion with old friends and family, they've amiably agreed to one more interview.

Depeche Mode are just too nice to say no.

"Everyday there seems to be something," says Dave resignedly. "Up until a certain point you get used to it. But you do begin to wonder what good it actually does."

Does being nice come naturally?

"Not anymore it doesn't," says Andrew whose irony is in counterpoint to Dave's ready chatter and Martin's shy, attentive silence ("He's got a lot to say, but he never says it," explains Andrew. "He's not very good at interviews.")

"You're thrown into something and you act naturally and that's what comes out. Then you're known as being nice and cute all the time, and when you've been touring for three months, you just want to explode. But when you're surrounded by nice people who are so friendly, you trust them. If they say something it's hard to say, no. Dan (Daniel Miller of Mute) has done so much for us, you can't get stroppy with him. All the people in the office really work hard for us, you can't upset them. The main thing is, we've been so lucky, you feel, why should we be arguing? We've got somewhere and we should work."

DEPECHE MODE aren't a rock and roll band, they tell me, and they don't enjoy the traditional tour trappings. At their Hammersmith Odeon concerts, which they filled twice in a fortnight, their show was remarkable for its fetching simplicity and lack of spectacle, its narrowing of distance and rejection of elitism, its guileless involvement and unselfconscious innocence.

Yet here they are between tour and LP, still bubbly but worrying a little about becoming blase over continents and countries, jets and helicopters, video and TV. Dava Gahan's got a swelling sty on one eye from infected water in a Spanish shower.

"If I'm wearing sunglasses in the pictures, you'll have to explain it wasn't trying to be cool, I'm embarrassed about my eye."

Is there any way in which they can avoid stepping into the spiralling restrictive trap of success?

"We don't want anything," says Andrew. "We just carry on from day to day. We haven't got any ambitions. Our ambition is to buy a house or something like that."

"Obviously to be more successful would be a good thing," adds Dave. "Or to just stay as we are now and keep releasing good material."

"Things don't happen so fast that you don't really know what's going to happen," says Martin softly.

"To go back now would be really hard," Andrew continues. "There's so many people we have to pay. It's the album-tour-album-tour trap that's the worst thing. That why Vince (Clarke) left, he probably felt that he was getting trapped because that's what he saw in front of him. He looked at it with a bigger scope than we did, I think. He looked ahead more.

"The only point of bitterness really is the fact that we're really working hard and promoting his material and he's doing what we want to do but can't.

"Vince has got all the time

Continues over ▸

MODE IN BASILDON

Continues

in the world now," adds Dave. "He's done a few adverts, a few jingles. Peter Powell's got a new programme out and he wrote the theme tune for that. We were offered a Tizer advert but we just couldn't do it. It would be really good if we had time to do things like that, just look at it in a bigger way, different ways of earning money."

Far from falling flat on their fresh faces, as some feared they would do when primary writer Clarke left, Depeche Mode have recruited new member Alan Wilder (not present today since he's only temporary), and gathered new strength since 'See You' has taken its proper place in the most exhilarating chart for months.

Why do they think people relate to them so well?

"I suppose it's because they see us as the boy next door," says Dave.

"The blokes see us like lads, electronic versions of The Angelic Upstarts," adds Andrew. "You get those sort of people outside the dressing room door going Oi Andy. You have to speak to them in your best Cockney accent. You go, Yer, alright, 'ang on. You get the little girls that you have to be really nice to because they're like your little sister."

Andrew blushes just a bit.

"It's a funny sort of audience," says Dave. "I think they just see us on the same level as them really. It's good in a way, 'cos they're not embarrassed. I remember going to gigs and being embarrassed to move 'cos it's not cool to dance. I remember going to see Gary Numan at Hammersmith and just sitting through the whole gig.

You're really enjoying it but you can't get up and go HUURRAAY! At our gigs they aren't embarrassed about anything."

Depeche Mode may jokingly fantasise about running on stage and doing scissor jumps, detailing a roadie to pull them across the stage on a go-cart attached to a piece of string and feel gently aggrieved by Paul Weller whiningly calling them wimps; but in reality their artless lack of ego is often seen instead of anonymity.

"There was a thing in the *Sun* reviewing our single and it said another record by a faceless group. I think people who read music papers might know about us, but the general public couldn't put a face to the name," says Andrew. "People say, what's it like to be famous? But there's no difference. When I walk along in Basildon they might recognise me, but if I go up to London and walk along the King's Road, I wouldn't be recognised."

"I think it's better not to be hip, it's definitely safer," says Dave.

"I remember when we first described ourselves as a pop band and Andy went wild!" adds Martin slyly. "He said we've had it now! How can you be a rock and roll star and walk into the house and see your mum . . ."

". . . have a fight with your brothers in the living room . . ." adds Andrew.

". . . and you've got all your sisters in the house," continues Martin.

"We don't go clubbing it in London or anything," adds Dave. "I don't know how bands can do that. They're touring the world and they've got records out every week. They must be so tired."

"We don't get massive guest lists with stars on them," says Andrew. "I think that's why people relate to us. We don't attract that sort of audience. We're not a liggers band. Backstage there's just a load of our friends."

ARE DEPECHE Mode puppets of Mute maestro Daniel Miller, the pretty faces fronting an electro-pop masterplan? Somehow it doesn't seem that simple.

"Daniel's boys," smiles Dave. "Daniel's like a friend really. It's not like a business relationship. He comes everywhere with us. In the studio he doesn't actually take part in the recording apart from the producing. I'd say a lot of other producers take more part than Daniel does."

They don't feel they're being manipulated?

"It's hard to say," replies Andrew equably. "He advises us what to do, but we find it hard to say no, so in a way he does."

By those who don't understand the place in pop for such a sweet and optimistic celebration of potential, Depeche Mode are often crudely dismissed as lightweight. Would they like to be taken more seriously?

"I think what we do is very easy, that's why it's good," says Andrew. "But we're on an independent label. We've never been hyped, we never advertise. That's one reason whey we never get into the top five. They can't afford to give us that final push to Number One. When you sell as many records as a group that gets to Number Three or Four, and you only get to Number Eight, you start to wonder why.

"None of us are on an ego trip. We do things as they come along," says Dave. "It's a job, we moan about it, but I couldn't see us doing anything else. In three years time, Martin might be a producer or a general writer. Andy might be making synthesizers. We've done something in a different way."

Depeche Mode are the fast way forward to the future.

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COMEDY

FROM PAGE 11

nuggets since then. Techniques of persuasion not coming under the heading of 'Natural Resources', the spectacular range of False Choices continues to project to infinity . . . Nuclear or Neutron, or will the conventional weapons suffice? Stork or butter on brown bread or white? (this only applies to approximately one third of this world's population). Activism or Hedonism? A Social Conscience or another Pina Colada? Public or Private, education or medicine? Unemployment or inflation? Rates or Fares? Self or Other?

It isn't just that an unhealthy dualism is a chronic disease of the western mind; the official secrets act and a limited frame of reference are enough to keep most of the numbers in their socially mobile place / knee deep in shit.

SO WHAT'S COMEDY? What's Funny? There is a line in *Comedians* which says, "We work *through* laughter, not *for* it." What comedy can do is to quite literally say the unsayable. You can make a joke out of anything, which may release some tension without actually changing anything. And most comics don't want to change anything anyway. Alternatively, (I wanted an alternative to the word 'alternative', but it seems to be for the best), a joke can expose illusions, introduce doubt about naturalised preconceptions, the Eternal Order of things. When you laugh you are in a very open position, you can wonder why you've laughed. Saying the unsayable isn't just identifying Fears and Desires — though it's true, "You can get away with murder when you make people laugh" — it's using a mode which avoids the trap of analysing words with words, mind with mind. Do you analyse comedy, comic theory? Jokes And Their Relation To The Unconscious?

"No." (Laughs) "I don't read much at all."

How did you wind up in Borstal?

"For stealing 41 quid. From a group called Stackridge. We used to break into this disco regularly, going up drainpipes, in through windows . . ."

What, to see Stackridge?

"Just to get into the disco and have a laugh. We went through a window and found ourselves in the band's dressing room. It was empty, deserted. We looked around and saw this jacket hanging up inside out, with a wallet in the pocket. We all made a grab for it, and mine happened to be the one that picked it out. We went into the hall and stood somewhere in a little huddle, splitting up the money, and got seen by one of the bouncers. We got away, but later it turns out that my name is the only one he knows. 'That Keith Allen, he was one of them.' So we'd split the money, but I took the rap. Got six to two. Did eleven months and 14 days, just for nicking £41.

"I never thought of myself as a criminal, though. Although my old man used to say, 'You're a criminal.' I had a good time. You could do courses in all kinds of things, so I spent most of my time in a classroom. I can see how though, if you meet up with some of your old mates, you could just team up and go on from there. It didn't happen to me though."

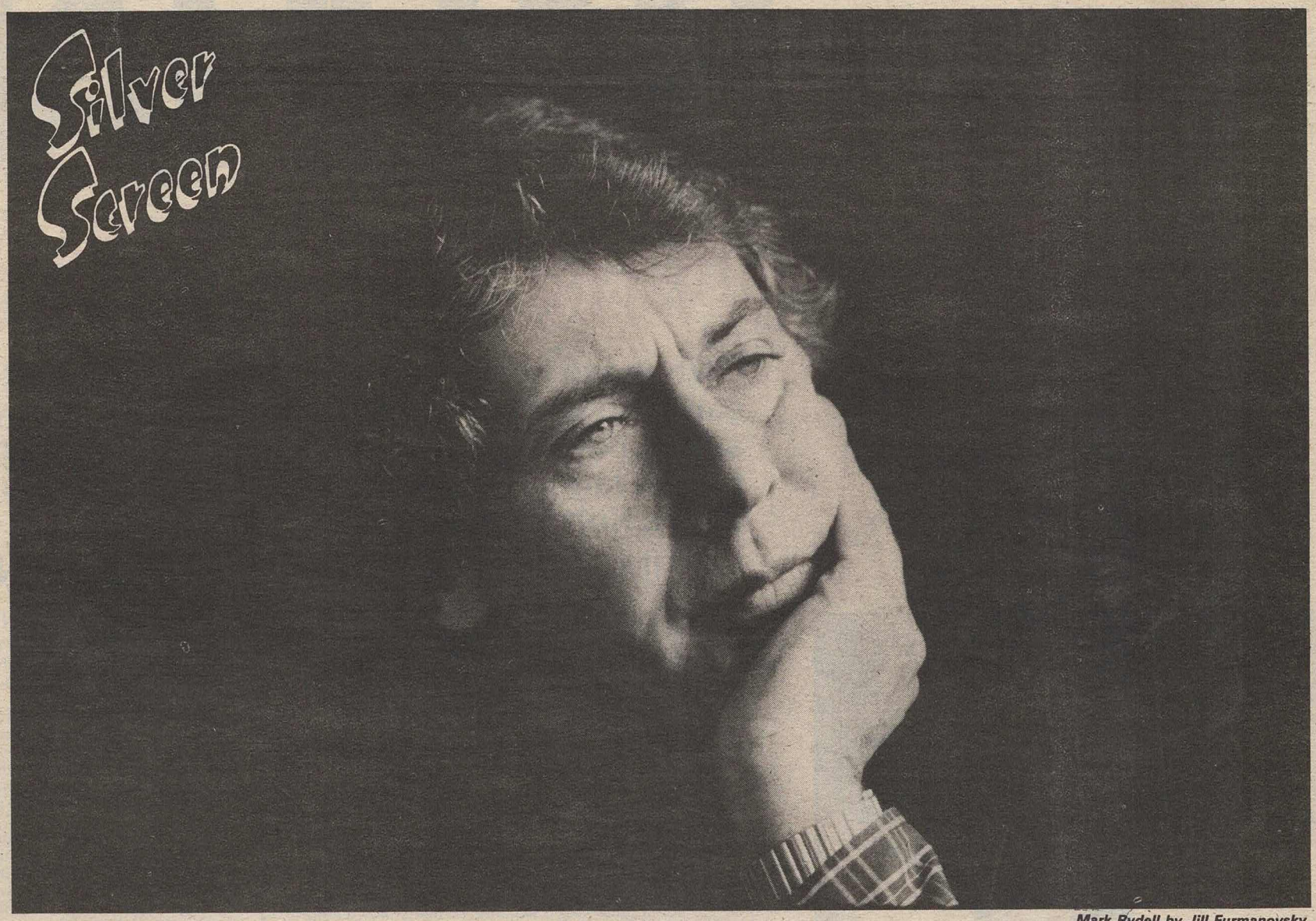
Did you go to drama school?

"Yes, I did actually. It was suggested to me by a friend, and I wasn't too keen on the idea really. But he said something about these places being a good laugh, and full of women, so needless to say, I went.

"I hated it. Got expelled. It was run on very stupid middle-class lines. They just pumped into you constantly the importance of getting work, always being employed, being a jobbing actor. Didn't matter what you were in, as long as you were working. Anyway, I left and got a job, as a screen printer for a while."

Allen is working in Deptford at the moment. Among other things, subverting The Willing Suspension Of Disbelief in his one-man show, *Whatever Happened To The A.A. Man's Salute?*

Silver Screen



Mark Rydell by Jill Furmanovsky

FROM THE LONG GOODBYE TO A FONDA FAREWELL

Neil Norman meets Mark Rydell, frustrated actor turned hit director

"THIS IS SOMETHING you won't be able to print but a friend of mine said something which I though was terrific. He said that the film for him was a great asshole barometer. I asked him what he meant and he said 'Well, anybody who doesn't like the film is an asshole' . . ."

Mark Rydell is sitting in his spacious suite at London's Inn On The Park, talking about his latest and most successful film *On Golden Pond*. In spite of the fact that some critics have accused the film of being overly sentimental, viewing its theme of old age and impending death through a rose-tinted lens, Rydell is clearly proud of the movie.

With ten Oscar nominations and the box office returns as gilt-edged as its stars — Jane and Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn — *On Golden Pond* has already provided him with enough ammunition to fend off a battalion of detractors.

A youthful 51, Rydell trained as a musician and actor before making his career behind the camera. With seven films to his credit as a director he still retains something of the actor's vulnerability and is occasionally tempted back on to the screen. He played the villainous Marty Considine in Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* and is considering the role of a TV director opposite Dustin Hoffman in old mate Sydney Pollack's forthcoming *Tootsie*.

I asked him why, unlike Woody Allen, he had deliberately turned his back on his former occupation as a jazz musician.

"Well, when I was a jazz pianist I saw many of my friends die from heroin overdoses. It was the '50s and if you smoked a joint you were considered a dope fiend in those days. And having a junkie personality — that is to say, if a little is good then a lot is better — I was frightened. I withdrew from the world of jazz because it was drug-ridden and I was scared. It's that simple."

The acting world was an improvement on this?

"Well, it was different for me. I was uneducated in the world of art until I became an actor. As a musician I found myself monosyllabic and enjoyed playing but when I studied drama I was exposed to really fruitful minds like Sanford Meisner and I studied with Lee Strasburg and Harold Karman. They opened doors for me and rather gently nudged me through into a world of culture that I'd never experienced."

Working on both sides of the screen can lead to complications. With the success of *Pond* I wondered if he'd ever considered acting again?

"It's possible. I like to act mainly to remind myself of how difficult it is. As a director you sometimes forget that the actor is perhaps the bravest of all artists; the actor is his own instrument and has to be very vulnerable to injury. He has to expose himself to circumstances, relationships and other people in a way that is possibly injurious and it's good to remind yourself every once in a while that it's hard to do. It makes you more sympathetic to the actor."

Vulnerability, old age and death are ostensibly the principal elements of *On Golden Pond* and it is interesting to speculate whether the film would have achieved such success were it not for the central casting. In fact, Jane Fonda bought the rights to the play for her father and by the time they approached Rydell, Hepburn was their definitive choice for the role of Fonda's wife.

Apart from the historical first of directing this partnership on screen, Rydell also had to literally introduce Hepburn to Fonda on the set as they had never previously met. He laughs at the memory: "It was a wild and wonderful moment."

THE MAKING OF the film seems to have abounded in similar historic moments and 'grand gestures'. Fonda even wears Spencer Tracy's last hat, a gift from Hepburn, in the opening scene of the movie. Despite the fact that he had these 'spectacular talents' to work with and that their 'ultimate equipment' as actors remained unimpaired throughout the shooting, the sensitive nature of the subject coupled with its particular relevance to the crucial three must have presented problems. Was it a painful process?

"Oh yes. Absolutely. That's what I mean when I talk about the courage of the actor to investigate areas that are shudderingly anxiety-provoking.

"The fact is Henry Fonda is a man in his mid-70s who has been on the edge of death any number of times and Kate is someone in her 70s who has certainly been struggling with neurological diseases for a long time. Once you had these people playing these parts it automatically took on a kind of Bergman quality. The fact that they were indeed facing the issues that were in the play added immensely to the resonance of the performances. Yet they have a grip on life that's spectacular."

An element of catharsis was also unavoidable in the performances of Jane and Henry Fonda whose tempestuous off-screen relationship has been chronicled consistently in the past.

"It reflected their situation and it gave her the opportunity to do something she could not do in life. It was electrifying. Both of them were very tense about their scenes and once she touched him and said 'I want to be your friend' this highly controlled man absolutely collapsed into tears — they both sobbed helplessly and I think the picture derived great nutrition from their own needs. They became very close as a result. It was a very theraputic summer."

Rydell claims he is 'too vulnerable' to read criticism of his work so I put it to him directly that there were those who felt the film actually avoided the harsher issues of its purported subject. As always, he responds without rancour and a good deal of gentle humour, citing the moment when Norman is mocked for his age and infirmity by two virile young men.

"He says something like: 'You think it's funny being old? Sometimes I can't even go to the bathroom when I want to.' And that's a moment that is delicate but specific. It does what's necessary to talk about age and how age can cripple you.

"I think that the picture, rather gracefully I admit, does deal with issues like that."

AFTER THREE Oscar nominations for *The Rose* and ten for *On Golden Pond*, Rydell still retains a healthy disregard for the ceremony. Even so, as he finally locates the refrigerator (cunningly disguised as a bedside cabinet) and dispenses drinks, he qualifies his statment with a total lack of guile.

"I guess it's not popular to say such a thing but I find the competition absurd. To put *Golden Pond* in a competition with *Reds* and *Chariots Of Fire* or *Arthur* seems patently ridiculous. I'd be deeply satisfied if they stopped now and everybody got a kind of nice plaque.

"But I must confess to you that this is what I say when I'm awake. When I'm asleep I dream of Oscars . . ."

We drink to happiness and a long life, pacemakers notwithstanding.

Mamba mia! Look what's escaped from the Kinski zoo!

PENNIES FROM VENOM

Venom

Directed by Piers Haggard

Starring Sterling Hayden, Klaus Kinski, Sarah Miles, Oliver Reed, Nicol Williamson, Susan George and Lance Holcomb (HandMade).

WITH A thoroughly intriguing cast, including one of humankind's most fearful creatures (that's the Black Mamba, not Oliver Reed), and a production team with credits on many commendable features, *Venom* promises richly diverting entertainment.

The plot springs smoothly from a bungled kidnap attempt on asthmatic little rich kid (Lance Holcomb, all good manners and appealing big blue eyes) by nasty nympho maid Susan George, chauffeur Oliver Reed and an immaculately sleek personification of cartoon evil, Klaus Kinski. They fail and end up under siege by Nicol Williamson's slightly clueless, determinedly indignant Chief Super. Ollie isn't sure about it at all, but moves with hilarious rapidity from a Bilko-esque "I don't know, I just don't know," to blowing away inquiring policemen with his shotgun.

The extra edge is provided by the device of misplaced packages; one to Sarah Miles at The Institute Of Toxicology. of a harmless African house-snake, the other — containing "the most poisonous snake in the world" — to the wildlife besotted little boy, whose bedroom resembles London Zoo in miniature.

The Mamba, when it appears, is rivetting, a chill spectacle — in contrast to the knockabout terror of the humans. It's also a supremely tetchy beast and can be relied upon to attack and kill anything which moves. Anything bad that is — this snake has an uneering sense of moral values and will punish nastiness, whether it be greed, malice or hammy acting, with the most extreme prejudice.

It can't, unfortunately, do anything about an insultingly guileless narrative or character relations defined by the basest cliche. I jumped back in my seat just twice, which hardly seems to be a completely appropriate reaction to the subject.

Frankly, I'm amazed that Piers Haggard, after the magnificent *Pennies From Heaven*, has wasted such an opportunity in this lacklustre manner. It's a wretchedly lazy exploitation job which almost succeeds in turning the Black Mamba's eerie 180-degree jaw separation into little more than a ripping yawn.

You are supposed to go and see *Venom*, with its crowd-pulling cast, for the Ultimate Object Of Dread. You'd be better off checking out an Attenborough documentary, or any 'wildlife' programme which responds with equal compulsion to the fascination generated by its subject.

Mark Cordery

BAUHAUS

BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF ART-ACHE

"When we heard that you were going to interview us, we came up with two possibilities: a, being physical violence, and b, being a reasoned discussion. We decided to plump for the latter, but this doesn't mean that the former isn't in with a fighting chance ..."

VICTIM: PAUL MORLEY WITNESS: ANTON CORBIJN

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number two — weak knees anticipate the kiss?

Murphy: . . . by intending to provoke us, maybe a reaction you'll get will be one of absolute anger and hurt.

Jay: You could have got your head kicked in if we were Killing Joke.

The day's labourer: I've been through this one (a similar situation) with Killing Joke.

Murphy: I know . . .

Jay: The initial reaction when we read the review and then heard that you were going to interview us, we thought how we were going to approach it. We came up with two possibilities: a, being physical violence, and b, being a reasoned discussion. We decided to plump for the latter, but this doesn't mean that the former isn't in with a fighting chance . . .

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number three — sex times technology equals the future.

Murphy: I've always thought that as far as Bauhaus were concerned what we have to say or theorise about what we do isn't important. In that interviewing a band who deal with and creates and throws out emotions and feelings and atmospheres, um, which are in themselves really mixed up and juggled, a band who's dealing with the visual effect on an audience that isn't contrived or worked out, that is totally spontaneous . . . I don't think it's really valid what we have to say about it.

The actual act of listening to the music is the be-all and end-all of what we're about. We don't really want to analyse it all the time, we don't want to have to speak about it. We do it . . .

The day's labourer: Aren't individual interpretations from within the group of Bauhaus energy an important thing, especially having made the decision to accept the interview situation?

Murphy: One thing I find really boring is when an artist talks about his painting or his sculpture in a really over the top way. It just really spoils it for me. When I see a painting and then hear the guy theorise about it, it really spoils it for me, because you should have it for yourself. I'm not really interested in what people say about their work that much. If you like something, it's there . . .

The day's labourer: But because of the type of system that you operate within, the alternative to that type of explanation or interpretation, a withdrawal or a vagueness it tends to suggest that you're merely trying to create a mystique, an enigma.

Murphy: It's not that . . . if we're going to try and label our work, which a lot of the time comes from our sub-conscious, which we, um, let happen, it will be a wrong labelling. What we might say about one particular aspect of what we do might be totally wrong because . . . we are not really sure ourselves. Well, I'm not sure, because a lot of what I do is totally sponataneous and emotive. It comes from within my emotion and, uh, why I do that I don't know really . . . how can you . . .?

Jay: In your review you were describing this sort of elaborate processing that you imagined went on with an idea — what we did to the idea. Nothing could be further from the truth. We believe in the beauty of an idea, a pure idea, without grinding it into the ground. If something is working, no matter how simple it is, it might even be bland in a certain way, but if it has something about it we try and maintain it without elaborating upon it. That's really important to us.

Ash: We think that a lot of the best ideas are the simple ones.

Jay: That's nearly always the case. If something is overworked it will show.

The day's labourer: But your stage presentation does seem to be over-worked: (it's certainly not understated).

Ash: We feel that if the stage is there why just stand on it and play . . . you might as well put a record on. You are also there to entertain to a certain degree. I still have the feeling that you think that it is all really worked out, but it isn't. It's totally spontaneous.

The day's labourer: I detected an over-compensation . . . you have a particular idea or image and you're so eager to make sure that it is received that you go over the top and the idea gets smothered by incidentals.

Jay: No . . . it's just there's a belief in the idea that we have, a passionate belief, it really is . . . we want to put the idea over . . .

Ash: Also, when we're onstage, our feelings are concentrated into one hour . . . it's all intensified and enlarged. It's all going into one hour, not one week or one lifetime. It's all got to be condensed and so you put everything into it.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS: ONE — one little streak of grey that matched the wall.

Bauhaus are recording some new music at Morgan Studios in North London. The group are sat close together when I arrive, collected around a small mixing desk. They're almost holding hands. And I am completely ignored. I am dirt the wind's blown in. They don't care for me! It's not surprising.

Recently I reviewed their live show — which they say is an extreme but vigorously valid integration of the very anxious stuff they're about — and implied that at the core of their entertainment lay a lump of shit. I suggested that their heart was made up of sick. I was playing a game with completely different rules to the game Bauhaus play. Our definitions of the 'seriousness' of this pop music romantic arrangement and of the 'triviality' do not complement each other.

In the little studio my presence is finally tightly acknowledged.

The studio is probably well heated: but it's very cold.

"When you came in," their singer Pete Murphy shudders later, "it was a real sick feeling . . . it was horrible . . ."

Who would have thought that a collection of words, a pile of images, teased together, cut and dried, and presented in such a trivialised context could cause such antipathy: but then half a wink in the wrong place can cause a murder.

The review, where I juggled the hot potatoes of duty, truth and subjectivity, injured Bauhaus' outstanding pride, added onion salt and tangy pickle to the deep wound that years of misrepresentation, distrust and suspicion has opened up. The wound will heal when Bauhaus win their spurs of fame but there'll always be an almighty unsightly scar.

Separated by sinister black blocks of ice the group and I move to the studio bar. I try to be friendly: they're content to stay blank. They make it very clear that I have bruised them. I am dirt that's dropped from the ceiling. All I wanted to do was, for largely unchallenged reasons, blast away the sheets of cold vagueness and dirty weakness that have covered Bauhaus.

I turn on my tape recorder. They turn on theirs. The conversation will be recorded by two cassettes. This is serious: it's surprising. This is desperate: it's terrific. I start to work: it's very cold.

Drummer Kevin Haskins is prepared to thump me: throughout the conversation he's so quiet at one point Murphy asks him if he's alright. His brother bass player David Jay consistently looks at me as if to say who is this puddle of drabness and how dare he come along and question our radiance? His hinted smile is exquisitely condescending. Guitarist Daniel Ash is as reasonable as I am.

To them I am just another hack who is going to extract some words from the group and scatter them carelessly over some dull, simplified and lazy quarter-impression. For Bauhaus I am just another pop journalist who takes everything for granted. As you well know I haven't that conceit.

I am just a day's labourer.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number one — the joy is tempered by a feeling of responsibility.

Haskins: Was the review artificial?

The day's labourer: No, it was based on fact.

Jay: Were you there?

The day's labourer: Yes, in the fourth row. I set about taking each element of my opinion about Bauhaus and blowing it out of all (so called sensible) proportions, which in a way is what you do, that exaggeration. I tried to structure the review in a way that paralleled the way I thought you worked.

Jay: I don't think we're quite as abusive or hysterical as that review.

The day's labourer: That's exactly what I took you as being . . . I object to the waste of words, this deluge of words that pour from the pop papers saying nothing at all. I think it's stupid that journalists can impose their own banal word view onto the most exciting things, forcing in a banality where no such thing exists. I hate the fact that pop journalists refuse to question the limits of their routine or deal with the indulgence.

The Bauhaus review was me splashing around in the stale mess of pop writing and at the same time attempting to establish a new reason for doing such a review. The review was a preparation for meeting you. I wanted to completely annoy you so that you would talk more about what you do than you have done in the past . . . I took a side-step away from the complacent indulgence of pop writing into an indulgence that I hope might mean something.

Haskins: So that review was just an exercise . . .

Jay: In provocation . . .

Murphy: But people read that . . .

The day's labourer: Hopefully as well as the bland words that just dissolve into nothing . . .

Jay: When this interview comes to light are you going to indicate that the review was merely a piece of provocation?

The day's labourer: Obviously . . . The intention was to open you up and construct a clearer picture of Bauhaus . . .

Ash: It's impossible to do that in the space of half an hour.

Jay: In an interview you're trying to find a different language when you've already found a different language which is the language of sound. So we don't really want to express our ideas in *this* language because it will sound odd.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number six — let us be friends even if we can't hold hands.

The day's labourer: I have a very apathetic view of Bauhaus — the dark side of the damp patch. Do you pay attention to all sorts of things, messy things *and* nice things . . . is it all in there?

Ash: It's all in there . . . it's just that we seem to get picked up on the dark things . . . all the time.

Jay: The first record may have had a lot to do with that but that was just one piece. It's not as though we have a whole set of 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'. I think that record has cast a backward shadow over everything and it's been hard to move into the sun out of that shadow.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number eight — creative activity can undoubtedly act as a defence against all kinds of threat.

Jay: We all had jobs that weren't satisfying and we were all unemployed at certain points and we wanted to do something where there was a certain amount of return. We felt we were putting a lot into things like a job and getting nothing out of it . . .

Ash: I think initially we were fighting for something better than the mundane . . . it's also to do with gaining respect . . .

The day's labourer: From who?

Ash: From people around you, from everybody. You want to make a statement saying, I am worthwhile, I am necessary, I've got something to do . . . I'm not just . . . How can I put it? It's just about making a statement to say that you are worthwhile as a person . . .

Murphy: Yes, you're gaining self-respect as well . . . and it's such a . . . loads of people just don't have it . . . you just see it . . . but everybody's a gem, everybody has potential . . . everyone's wonderful basically . . . y'know what I mean? . . . everyone's perfect basically and all the distortions arise out of their experience of this world . . . this is really idealistic . . . oh shit . . . but . . . we should all search for ourselves, learn to love yourself before you can love others, and it's just not an ego thing. You really have to go through shit. Or life . . .

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number ten — what young man is by nature diligent, sober and regular in his habits?

The day's labourer: Was the initial reaction to escape Northampton — the town being a symbol for mundanity — was the initial reaction to be pop stars or were there greater intentions involved?

Jay: Not greater intentions, but not pop stars either . . .

Murphy: No, but that is part of it. For me . . . a part of it, not all of it . . .

CONTINUES OVER

BAUHAUS

CONTINUED

The day's labourer: And that part fits into the whole?

Murphy: No, nothing actually fits in . . . it *is* . . . I'm not Bauhaus, he's not, he's not, he's not . . .

Ash: It's always been and always will be four very disparate views and attitudes . . . well, er . . . it's a mental chicane, that's the best way to describe it . . . all the ideas colliding and meeting in the middle . . .

Murphy: I think we really respect each other . . . well, I hope so. It's like a real love relationship . . . I really miss them when I'm away from them . . . David won't admit it but he does as well. It was my first experience of creating something and when you live with them on tour and work with them it really brings you together, it really brings you close.

Jay: But it's not all love and peace . . .

Murphy: But neither's marriage, dear . . . marriage isn't all a bed of roses. Nothing like that. Even you and Ann . . . you and Ann can't love each other and be smiling at each other all the time . . .

Jay: I'm not saying that . . . I'm trying to give a clear view of the situation . . . it's not all lovey-dovey, there's a lot of friction there. That's very important, it's central to the whole thing . . .

The day's labourer: How would you describe the four inputs that knot together?

Jay: Our guitarist is an accident victim, I'm a weed, our drummer is a plain Ron and our singer is A Mouth . . .

The day's labourer: What is 'the truth?'

Jay: Ah . . .

ADDITIONAL REMARKS: TWO — the nose, the eye-pits, the full set of teeth.

Singer Pete Murphy's conversation often disintegrates into blameless abstactions. He shivers on the verge of discovering God or finding that life is just a bowl of ash and big pebbles. When he breaks out of his cage he is 'Star'.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number fifteen — why are you wasting your time with snowmen when the basement needs cleaning?

Haskins: . . . if someone is working in a factory and they have Radio 1 on and it's The Tweets they will just work along to it . . . if we came on it would make them stop for a moment.

Ash: Oh, I very much doubt it . . .

Haskins: It could be the first scratch . . .

Ash: Pop music is for young people, that's the majority of those who will listen to us, and they're pretty mixed up anyway . . . their emotions are mixed up and they haven't got a clear view. I'm categorising, putting people in boxes, but it's like when they get to their thirtieth year they won't be listening to pop music, or pop music won't be influencing their life-style even if they are listening to it . . . it will be part of their past . . .

What I'm trying to say is that pop music isn't really that important, because it only affects them when they're mixed up and young . . .

Murphy: That's like one sad fact . . .

Ash: It's not necessarily sad . . .

Murphy: That space which you can achieve, it's potentially a really valuable vehicle and if you can, if you want to, if you're so gifted as to use that space, and if you're able to enlighten . . . that is amazing, you're asking for the world, you're asking for a saviour . . .

The day's labourer: I know an avid fan of the group whose attitude is oh they'll never be on *Top Of The Pops*, they're not that sort of group, yet I feel it can be the only logical, useful conclusion for a group like Bauhaus. They have got to be in that space, as cults they're surely wasting their time. In the context of the *Sun, Daily Mirror, Nationwide*, we're talking about something that somewhere may possess some value, if only because it is 'different'.

Jay: That is exactly what we think . . .

Haskins: Right from the very start we've hated that label of being underground. We've wanted to get around that. If you listen to our singles, any of them could be potential hits . . . we were really pissed off that they weren't hits, any of them, because now if we do get a name for ourselves we could re-release any of them and they would be hits.

We hate the category we have . . . what we find is that a piece of music is good or bad and it shouldn't have to be underground or commercial. That is something we hate. We want to go on *Top Of The Pops*. A lot of people do take it for granted that we wouldn't go on but they couldn't be more wrong. You can reach more people through that programme than you would doing three or four tours. It would be absolutely ridiculous not to take the chance . . .

The day's labourer: How does Pete Murphy as model in the Maxell cassette commercial fit into Bauhaus' emergence . . .

Murphy: When I was offered it I thought — great, people will think who is that? And it will get around that it is Pete Murphy of *Bauhaus* . . . that's great . . . and also it's real fun to do, a real laugh . . . it's all opportunity. Doors open and you step in bloody quick.

Jay: In a way it's to our advantage that it has taken this long for us to break through because now we're . . .

Murphy: . . . more determined . . .

Ash: If we'd suddenly catapulted into view with the second single I think we'd all be drug addicts by now . . .

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number thirteen — how much applause, after all, has God got for his troubles over the years?

Murphy: . . . if lots of people were to be aware of who I was it would nourish your paranoia . . . sure . . . the basic facts of being recognised. Even though you're taking a position within a band you also have your own personality . . . and it reaches a point where your private life becomes everyone elses . . .

The day's labourer: Have Bauhaus always been aware of how they could use certain aspects of the group, such as Murphy as conventional frontman to be used for your own ends, to attain commercial success or has this developed recently?

Ash: There are various vehicles to be used.

Murphy: Although the live show is an honest representation of our music we're also aware of how it will draw people to come and see us because of our reputation as a really good live band. And then they might find out about us . . .

The day's labourer: And once people become aware of you and you're no longer underground, is that the achievement . . . Bauhaus become part of their day, along with the food, the commercials, the radio? . . .

Murphy: Not their day . . . once a month . . .

The day's labourer: But is that all you can expect — to make an occasional interruption?

Ash: I think as far as music is concerned that is all you can expect. That's as powerful as it can be. For example, PiL, their stuff is very intimidating, it's very strong, but there again despite its strength and its potential to wake people up they can only make an impact to a certain degree. It isn't that powerful, only a certain amount of people are going to draw from it, and accept it, because you cannot force anything down people's throats. You only have a certain amount of strength to make a statement as far as being in a pop group is concerned. It's not that potent because it doesn't last for long and these days there are hundreds of other groups.

The day's labourer: So can Bauhaus claim to have any distinctive value?

Ash: It is a distinctive value but only to a certain amount of people. We personally can't do anything about that, because people are only going to draw off something that they want, what they accept, what they relate to. Obviously we don't think that we're just another band lost amongst hundreds.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number twenty one — and then we kissed goodbye.

The day's labourer: Do you envisage a situation where Bauhaus doesn't exist?

Ash: Well, Bauhaus won't exist for ever . . . it might not exist next week. It might exist for another five years . . . you can't say . . . but we're not totally obssessed with it anyway. Individually we have other interests. But we seem to be climbing the ladder slowly, so we continue . . .

ADDITIONAL REMARKS: TWO — do not think I underestimate your great concern.

The interview has been tidied, arranged and edited — for the sake of impact and attraction. As a conversation it has its moments: as an interview it is a failure. It fails to evoke the Bauhaus art-ache: sex or nightmare. It fails because I badly upset and repelled the group, because I do not enjoy their music and so placed a continual emphasis during the interview on pressurising the members to justify their existence and examine their worth, and because the group are reluctant to explain their work. If I had previously cuddled them with 'critical' kindness I still don't think the interview would be provocative or revealing.

Perhaps Bauhaus are healthy. Maybe they have no wish to move the question of creativity out of the shadows: they don't want to make heavy weather of a thing that should be left to find its own rhythm. Perhaps they *are* healing people. I wouldn't like to say. I am only the day's labourer. I get merely a bland unsensational impression of a group who are committed, idealistic and questioning . . . it's still very cold . . . and I can't wait to see them on *Top Of The Pops*.

EXCERPTS FROM A CONVERSATION: number seventeen — the difficult bit to grasp.

Ash: It all boils down to getting that shiver down the spine.

LPs

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Spandau Ballet

LAST DANCE OF THE NEW ROMANCE

SPANDAU BALLET

Diamond
(Reformation/Chrysalis)

IT SEEMS like Spandau Ballet are having trouble, and they're not sure how to face up to it. The concept of Spandau has grown so distended that it has slipped its guyropes and overtaxed Gary Kemp's abilities to the point where, by the end of 'Diamond', he is lost to a void, clutching after stars without the pretext of a pure imagination. Spandau take their soulboy memories, look them over and finally exorcise them in a ritual (if utterly contrived) evisceration. 'Diamond' irrevocably burns their boats and leaves them on a precipice they may never draw back from.

Of course, the riveting contradictions of 'Diamond' have already provoked an outcrop of reviews whose crowing petulance mirrors the supposed posturing of Spandau itself better than the LP does. They centre on the failure of the record as a consistent dance groove, of Gary Kemp toppling into an abyss of pretension and of the one-dimensional sound killing any attempt at a spiritual connection. All undeniably "correct", but all inadequate in dealing with an artefact that demands a different perspective: granted that all criticism must deal primarily with the propensities of sound, yet the very form of 'Diamond' is itself of importance,

Just as 'Metal Box' or Keith Jarrett's enormous 'Sun Bear Concerts' were statements on the form and packaging of music, so Spandau's decision to release 'Diamond' as four twelve inch 45s is a gesture of significance — more so in this case, because it is the most accurate reflection of Kemp's grandiose, inflatory plundering of any stylistic milieu he feels privy to. Spandau's output can be condemned as an irresponsible misuse of their sources, a feckless soul vision pressed into service as a dandified string of accoutrements to a worthless elitism; or it can equally be read as a treatise on musical consumerism which, with the appearance of the 'Diamond' special edition, sets an admittedly hollow standard difficult to surpass.

The disdain for SB's manipulation of the twelve inch medium would have had greater force if it weren't for the fact that the box set *has* been used to positive ends. Five of the eight tracks are remixed from the 'normal' versions to, on occasion, almost devastating effect. But, apart from the direct impact of the individual songs, it allows an interpretation of the whole LP which can differ radically from its single incarnation. Each track appears as a separate entity and forces attention on minuscule details in productions of sometimes intimidating austerity; and the fact that any preconceived running order is eschewed means that the tangible aura of despair which marks the later stages of the single record can be reversed or interchanged or dispersed. It is, in its own self-suckered way, a surprisingly courageous move. There can be no misleading foliage of filler because each track is compelled to stand in a naked clarity of isolation.

What comes close to being startling is the way the tracks have been developed for twelve inch consumption. Instead of taking the obvious course of padded dancemix extensions — doubled choruses and spendthrift percussion-only interludes — producers Kemp and Richard Burgess choose to dismantle the basic tracks and reassemble them with a different subversion in mind. 'Paint Me Down', originally a rather plain and dolorous clap-chant, is stretched on a tightrope between rock and dub, the instruments cued in and out with ironic precision until the morse of the concluding vocals seems to combine with the brass (inverting the customary call and response style) for a climax that has power in reserve.

'Coffee Club', one of the new tracks, is at 33⅓ a modest rap conceit swivelling on one of those steel-thumbed bass lines; at 45, the horns come forward, the percussion attains twice the dimension — a different record, not just an extended piece of airbrushing. And 'Chant No. 1', the one Spandau tune to pay tithes direct to disco convention, has the most incisions: a grotesquely doctored trombone on the intro, the sticking groove trick Burgess seems to love, the beat dissected around the chant much as 'Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' confounded any rational dance step.

But Spandau Ballet, whatever their declared intentions, have never really made an Anglo-funk equivalent to any American disco language. No producer of US black music would countenance the dry, ascetic sound favoured by Richard Burgess or content himself with the spareness of Spandau's instrumental resources. Compare the first side of 'Diamond' with Tom Browne's 'Yours Truly' or Slave's 'Showtime' and the oceanic gulf is too obvious to even mention.

Kemp has probably brought it upon himself by insisting on credence for his soul roots — nevertheless, Spandau's idiosyncratic, danceable pop has suffered by its association with funk instead of thriving on it. A Spandau horn chart sounds like an alien grafting, usually consigned to the middle distance; a Spandau vocal, either led by Tony Hadley's mooning operatics or reduced to the group's sallow harmony, locks soul feel in a frigidarium of gesture.

As if realising this, Kemp has made the second side (of the LP proper) a retreat into the nether regions of art-rock. 'She Loved Like Diamond' has the best melody on the record, placed in the measured electronic setting of the 'Journeys To Glory' era, though Hadley's voice is absurdly overwrought (unlike Mac or Bono, Hadley has no grasp of the proper use of the vocals of excess); then 'Pharaoh' slows proceedings to a dragging thump, mistakenly relying on a few vaguely middle-eastern chords to carry the tune and tediously elongating an idea as thin as rice paper.

An exercise, an empty bagatelle, much like the following 'Innocence And Science' which travels to the Orient on the string of a (beautifully recorded) cheng and loses itself in *"Metal sings my name / Poisoned love sustained / Metal breaks me inside / And frees me."*

It has grown into a baffling, terribly overloaded ceremony by the climax of the closing 'Missionary'. Lyrically a preposterous fable of tortured zen longings, the music is stripped to an elemental rhythm track, a recurrent electronic groan and a vocal by Hadley which actually employs its *bel canto* affectations to appropriate ends. There's something hideously attractive about the twelve inch version. Placed on the LP at the opposite end of 'Chant No. 1' it displays the most complete dissolution of Gary Kemp's beliefs.

I think it useless to criticise the mere *existence* of 'Diamond' in either of its versions: nobody *has* to buy the twelve inch edition. Oh yes, 'Diamond' is a failure — there's more than enough wrong with it to preclude any genuine acclaim. But there are two fascinating records here. In the right frame of mind, I could easily be persuaded that this is magnificent in defeat.

Richard Cook

AURAL PORN

MILLIE JACKSON

Live And Outrageous
(Polydor)

THIS LIVE LP is a battle to the death between Millie Jackson and her audience to see who can emerge the most wretched, the most debased and insensitive; totally devoid of gall and purpose. The cabaret set-up can be a useful means of communication — creating an explosion or variation between the values of mirth, anger and deliberation. But a long time ago Millie threw off her pride and sold her soul to a rich, fat, smug and predominantly white American market.

Her act and the reaction complies with all the lowest common denominators of scabby sleaze, swearing for swearing's sake, the word "nigger" used over and over again — as much aural pornography as the very tedious "mean motherfuckin' sex" angle.

I could say that Millie is a disgrace to the strong noble traditions of her sex and her race — the values of entertainment and protest created by the likes of Martin Luther King or Aretha Franklin. But really she's cut herself off from anything nearly as uplifting or emancipating.

Miss Jackson and her audience are welcome to each other's company, and to their enclosed, venal little world.

Gavin Martin

EGO WITHOUT A CAUSE

SECRET AFFAIR

Business As Usual (I Spy)

YOUTH MUSIC has always had its pied pipers and spokespersons — those who are willing (often more willing than able) to speak for a generation. It's a position which demands a lot of arrogance, and Ian Page had plenty. What he lacked was a generation, a genuine and profound change in society which had its parallel in a musical movement. Instead, Page had to settle for a superficial revival, for all those nouveau mods and Glory Boys of three years ago.

Even at the time, people wondered how the false prophet would live it all down. The answer is easy, if Page's NME interview with Gavin Martin is anything to go by: all you do now is pretend that you didn't really mean what you said, or that you meant it differently, or that you were mis-reported and misunderstood.

How convenient for Page to bury his head in the sand and hope that people won't take the wrong kind of notice of a re-emerging Secret Affair. He obviously feels that if he plays down his erstwhile spectacularity, he won't be seen as a fallen idol, but rather as just another person of reasonable stature quietly going about their business carving out a niche on the music scene. Hence the pragmatic and mundane title of Secret Affair's third album 'Business As Usual'.

But the music itself gives the lie to all these strategies, because the modification which Page seeks in his own image and his new moderation of language can't conceal that the fact that his songs are just the same as they've mostly been, anthemic and hectoring rather than urgent and relevant.

'Business As Usual', like 'Glory Boys' and (to a lesser extent) 'Behind Closed Doors', doesn't so much rework the '60s as ghost them, rather as if Secret Affair had been dreamed up by a media hack for a musical part in one of those terrible Swinging London films.

The band are shallow and shrill also by dint of their very repetitiveness. Page and Dave Cairns keep writing the same song: 'Time For Action' (almost tolerable as a first) is here re-done as 'Follow The Leader'. The title of the song is ironical, but that's all.

Sure, Page gets passionate, but about what? Even he doesn't know: he displays his ego only to reveal a vacuum.

Paul Tickell

Secret Affair have a really good time.

CURDLING THE CREAM OF POP

THE dB'S

Repercussion (Albion)

YOU KNOW the favoured line on The dB's — consummate transatlantic (pop) songwriters who can also 'get down', witness the jangling duelling guitars of Chris Stamey and Peter Holsapple.

Certainly, the band are pleasant enough, but on the evidence of their second Albion album, that's about all. For a start, those writing abilities are very much the product of pastiche and imitation. There's no transmutation, re-direction, of the inevitable '60s pop sensibility. Rather, the dB's return to the scene of pop cream (to the Beatlish and British and the Monkees-like and American — it's hard to believe now that the US had pop groups!) not so much to steal on behalf of the present as slavishly live by (and so miss out on the spirit) of the rules of the past.

So 'Repercussion' doesn't reverberate; it regurgitates. The pop dream isn't tantalisingly displayed in the snappiness of production, but smothered by an excess of tastefulness and skill: the band nudge nudge you to death with their craftmanship, knowingly butt you into appreciation. For example, 'From A Window To A Screen' blares out its credentials — The Mamas and Papas' 'California Dreamin'' today! Tongue-in-cheek! Who cares?

The band play with the nostalgic, escapist dimension of pop and forget that to be complete it needs at least a whiff of the present, of relevance. All 'Repercussion' can do is revel in its own cultivation and fragility: music in a glass case for people with glass ears. Even those guitars have a look-don't-touch(iness) to them, encased, on 'In Spain', inside their own light quotation of a Hendrix riff.

The excitement of some of The dB's sources of inspiration merely emphasises, like the full-blooded Rumour brass on 'Living A Lie', the final feeling of enervation. And exercise: 'Ask For Jill' may make a virtue of quirkiness, 'Amplifier' (Suspiciously like Steve Miller's 'Take The Money And Run') of black humour, and 'Nothing Is Wrong' of the beat ballad, but all are academic, the routine of craftsmen on behalf of listeners who like a good surface.

Their efforts are further mocked by Malcolm (Assorted Images) Garrett's hommage to Roy Lichtenstein: here's some pop (art) re-cycling that lives, has the requisite slight touch of reality.

Paul Tickell

RAP UP

VARIOUS RAPTISTES

Rap Tracks (Virgin)
Genius Of Rap (Island)

HERE THEY come rapping down the street, getting the funniest looks from everyone they meet . . . a fast-grooving parade of cowboys and creoles, breaking B-Boys and shaking fly girls, emcees, mightymouths and quick-mix kings, the rappers are back.

These two shrink-rapped samplers achieve at least one admirable objective in making some of the sounds that were previously only attainable at inflated import prices available at a decidedly cheaper rate.

The trouble is that Rap is too unpredictable and erratic a genre to be adequately represented on an LP and neither 'Rap Tracks' nor 'Genius Of Rap' are remotely definitive and wisely do not pretend to be. But even as tasters they leave a lot to be desired, containing as many lumpy, directionless funk jams as they do primetime dance delights, as many fillers as floor-fillers, as much lard-arsed crap as hard-core rap.

The Virgin album is the better of the two, a surprise considering that they have little of Island's impressive black music pedigree. Presented as two four-track 12" singles, 'Rap Tracks' comes closest to the ideal rapping format, the discomix, culling four tracks apiece from two of America's hottest independent soul outlets, the Enjoy and WMOT labels.

THE OTHER ODD COUPLE

FRIEDER BUTZMANN

Vertrauensmann Des Volkes (Zensor — German import)

DIG IT AL(L)

Volt Age (GeeBeeDee — German import)

AN ODD coupling, but not one without precedent. Butzmann, a South German deconstructivist, and Dig It Al(l)'s Christian Ch. Kneisel, a builder of gleaming, technologically sound laboratories, occasionally work together in their adopted city Berlin. As a combination, they work fine together, if only because they balance each other's extremes — Butzmann's tendency towards (by conventional standards) unlistenability and Kneisel's towards blandness.

Personally I'd rather tip right over into Butzmann's threatening chaos without the restraining reason of Kneisel's presence. Which isn't to say that Dig It Al(l)'s LP isn't without charm. Just that it's a very gentlemanly, good-humoured sort, that of the permanently disengaged scientist looking on the rest of the world enviously, and distilling his view of it through the chill technology of synths and computers to achieve a clear, fine solution that only gets cloudy on the two tracks featuring Butzmann.

The Butzmann of 'Trusted Man Of The People' is no less logical in his approach to the world, but where Kneisel notices symmetrical patterns, Butzmann uses his intellect to rip it apart with the intention of reaching the core.

'Zivilisation' is his record's centrepiece, a perfect example of his dismantling process (to re-build): a bleak electronic storm blows barely

David Bowie
in Bertolt Brecht's BAAL

Music From The BBC TV Production of
Bertolt Brecht's
"BAAL"
by David Bowie.
RCA 5 track EP in a Special Gatefold Package.

YOUR TROUBLES

The Enjoy quartet — The Treacherous Three, Disco Four, Midnight Blue and Doctor Ice — hit hard and low, backed to the hilt by the hardest house-band on the rap circuit, a crew who play South Bronx body rock with the pumping power of a runaway subway train. And the raps themselves are as potent as the rhythms, the brash bravado of kids who know that they have no future at the bottom of the American pile but tout their streetwise wit and sidewalk slang as an aural antidote to the hard times they endure, bending and shaping their words to glove the groove.

The WMOT foursome — Frankie Smith, Funk Fusion Band, Captain Sky and Count Coolout — are a more restrained posse of rappers and players, leaning more towards a shag-piled rug of jazz-tinged cruising than the rock-based dynamism of the raucous Enjoy corps. Two of the tracks stand out: Frankie Smith's 'Double Dutch Bus' has already been acknowledged as a masterpiece of nonsensical jivetalk, and Captain Sky's 'Station Break' is fit enough to follow suit.

The Island compilation 'Genius Of Rap' has greater continuity, a better name, a much more attractive sleeve and sharper liner notes, courtesy of the prodigious Robert Elms, than its Virgin counterpart.

It loses out only on the weakness of the material, most of which is strangely muted.

On side one, Twennynine's opening 'Twennynine Rap' is redeemed only by some ear-bending boogie-woogie piano that manages to lift it away from the derivative web of too much rapping, T/Ski Valley, meanwhile, comes across as a second-rate Kurtis Blow imitator on 'Catch The Beat' while Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde have nothing on Grandmaster Flash as far as covers of Tom Tom Club's 'Genius Of Love' are concerned — their 'Genius Rap' sticks closer to the original than Flash's recent single version but lacks the latter's verve and ebullience.

Things pick up on side two. Afrika Bambaataa's 'Jazzy Sensation' is cool and controlled, Grandmaster Flash's 'Superrappin'' sharp and insistent — an early indication of what he and his surefire crew were capable of — but the track that remains the most memorable is the final cut, 'Searching Rap' by Bon Rock And The Rhythmic Rebellion, a driving, surging bout of rabble-rousing underpinned by some stinging Ernie Isley-style guitar lines.

As tasters of rap's red hot tap go, however, the best samplers around remain the two Sugarhill 'Great Rap Hits' blockbusters, both available for under a fiver on import in the more discerning record marts and both benefitting from the label's obvious proximity to its product. Those fly guys, girls and gangs don't bugger about. They just do it!

Adrian Thrills

THE ZOMBIES

She's Not There (Decca)

ZOMBIES — NEW DAWN OF THE DEAD

The Zombies party down

IT'S SAD but true that few groups survive in the rock'n'roll memory centre if they can't be placed in its mythological tapestry. A good song and a conscientious approach count for little in a world that would rather hear about people urinating against garage walls, living on the edge and dying in a dingy hotel (preferably while having a blowjob, a hypodermic needle stuck in the arm and icecubes shoved up the rear).

Five schoolboys with 50 'O' levels between them, The Zombies looked awkward and faceless when placed beside their extrovert contemporaries. Not for them the preaching of phoney rebellion or the excesses of outrage. Instead they went about their work in a refined and unassuming manner. Just making music. More often than not, magnificent music.

In the first week of their professional career the group released the million-selling title track of this compilation, a song which remains a breathtaking classic. Apart from a small hit over here with 'Tell Her No' it was to be their last success in Britain, but it's a gem among gems — the rolling jazz of Rod Argent's keyboards and Colin Blunstone's calm, powerful voice revealing a wealth of riches, to be expanded on in future releases.

In the whirlwind world of Wilson's Swinging '60s (Carnaby Street and all those jokes) they just didn't have the controversy or glamour to set themselves in league with the new pop aristocrats. But on the other side of the Atlantic they were treated like superstars and enjoyed monumental success in their short lifespan. Their music, by far the most adventurous of the British invaders, acted as an influence on many of the up-and-coming West Coast groups.

In particular Arthur Lee and the excellent Love seemed to have learned a few tricks from The Zombies in terms of clarity and understatement in the presentation of the mini aural epic. 'I Remember When I Loved Her' and 'Leave Me Be' have the Love-like ability of weaving something emotionally captivating from deceptively soft and gentle elements, while 'How We Were Before' has an acoustic melody very similar to the stupendous 'And More Again'.

They split up in 1968 as 'Time Of The Season' and the 'Odyssey And Oracle' album earned them their biggest stateside success. Their recording career had lasted only three years but in that short space they covered more musical ground and cut more good records than most outfits manage in three times the time.

Gavin Martin

Frieder has a tinkle. ***Pic: Peter Vogt.***

discernibly in the distance, and, to the remorseless swing of hammer on steel, Butzmann sourly declaims against the cheapening and decay of the human spirit.

The mood is taken up on the final track's collaboration with Genesis P. Orridge, who recites in a resigned monotone the self-explanatory 'Just Drifting/ Tales Of Death' — *"Every time you feel a little joy / Somebody stamps on it"* — to a shrivelling mix of grey atmospherics and a nervous tic ...

... and that same mood is more localised on the most cutting song, 'Sadismus Und Konkurrenz, which pinpoints the source of the spiritual malaise, when Butzmann duets with composer Angelika Maisch (in a fabulously uneven croon) such lines as: *"Competition and sadism / That is the German mechanism"*.

Butzmann's points are made with both bitterness and concern, through methods guaranteed to unsettle listeners without alienating to the point of turning off. Although his materials are often nagging noises, occasionally clumsily arranged, the dramas he constructs from them are conventionally approachable, if for no other reason than that they're fired by his humanist spirit. Don't hold back.

(Zensor — Belzigerstr. 23, 1000 Berlin 23, or Rough Trade; GeeBeeDee, im Boots Vertrieb, Theaterstr. 4-5, 3000 Hannover 1.)

Chris Bohn

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STRANGE FRUIT STALLIN'

Robert Wyatt — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

ROBERT WYATT

Nothing Can Stop Us (Rough Trade)

ROBERT WYATT's first LP for seven years collects together his quartet of Rough Trade singles and throws in two bonus rarities — 'Born Again Cretin', from the *NME* C81 cassette, plus a singular, unreleased version of the socialist anthem, 'The Red Flag'.

Though there is little new material here, the LP justifies itself with a cohesion and emotional power that far exceeds those of its constituent singles. On his return to recording in 1980, Wyatt doubted that his passionate concern with world politics could find an effective musical voice — one that worked primarily as *music*, without compromising his beliefs. 'Nothing Can Stop Us' has, I hope, laid such fears to rest. While the singles explored ways of reaching this fusion, testing musical and political responses in a series of "sketches", the LP's achievement is to integrate their disparate successes into a whole that stands as attractive music as well as being intensely moving.

Of the less-familiar tracks, 'Born Again Cretin' protests the imprisonment of ANC leader Nelson Mandela to an almost Beach Boys-esque richness of vocal harmonies; while Wyatt's treatment of 'The Red Flag' is both simple and striking, relying chiefly on keyboards and his plaintive, multi-tracked falsetto. The chorus, incidentally, reminds us that the SDP, for all their talk of breaking moulds, have always been skulking around in one form or other: *"Then raise the scarlet standard high/Beneath its folds we'll live and die/Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer/We'll keep the red flag flying here."* What was that again — the *S*ocialist *D*efectors *P*arty?

The remaining songs illustrate Wyatt's global concerns. 'Arauco' is a Chilean folk song that urges the people to stand up for their rights; 'Caimanera' comes from Cuba; Billie Holiday's 'Strange Fruit' mourns the victims of racist lynchings in the American South. Chic's 'At Last I Am Free', which Wyatt chose for its "lovely tune", becomes a fragile assertion of hope to balance the LP's more sombre moments.

Two tracks are given over to other artists. Dishari, a Bengali band from London's East End, back Wyatt on Ivor Cutler's 'Grass' and also perform their own 'Trade Union Song', a heady rush of tablas, shenai and impassioned vocals which impart a modern urgency to traditional forms. And Barbados poet Peter Blackman reads his poem 'Stalingrad', complementing Wyatt's a capella version of 'Stalin Wasn't Stallin' ', a garish *American* propaganda piece from the early '40s, originally sung by the gospelling Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet.

Though I agree with its sentiment, which acknowledges the debt we owe to the Russian people for breaking the back of Nazism, I think 'Stalingrad' is overlong, too formal, and distressingly male-centred in its language. The rest of the LP though, is about flawless: the tunes spare but haunting — a flutter of percussion, bass, keyboards and Wyatt's gentle, affecting vocals.

'Nothing Can Stop Us' bears witness to its maker's compassion and amiable humour as well as illustrating his formidable musical talents. More than that, I'm sure he'd agree, it demonstrates a too-rarely seen *communal* aspect to music — what Hannah Charlton's sleevenotes call a "cry of humanity" — affirming a common dignity and its own fleeting beauty against the torture and injustice it denounces.

It's also the kind of LP — 40 minutes of pure pleasure — you immediately want to rush out and buy for all your friends. And if I had as many as Robert Wyatt, who's one of the nicest blokes I've met in the music biz, well, I'd be broke before tomorrow.

This record is absolutely right on. Don't stop now, Robert.

Graham Lock

KICK OUT THE SHOVELS!

LOGIC SYSTEM

Venus (EMI)

THOSE WHO still swear by the binary code have obviously been out for the count so long that they haven't heard Kraftwerk's definitive 'Computerworld'.

With that record Kraftwerk provide a living example that a computer's potential lies less in its machinery than in the mind of the operator. And being good-humoured and industrious *rabotnik*, they apply their advanced technology to facilitating life, not complicating it. To Kraftwerk a computer is no different from a shovel — it's just another tool to ease their workload.

For Logic System's Hideki Matsutake, though, his shovel is alternately something to lazily lean on and an object for mystification — "If you don't listen to this album you can't enjoy the essence of computer music" indeed! As a technician employed by Yellow Magic Orchestra he undoubtedly earned his keep, but as the gone-solo mastermind behind Logic System's first LP, he lazily let his computers cover for his absence and the result was something like an Archies record composed by a Space Invaders game. At least it was funny.

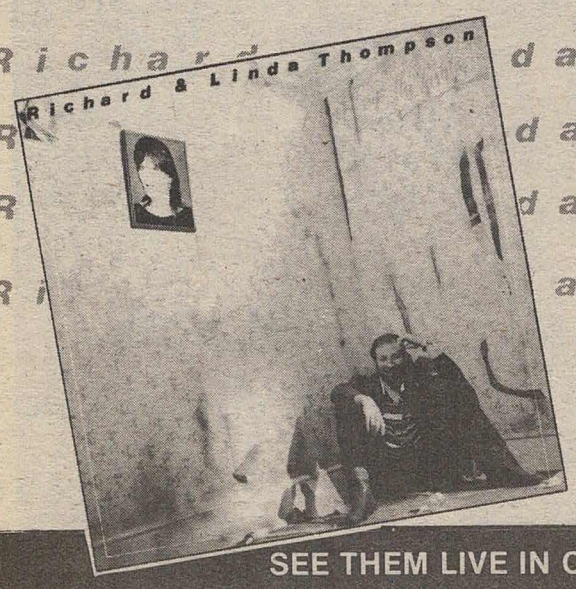
With 'Venus' he's gone eriously conceptual and it shows. He's replaced the first's playfulness with inane rock riffery parts imported by American mysto-schlock musicians, including Roger Powell of Utopia. These bits are subsequently programmed through computers, proving absolutely and finally that the machines haven't got a mind of their own, else they would've rejected them.

Given all the components, you don't need no pocket calculator to conclude what they all add up to: wet neo-pomp only vaguely disguised by modernistic trappings. The sooner someone kicks Matsutake's shovel from under him the better.

Chris Bohn

Richard & Linda Thompson

Shoot out the Lights



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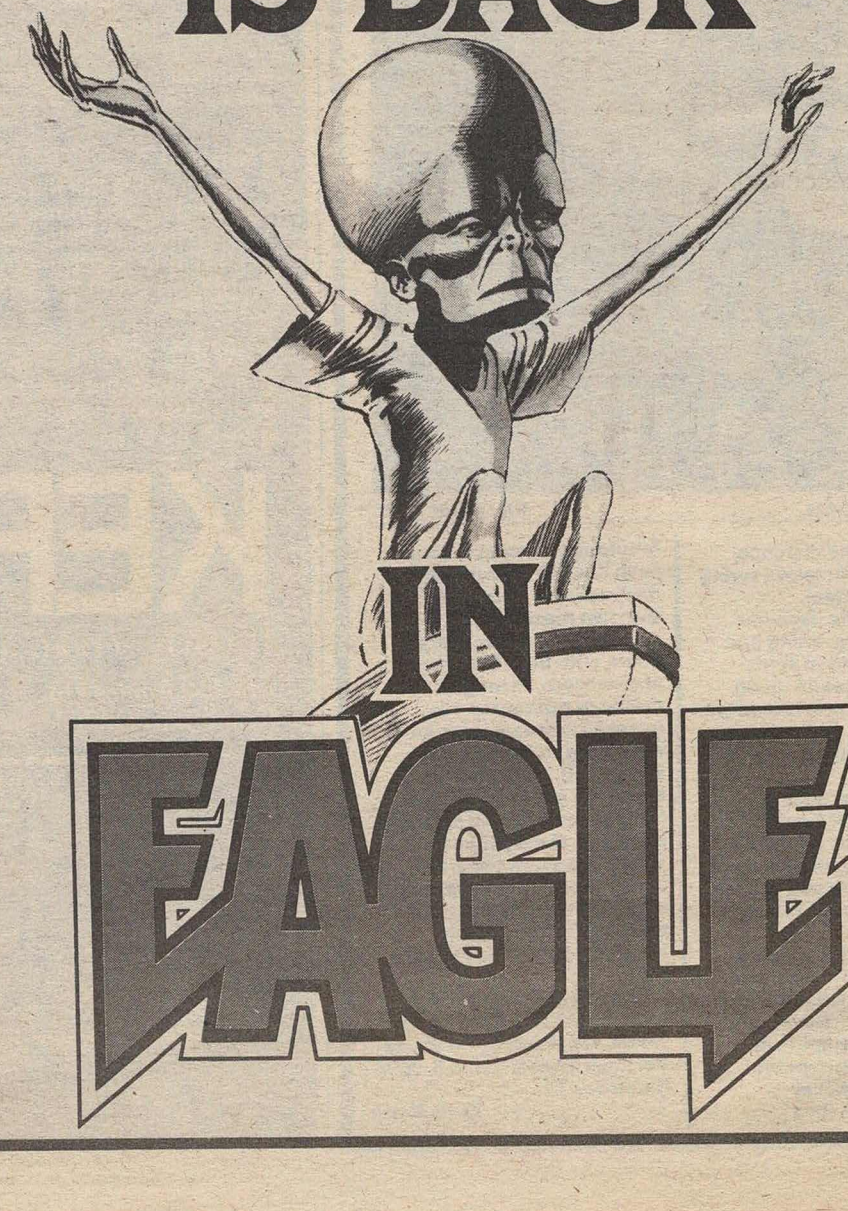


IN EAGLE

TOUR NEWS

'Hutch' cops British beat

(STARSKY, TOO?)

DAVID SOUL is set for another UK concert tour in the late spring — now, hasn't that made your day for you? Highlight of his schedule is a show at London's Royal Festival Hall, when several big-name guests are expected to turn up — and it's rumoured that his *Starsky And Hutch* co-star Paul Michael Glaser will be one of them. Soul, who was Britain's top singles seller in 1977, plays:

Birmingham Odeon (May 22), London Lewisham Concert Hall (23), Poole Arts Centre (26), Camberley Lakeside Club (28 and 29), London Royal Festival Hall (30), Eastbourne Congress (31), Belfast venue to be arranged (June 2), Liverpool Empire (3), Halifax Civic Theatre (4), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (5), charity show at Norwich City Stadium (6), Oxford Apollo (9) and Portsmouth Guildhall (10).

Promoter Jeffrey Kruger has still to finalise venues for May 21 and June 8. Tickets for the London Festival Hall concert are available by post only (with SAE) from The Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd., P.O. Box 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ — prices are £10, £8, £6, £5, £4 and £2.50. Elsewhere, readers should contact individual box-offices for details.

Tina's back!

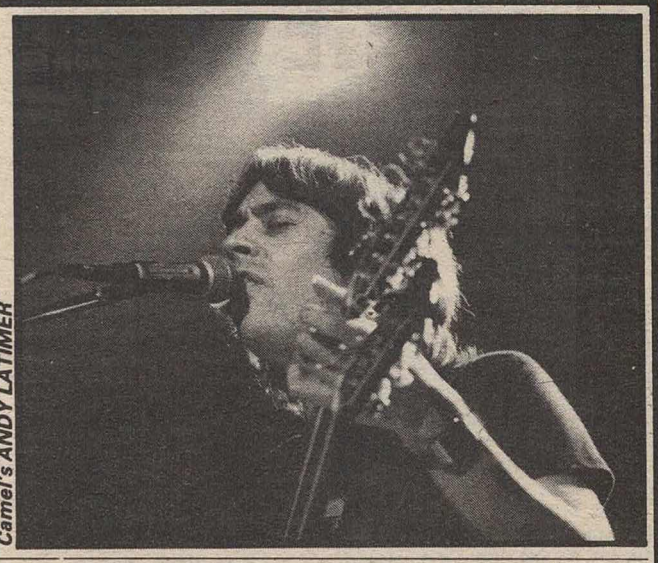
TINA TURNER jets into the UK next month to play her first concert here since 1979 — at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, April 9 — together with her full production revue, including her backing band, singers and dancers. Tickets are priced £5, £4 and £3, and are on sale now. Although this is her only show confirmed so far, it's hoped that provincial dates will be added shortly. Despite her lengthy absence from the British stage, Tina was in London recently to record with the British Electric Foundation — see *Record News* over the page.

Camel's just deserts

CAMEL, whose last UK tour 18 months ago was a total sell-out, set out on their travels again in May — playing 16 major concerts, climaxing in two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. And to coincide with their outing, Decca will be releasing the band's new album 'The Single Factor'. Promoted by Danny Betesh for Kennedy Street Enterprises, the Camel tour comprises:

Liverpool Empire (May 16), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Brighton Dome (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Poole Arts Centre (22), Croydon Fairfield Hall (23), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Sheffield City Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Preston Guildhall (31), Ipswich Gaumont (June 2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (3 and 4).

Tickets are priced £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith); £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Poole and Croydon); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (all other venues). They are on sale now — except at Croydon (where the box-office opens on April 5) and Bristol (opens April 26), though postal bookings are being accepted immediately by both venues.



Camel's ANDY LATIMER

LONDON HOTSPOTS

XTC extra, Damned one-off

■ XTC have slotted a second London date into their short UK tour, which opens this weekend (see Gig Guide). Their concert at Hammersmith Odeon on March 25 is now virtually sold out, so they'll now also be playing Hammersmith Palais on Monday, March 29 — tickets on sale now priced £3.75 — and this gig is being recorded by Capital Radio. Special guests are The Passions.

■ THE DAMNED headline a one-off at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, March 28. Support acts are Vice Squad and Peter & The Test Tube Babies. All tickets are £3.50, and the promoters are Straight Music.

■ STIFF LITTLE FINGERS play a one-off benefit for Solidarity next Wednesday (March 24) at London North-East Polytechnic, Barking Precinct. Tickets are £3, or £2 for the unwaged.

■ BLITZ, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, The Partisans and Red Alert are featured in a package presented by No Future Records at London Strand Lyceum on Thursday, April 1. All tickets are £3, and the show is billed as 'No Future Nite'.

■ PETE SHELLEY, with his one-man Machine Band, has switched his London show — from Charing Cross Heaven next Monday, to Victoria The Venue on Tuesday (23). He now plays at Birmingham Holy City Zoo on March 22.

Photos are developing

THE PHOTOS have arranged their first live dates since the departure of Wendy Wu. They've decided not to replace her with another girl singer, and instead guitarist Steve Eagles will handle lead vocals — though two girls named Karen and Sharon have been brought in to supply back-up vocals. Rest of the line-up remains as David Sparrow (bass) and Olly Harrison (drums). Their initial gigs are at Cheltenham Art College (March 27) and Birmingham Fighting Cocks (April 2), but further dates are being finalised, including a string of London one-nighters.

● Ron Rebel, who was a founder member of Iron Maiden, has joined Alex & Le Roc Bizarre on drums and vocals.

GOING DOWN MEMORY LAINE

FRANKIE LAINE returns to the UK next month, and three album releases are planned to coincide with his visit — a double set on Ronco called 'The World Of Frankie Laine' which will benefit from TV. promotion, a collection of tracks from his 1957 radio shows titled 'All Of Me' on promoter Jeffrey Kruger's Bulldog label, and the reissue of 'The Golden Years' compilation on Philips. Laine, incidentally, still holds the record for the longest run in the No.1 spot — 18 weeks with 'I Believe' — and that's unlikely ever to be beaten.

He plays Portsmouth Guildhall (April 27), Southport Theatre (29), Nottingham Commodore International (30), Harrogate Centre (May 1), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (2), Windsor Blazers (3-8), Poole Arts Centre (12), Brighton Dome (13), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (14), Coventry Apollo (15) and London Lewisham Concert Hall (16). Venues for May 10 and 11 have still to be finalised.

TYGERS LUMBERED!

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG, whose new single 'Love Potion No. 9' is released by MCA in picture disc from this weekend, had to cancel the bulk of their recent UK dates after bass player Rocky collapsed. He had previously undergone a lumbar puncture, but hospital staff failed to inform him that he should remain inert for 48 hours — consequently, when he set out on the road the next day, he was soon taken seriously ill. Rocky will be back with the band when they film a sequence for *Old Grey Whistle Test* next Monday — which won't be screened until April, as next week's *OGWT* has been hit by the Glasgow by-election result. And the Tygers are now planning a full British tour for later in the year.

MORE SEAGULLS FLOCKING

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS have added another five dates to their current UK headlining tour, including a London show at the Barracuda Club in Baker Street on Monday April 6. The other extra gigs are at Leeds Warehouse (March 22), Doncaster Main Line (23), Norwich Gala Ballroom (26) and Bath Moles Club (April 2). The tour coincides with the release of their third single 'I Ran' on Jive Records.

New Hitchcock band at Venue

ROBYN HITCHCOCK has now finalised the line-up of his new band — with himself on guitar and vocals, original Soft Boys member Andy Metcalfe (keyboards), Bill Wainwright (bass), Antony Thistlewaite (sax) and Empire (drums). Currently doing a few guest slots on the Judie Tzuke tour, they play their first London headliner at Victoria The Venue on March 24, with The dB's guesting (all tickets £2) — then go on to headline at Cambridge Guildhall on March 26. They'll be undertaking a full tour in April to promote Hitchcock's new single 'America' and album 'Groovy Decay', both March releases on Albion Records.

☐ **IMAGINATION** have put back their proposed spring UK tour until the early autumn, because they're now breaking through in the U.S. charts, and they're off to the States while the going is good. The Cowbell Agency is now setting up a 30-date tour for them, starting in September and including two nights at London Dominion Theatre — plus dates at such venues as Manchester Apollo, Birmingham Odeon and Liverpool Empire.

☐ **LIGHTNING RAIDERS**, who've been keeping a low profile lately, return with a headline gig at London Victoria The Venue on March 25 — and they're also at London Kensington Ad Lib Club on April 2. Their new single 'Disguises' is released by Revenge Records (through Island) at the end of this month.

CONFESSIONS ON MOTHER'S DAY

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS — the "fun rock" band, whose lead singer Helen April performs in various stages of undress, sometimes almost total — are having their show at London Marquee this Sunday (21) recorded by A&M, who will rush out a live EP of four "outrageous" songs in mid-April. It will be titled 'Mothers Day At The Marquee', and because the gig takes place on that annual occasion, all Mums who are taken along to the club will be admitted free. What's more, they'll be invited to join the group on stage for a photo session, subsequently to appear as the EP cover picture. The mind boggles!

Foreigner on radio

FOREIGNER, whose latest album 'Four' has been riding high in the *NME* Chart and has now gained them a UK Gold Disc, have no immediate plans to visit Britain. But they can be heard in action this Saturday (20) at 6.30pm in Radio 1's *In Concert*, which will present an hour-long show recorded during the band's recent U.S. tour.

Elkie makes it 64 concerts

ELKIE BROOKS has added still more shows to her current British tour, due to what's described as unprecedented public demand. This latest batch of dates means that she'll be playing a remarkable 64-concert schedule. The extra gigs are Birmingham Odeon (May 8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (10), Coventry Apollo (11), Manchester Apollo (12), Halifax Civic Hall (14), two shows at Hull New Theatre (15), Norwich Theatre Royal (16), two shows at Ipswich Gaumont (17), Preston Guildhall (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19) and Aberdeen Capitol (20).

DOLLY MIXTURE, THE FIXX ON THE TRAIL

DOLLY MIXTURE have confirmed five new dates, and more are currently being lined up for April. The latest gigs are at Leicester Polytechnic (tomorrow Friday), Milton Keynes Compass Club (March 25), Guildford Royal Hotel (27), London Victoria The Venue (30) and Norwich Jacquard's (April 1). They'll be supported at The Venue by The Rimshots, who've been playing a number of dates on the Bad Manners tour — and they have other London gigs at Regents Park Bedford College (this Friday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (March 23) and supporting The Stargazers at Camden Dingwalls (25).

THE FIXX promote their new MCA single 'Stand Or Fall' at Liverpool Pyramid (March 25), Cambridge Sound Cellar (27), Bristol Trinity Hall (April 1), Glasgow Maestro's (4), Sheffield Limit (6) and Manchester Jilly's (7). They are also on BBC-2's *Riverside* next Monday (22).

☐ **ORANGE JUICE** have added another two dates to their current tour — at Edinburgh Valentino's (April 4) and Glasgow Mayfair (6). They're again supported by Liverpool trio China Crisis, who'll subsequently be touring throughout the spring in their own right, after they've recorded their new Virgin single.

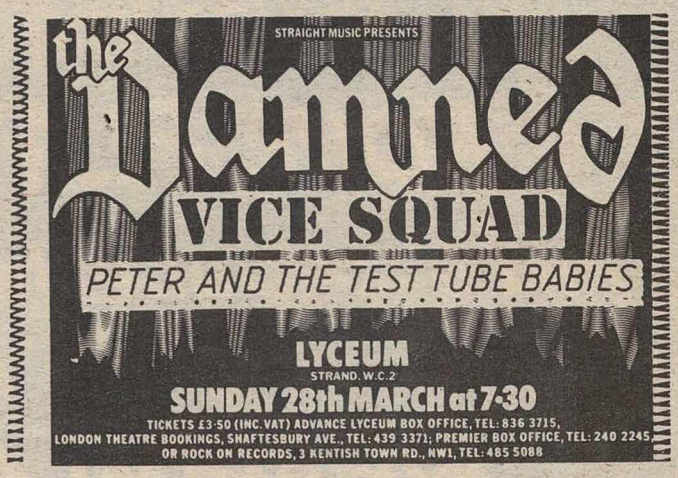
☐ **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, the veteran blues singer who was recently seriously ill after a heart attack, has now returned home after hospital treatment and is well on the way to recovery. There are plans for him to return to Britain in July to resume the tour which was interrupted by his attack.

☐ **SAIGON**, now a five-piece with the introduction of Tom Cherry (keyboards) and Robert McDade (guitar and vocals), are to play at Glasgow's Citizens Theatre on March 26 to round off a season of plays by Jean Genet. The link is that two of the band's singles, 'Where Are The Roses?' and 'Diving Through Sand', were inspired by Genet's works.

☐ **BENNY GOODMAN, Lionel Hampton Big Band** and **Gerry Mulligan Big Band** are the first names confirmed for the Capital Radio Jazz Festival — to be staged at Knebworth over two weekends in July (17-18 and 24-25). They appear on the seond weekend, which is devoted mainly to pure jazz. Names are still awaited for the first weekend, when a number of rock and R&B acts will be featured.

☐ **NO NUKES Cabaret Tour**, which proved highly successful when doing the rounds recently, is now slotting in a series of one-offs. A.B.A. and Captain J.J. Waller remain in the package, but Seething Wells takes over from Tony Allen. Booking enquiries to No Nukes at Brighton 27845.

☐ **TRIMMER & JENKINS** continue their non-stop 'Rock Against Rock' tour with newly confirmed gigs at Tolworth Recreation Centre (tomorrow, Friday), London Putney Star & Garter (this Saturday and March 27) and London City Polytechnic (24).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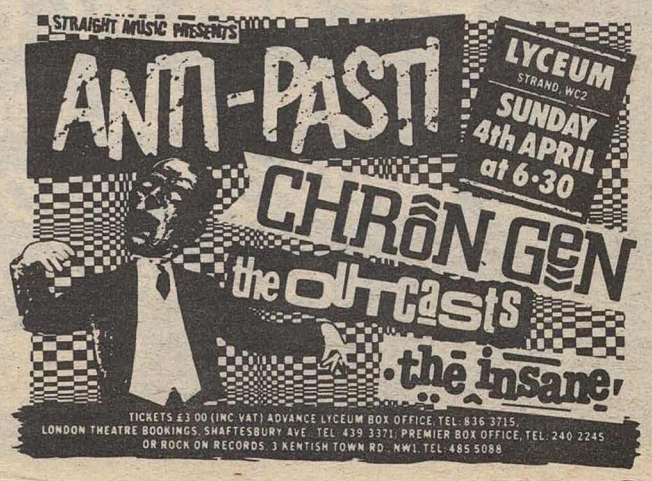
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RECORD NEWS

U2 release their new single on Island Records next Monday, March 22. It features two brand new tracks, 'A Celebration' and 'Trash, Trampoline And The Party Girl'. It's the first single from the band which hasn't included at least one track lifted from an album. As yet, there's no sign of a new LP, or of any gigs to support the single.

● Secret Records release two albums on March 26 — 'Chronic Generation by **Chron-Gen** complete with a free live three-track EP, and 'The Good, The Bad And The 4 Skins' by (who else?) **The 4 Skins**. Both are debut sets, as is 'Still Out Of Order' by **Infa Riot**, which follows on April 2. Distribution is through Stage One.

● The 13 **Rolling Stones** singles on the Decca label — from 'Come On' to 'Honky Tonk Woman', and including such smash hits as 'Satisfaction', 'Paint It Black' and 'Jumpin Jack Flash' — are all being made available again. And so are their three Decca EPs — 'The Rolling Stones', 'Five by Five' and 'Got Live If You Want It'.

● Midlands label No Future Records have signed three more bands, and release their first material this month — the four-track EP 'Lest We Forget' by Skelmersdale punks **Blitzkrieg**, the single 'Gangland' by **The Violators** from Stockport, and the EP 'Today's Generation' by New Mills punk outfit **Attak**.

● The second album by **Jets**, already named as '100% Cotton', is now set for release next Monday (22) by EMI. The 12 tracks include their hit singles 'Yes Tonight Josephine' and 'Love Makes The World Go Round'.

● **Blackfoot's** current maxi-single, through WEA, has been re-named from 'Dry County' (the title track) to 'Four From Blackfoot'.

BEF's star assortment

BRITISH ELECTRIC FOUNDATION, alias Martyn Ware and Ian Craig, have finally — after six months — completed their album 'Music Of Quality And Distinction', and it's set for April 9 release by Virgin (also available as a singles boxed set). The concept of the LP was to choose a batch of classic pop hits, and to persuade a number of famous and not-so-well-known artists to record them. The resulting track run-down is:

'Ball Of Confusion' by TINA TURNER; 'It's Over' and 'Secret Life Of Arabia' by BILLY McKENZIE of The Associates; 'There's A Ghost In My House' by PAUL JONES; 'These Boots Are Made For Walking' by PAULA YATES; 'Suspicious Minds' by GARY GLITTER & THE GLITTER BAND; 'You Keep Me Hanging On' by BERNIE NOLAN of The Nolans; 'The Wichita Lineman' and 'Perfect Day' by GLENN GREGORY of Heaven 17; and 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' by SANDIE SHAW.

Additionally, the album features guest appearances by guitarists Hank Marvin, John Foxx and The Banshees' John McGeogh — plus the Beggar & Co horn section. The first single release from the LP, on March 26, marks the disc comeback of Sandie Shaw — whose track 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' was originally a hit for her contemporary Cilla Black, while the B-side in an instrumental version featuring Hank Marvin.

JAM'S DOUBLE GOLD

THE JAM have been awarded their first Gold single for 'A Town Called Malice', which has now passed the 500,000 sales mark. And they've also achieved the distinction of winning Gold for their album 'The Gift' before it was actually issued — thanks to advance orders of 166,000 prior to the official release date of March 12.

A nail in Slade's coffin

SLADE have been forced to change the cover of their latest RCA album 'Till Deaf Us Do Part' — due to adverse public reaction, and some overseas branches of RCA refusing to stock it. The offending artist's impression was of an ear, with the eardrum pierced by a bent nail, and it's been suggested that a number of people with hearing difficulties have been upset by this. The band claim there was no intention of insulting anyone, and that the whole point of the title was to discount rumours of an impending split. The new cover will now feature blown-out PA speakers.

● **Ph.D.** are a British duo comprising Tony Hymas and Jim Diamond, whose single 'I Won't Let You Down' is currently on release through WEA. Although it hasn't set the UK alight, it has surprisingly become an international hit — No.1 in Belgium and Luxembourg for four weeks, No.5 in Australia, No.6 in France and No.21 in Germany.

Weatherman eyes chart

So what's our favourite TV personality, the one-and-only MICHAEL FISH, doing in *Record News*? Well, BBC's weather expert is here to lend his support to a character called THE WEATHERMAN, who has a single called 'Life!' issued this week on Pre Records (through Charisma). This hides the identity of Steve Walsh, formerly with the now-defunct Manchester band Manicured Noise, who had a couple of releases on Pre in 1980. His debut solo single is self-penned and self-produced, and he's now getting a band together with a view to going on the road in the near future. Outlook: changeable with possible sunny periods.

MISS MOBILE

THE MOBILES follow their recent smash hit 'Drowning In Berlin' with a new single titled 'Amour Amour', released this weekend by Rialto Records (through Pinnacle). It was written by the band, as was the B-side 'Skeleton Dance', and both tracks are taken from their debut album due out in May. The band will be going out on their first nationwide tour to coincide with the LP's release, dates to follow shortly.

ROXY MUSIC bounce back with a new single issued by EG/Polydor on March 26 — it's a Bryan Ferry composition called 'More Than This'. The track is lifted from the band's upcoming album, due out in May, but as yet untitled.

MARC BOLAN's 1972 No.1 hit 'Telegram Sam' is reissued this week on its original T. Rex label (through EMI), and now in a picture bag — and the two tracks on the B-side are 'Cadillac' and 'Baby Strange'. A boxed set of T. Rex singles is to be made available in May, details to follow soon.

SHAKATAK's follow-up to their 'Easier Said Than Done' hit is titled 'Night Birds', issued by Polydor on March 26 in both 7" and 12" formats. It's also the title track of the group's second album, due for release on April 9.

● **Steve Harley**, who normally produces his own recordings, is produced by Midge Ure on his new Chrysalis single. It couples 'I Can't Even Touch You' and 'I Can Be Anyone', and it's out this week.

● **The Oak Ridge Boys** have their new single 'I'll Be True To You'/'Fancy Free' out this week on MCA. Both tracks are taken from their newly released album 'The Very Best Of The Oak Ridge Boys'.

● 'Change Of Heart' is the second **Positive Noise** album, issued by Statik Records (through Stage One) on March 26, and the follow-up to their 'Heart Of Darkness' LP which climbed high in the indie charts. The band will be touring from mid-April onwards, dates to be announced shortly, and there will be a new single to coincide.

● Butt Records release 'Long Hello Volume Three' by former Van Der Graaf Generator member **David 'Stonewall' Jackson** — it was recorded over two years at seven different studios, features such musicians as Guy Evans and Peter Hammill, and has a sleeve picture by *NME's* Anton Corbijn. On the same label is the live five-track EP 'Demonstration Record' by **Hi-Fi**, featuring Ian Matthews on guitar and vocals.

● The official theme of this year's football World Cup in Spain is called 'El Mundial', and Polydor this week rush release the **Placido Domingo** recording of it.

● Derby band **The Enemy** are the first act to appear on new label Fall-Out Records, which will be devoted to new young punk bands, and their three-track single is called 'Fallen Hero'. Distribution is through Fresh, and future releases will include **The Adicts** and **Action Pact**.

● The new **Cuddly Toys** album 'Trials & Crosses' is out on Fresh Records this Friday — though, apart from vocalist Sean Purcell, the band's line-up has changed totally since the first LP. It comes in a gatefold sleeve and features ten band compositions.

● Manchester band **Syncopation**, whose act was favourably reviewed by *NME* seven weeks ago, have their single 'Marking Time' out on Facsimile Liasons. They'll doubtless be featuring it when they support The Jam at Manchester Apollo on March 25 and 26.

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SAFARI

NEW MOTORHEAD LP

MOTORHEAD, whose major UK tour opens this week, have their new album 'Iron Fist' issued by Bronze on April 2 — it's their first studio set since 'Ace Of Spades' 18 months ago, and it's preceded on March 26 by the release of the title track as a single. The LP contains 12 new band compositions, and was produced by Eddie Clarke and Will Reid Dick. The single is pressed in red vinyl, and the B-side is a track not on the album called 'Remember Me, I'm Gone'.

● An original member of Emmylou Harris' Hot Band, **Rodney Crowell** has his single 'Shame On The Moon' issued through WEA this week. Backing includes his wife Rosanne Cash on back-up vocals, plus guitarists Albert Lee and Hank DeVito.

● Five-piece London outfit **Bandzai** make their vinyl debut this week with the single 'Tokyo Night'. It's on the new Stingray Records label, distributed by Fresh.

● The long-awaited third album by **The Birthday Party** has finally been scheduled for April 2 release by 4.A.D. Records. It contains live favourites such as 'Junkyard', 'Big Jesus Trashcan' and '6 Inch Gold Plate'.

● 'Burnt Offerings' is a compilation cassette featuring four bands from the South of England, each playing three tracks — they are **The Time, Four People I Have Known, Thieves Like Us** and **The Headless Horsemen**. It's available at £2 (including p&p) from Winchester Wax, 10 Stockbridge Road, Winchester, Hants.

● In Phaze Records, distributed by Rough Trade, offer three new releases — the 12-inch single 'Surface And Be Seen' by **Portion Control**, the seven-inch single 'The Lure Of The Rockpools' by **The Marine Girls** and the cassette album 'Brighter Now' by **The Legendary Pink Dots**.

● Three-piece outfit **The Lulu Boys**, featuring Denny Gibson on bass and vocals, have singed a three-year recording, publishing and production deal with producer Oswin Falquero *(eh?)* — who, we're assured, has worked with the likes of Black Slate, Peter Skellern, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Elaine Paige. The deal calls for three singles and an album per year, and initial product is already in hand.

● Hungarian exile **Peter Ogi**, formerly leader of Hungary's original punk band Spions, has his debut single out on EMI (UK) next week. It's called 'Resistdance', for which Ogi himself wrote the music, while the lyrics were contributed by none other than Malcolm McLaren.

● The single 'What Do I Do'/'Fascination', out this week on Polydor, marks the debut of four-piece band **Typhoon Saturday**. It was produced by Steve Lindsay.

VINCENT CLARKE

● The duo **Yazoo** consists of Vincent Clarke and Genevieve Alison Moyet,— Clarke left Depeche Mode at the end of last year, after wriiting their first three hits; and Genevieve previously worked with such R&B bands as The Vicars and The Screaming Abdabs. Their debut single 'Only You' is out this week on Mute Records, and their first album is now nearing completion.

● The John D. Loudermilk classic 'Language Of Love' has been revived on Rocket Records by **The Rockolas**, a name which hides the identity of Radio 1 d-j **Mike Read**, who was signed up after singing it recently on BBC-2's *Friday Night Saturday Morning*.

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5 Loverboy
7 Elkie Brooks
9 Tina Turner
9-12 Country Music Festival
11 Graham Parker
11, 12 Carole King
12 Thompson Twins
17 Classix Nouveaux
17, 18 Donald Byrd
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
25 Boomtown Rats
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+ The Transistors

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Thursday March 18th
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Thursday 18th
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2.40 6.50
+ ALTERED STATES
1.00 5.05 9.15
Friday 19th — Thursday 25th
THE WILD WOMEN OF WONGO
1.50 (not Sun, Thur) 5.05 8.10
+ PORKLIPS NOW
1.30 (not Thur or Sun) 4.30 7.30 10.25
+ GLEN OR GLENDA
3.20 (not Sun, Thur) 6.35 9.30

Fri and Sat 11.15
Late Show Sun 21st 1.30
THE BLACK STALLION
+ KEYS

MOTORHEAD bring their unique brand of chaos and mayhem to Glasgow (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Deeside (Sunday) and Newcastle (three nights from Monday) at the start of their nationwide sell-out tour. Tank support throughout, with Raven as additional guests at Leeds and Deeside.

XTC, who are enjoying their biggest record successes ever, set off on their latest UK outing. You can catch them this week at Sheffield (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Manchester (Tuesday).

SLADE, once again enjoying star status, kick off their spring tour at Oxford (Friday), Ipswich (Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday). Vardis support.

VAN MORRISON flies in for one of his rare visits which is confined to London — together with his new band, he's at the Dominion Theatre for four nights from Friday . . . and eight-piece U.S. "mellow funk" band MAZE make their British concert debut on Monday and Tuesday at the Hammersmith Odeon, both virtually sold out — rather surprisingly, in view of their lack of exposure over here.

Other highlights this week: HOLLY BETH VINCENT, of Holly & The Italians fame, returns with a new backing band to begin a series of London club gigs on Wednesday.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 18th

Basildon Raquel's: **Pete Shelley & the Machine Band**
Bath Moles Club: **Calling Hearts**
Belfast Coleraine University: **The Gas**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Secret Affair**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Borderline**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University: **Judie Tzuke**
Brighton New Regent: **Blancmange/Decent Assault**
Bristol White Swan: **Asylum**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **The Four Tops (for three days)**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **754**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Belle Stars**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Gents / The Scizzors**
Chelmsford YMCA: **Paragon**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **Paris Rapide**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Grumbleweeds (for three days)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Peter & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Corby Rugby Club: **The Stereo Insoles**
Coventry General Wolfe: **UK Decay**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Collapse / Withdrawal / Third Circle**
Coventry Warwick University: **Pookiesnackenburger / Kabbala**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Cumbria Woodbine Villa: **Sassafras**
Derby Blue Note: **Kevin Coyne**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Haircut 100**
Egham Shoreditch College: **Second Window**
Exeter Boxes: **Howard Hughes**
Fleetwood Market Tavern: **Dave Berry**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Dance Class**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Q Tips**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead**
Glasgow Dial Ian: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Night Moves: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Gt. Chesterford Station Hotel: **The Agents**
Hamilton Stand Club: **Red Ellis**
Harlow Apocalypso Club: **Innervision**
Harrow Tudor Club: **Short Stories**
Hayling Island Blazes: **Caught In The Act**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Titan / Stopband / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones / Amethyst**
Leeds Brannigans: **Ik!**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Goff Jackson & The Huns / The Ankh / Little Brother**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Leeds Warehouse: **Private Lives**
Leicester The Magazine: **Instrument Delicat**
Littleborough Lydgate Inn: **Beau Leisure**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **Freeze Frame / Zanti Misfits**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Budgie**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Shooga Shooga**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Martha & The Vandellas**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Camden Grapes: **Mike Garrick**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Praxis / Vaguely Divine**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **The Breakfast Band / Cayenne / Inversions**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Talkover / Things In Bags**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson / Mickey Waller Trio (for three days)**
London Epping La Taverna: **Chas & Dave**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **I/Competition**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Talisman / The Creamies**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Admit One / I Am Alone**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Vanishing Point**
London Institute of Education: **No Flowers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Promise featuring Andde Leek**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Dead Sea Sound/The Afghan Rebels**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Mud**
London Marquee Club: **Random Hold**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Parallel Bars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Rankin Dread**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Nuthin' Fancy**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **The Downbeats**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Xena Zerox**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Waso**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Strand King's College: **Section 25/The Monos/The Videos**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Khartomb**
London Victoria The Venue: **Department S/The Decorators/The Sneezes**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cold Fish/Silva**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London W.1 (Down St) Gullivers: **Ray Shell & The Street Angels**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Sticky Stuff**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London W.C.1 School of African and Oriental Studies: **Jam Today**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Stan Tracey/Line Up**
Manchester Goldmine: **Huang Chung**
Manchester The Dancing Weasel: **The Mirror Boys**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Perfect Stranger**
Newcastle University: **The Androids Of Mu**
Northampton White Elephant: **The Psy--kicks**
Norwich Pennies: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Hamsters**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jerry Co**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Artistic Control**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Port Talbot Afan Lido: **The Jam**
Sheffield Psalter Lane Art College: **Hula/Bass Tone Trap**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Papa Michigan & General Smiley**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Dancette**
Stroud (Minchinghamtpn) New Lodge: **Blurt**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**

friday 19th

Anglesey Denorben Arms Hotel: **Dave Berry**
Bath Moles Club: **Black Roots**
Belfast The Pound: **The Gas**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham (Edgbaston) Teaching Training Centre: **Echo Base**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **And Also The Trees / Finish The Story**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Echo Base**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Cast Iron Fairies**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Proper Little Madams**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Haircut 100**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Fall**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **The Androids Of Mu**
Cambridge Gammingay Community Centre: **Amyl Dukes**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Barracudas**
Cardiff Paddlesteamer: **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's Last Post / The Dodge**
Chelmsford YMCA: **The Business**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Budgie**
Corby Festival Hall: **Theatre Of Hate / UK Decay**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Whammer Jammer**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Dubliners**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Derby College of Further Education: **Secret Affair**
Dudley Faculty of Education: **Natural Mystique**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **A Flock Of Seagulls / Strutz**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Motorhead**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Blues Band**
Farnborough Technical College: **The Silence**
Farnham The Maltings: **The Albion Band**
Folkestone Toby's: **Blancmange**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **China Dragon**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Pigbag**
Glasgow University: **Bad Manners**
Gravesend Red Lion: **La Hooker**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
f05Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Kevin Coyne**
Hitchin Regal: **Q Tips**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Judie Tzuke**
Invergordon Golf Club: **Red Ellis**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Spitting Cats**
Lichfield Arts Centre: **Bashful Alley**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Huang Chung/The Check/Tony Allen**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Eric Bogle/John Munro**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Mr. Clean**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dr. Funk**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Screaming Urge/Airport And Deal**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Passions/The Raincoats**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Art Ensemble Of Chicago**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental/John Vincent's Lonely Hearts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Combo Passe**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Operation/Mega**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **Mud/A Bigger Splash**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Drivers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **White Spirit/Empty Vessels**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Limehouse**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Waves/Nantuck Five**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Dance Sound/Dance Hall Style**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Belle Stars**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Lino's Lost Patrol/Kissing Sharks**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Carmel/Bee Vamp**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Mandinka Music & Songs**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **Jam Today**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tropicana/Sharp Practice**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Zounds/The Instant Automatons**
London Putney White Lion: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **The Mo-dettes**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate/Dill Jones Trio (for three days)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Darting Tongues**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Morrissey Mullen**
London University: **The Yeow Band**
London University College: **Pookiesnackenburger**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Skank Orchestra/Media Tronics**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.1 (Down St) Gullivers: **Ray Shell & The Street Angels**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oduduwa**
Manchester Unity Club: **Papa Michigan & General Smiley**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Skat**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Calling Hearts**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Slade/Vardis**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dantzone**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **The Cannibals**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Mike Harding**
Reading Out Of Town Club: **Chas & Dave**
Retford Porterhouse: **B-Movie**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Sheffield University: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Solihull Technical College: **The Bloomsbury Set**
Stoke Talbot Hotel: **Straight Up**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Timmer & Jenkins**
Torquay 400 Club: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Play Dead**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Worcester Labour Club: **Flying Objects**

saturday 20th

Secret Affair: Cromer

Aldershot West End Centre: **Blind Date**
Aviemore The Centre: **Red Ellis**
Aylesbury Friars: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Bath Moles Club: **Blancmange**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **The Jam / Rudi**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Androids Of Mu**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Bob Walton**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Kevin Coyne**
Burton Youth Club: **The Bloomsbury Set**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Danse Society / The Great Divide**
Cardiff Nero's: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Dynamite**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Scarlet Party / Roman Holiday**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chipping Norton Albion Tavern: **Artists And Lovers**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **The Hamsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Huang Chung**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Secret Affair**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Durham University: **Judie Tzuke**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Ohibo Paronti**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Bluebells / The French Impressionists**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Hatfield The Forum: **The Dubliners**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Motorhead / Raven / Tank**

☐ CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

Leicester Electric Theatre: **Vardis**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Yes Sir**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Deidre Simpson / Graham Smith**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cousin Joe / Ruthless Blues**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Dexter Gordon-Johnny Griffin Quintet / Chris Hunter Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Steve Boyce Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **China Crisis / Civilisation**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shea Ramah / The Gatecrashers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Miles Behind**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Deltas / Idle Flowers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Cannibals**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **The Murphy Institute / The Work / The Casual Labourers**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / The Act**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Mandinka Music And Songs**
London Lee The Centre: **Caine Stops Out / The Big Heat**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
London Marquee Club: **The 01 Band**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Les Carabiniers**
London M.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Pimlico King William IV: **Accelerator**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Sean Cannon**
London Southgate The Rox (at the Royalty): **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo / Souls Valiant**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Crown of Thorns**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Ray Shell & The Street Angels**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
Loughborough University: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Maesteg 4-7's Club: **Fire Down Below**
Maidstone Dixies: **2D Sculpture / Plastic Elephants**
Manchester Polytechnic: **B-Movie**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fuze**
Newcastle University: **Dave Edmunds Band / The dB's**
Northampton Pavilion: **Cuddly Toys**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Psy-kicks**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Peter Symonds**
Peebles Social Club: **The Dolphins**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Riz Wah Wah**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Sassafras**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Caught In The Act**
Rainham Chafford Sports Centre: **Chemical Alice**
Reading Out Of Town Club: **Chas & Dave**
Redditch The Fox: **The Alibis**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Cheaters**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **XTC**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **0902 / Ideal Husbands**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Mike Harding**
Stirling University: **Pigbag**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Rockin Horse**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Theatre of Hate**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Bad Manners**
Tamworth Arts Centre: **Bashful Alley**
Trowbridge Cascades: **Second Image**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Natural Mystique**

sunday 21st

Van Morrison: London

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Mister Twister / No Human Eye**
Altrincham The Unicorn: **Beau Leisure**
Bath Tiffany's: **Morrissey Mullen**
Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **The Jam / Rudi**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Mike Harding**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **The Miracles (for a week)**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Hamsters**
Chelmsford Marconi Club: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Rosemay Clooney / Tony Monopoly / Stutz Bear Cats**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Reg Leyton & His All Stars (lunchtime) / Dana Gillespie (evening).**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Masked Orchestra / Andrea Barron / Dave Scholes**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Motorhead / Raven / Tank**
Doncaster (Thorne) White Hart: **Saz Index**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Edinburgh University: **Pigbag**
Fenton The New Penny: **Mightier Than Kong**
Greenham Common Music Gate: **The Androids Of Mu**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Slade / Vardis**
Irvine Amanda's Club: **Pallas**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evenings): **Volunteers**
Leicester Black Swan: **Mandela**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Grapes: **Pamela Knowles Group**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines / Pillow Head**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Arc Connexion / Sanity Claue / Step By Step**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Dorough & Bill Takis**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mattandan/Sponge Maniaks**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Auntie & The Men From Uncle/Tempa Red**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Splash**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Liquidizer**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Dance Hall Style**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Marquee Club: **True Life Confessions**
London Mile End New Half Moon (all-dayer): **Puffin Club/The Trams/Siren/King Pleasure/Testament Of Youth/The Silence etc.**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Corrie Josias**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Harry Becket**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Albion Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Wapping The Autonomy Centre: **The Replaceable Hedz**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Anonymous Sisters/The Idle Flowers**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Zoot Money**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **XTC**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **The Connexion**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon** (lunchtime)/**Life Force** (evening)
Poole Arts Centre: **Haircut 100**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **David Essex**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Dave Peabody/Hunters Moon**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Reading Top Rank: **Theatre Of Hate**
Recar Coatham Bowl: **Judie Tzuke**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Liquid Gold**
Whitton The Winning Post: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

monday 22nd

Bow Wow Wow: London

Bath University: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton New Regent: **Secret Affair/Jump In Your Datsun**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Fire Down Below**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Electrix/Hitch Hiker**
Chesham Whispers: **The Volcanoes/Approaching Footsteps**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Nigel Fuller Band**
Durham University: **B-Movie**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **XTC**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Dubliners**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **The Urbs**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Asylum**
Greenock Bogies Nightclub: **Red Ellis**
Hamilton The Three D's: **The Dolphins**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Club: **The Business**
Leeds Belinda's: **Sleeping Figures**
Leeds Warehouse: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Jam/Rudi**
Lincoln Lindsays Disco Bar: **The Diks**
Littleborough Lydgate Inn: **Singapore UK**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Comment/Prime Cut/Fujia**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Strop's Hop**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Man Ray/Ritual**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-Revue/Virtual Image/Sensible Jerseys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Etheridge Duo**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limelight**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dark/The Transistors**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ginger/Stingray**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts/Doctor Sax**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Radio Moscow/Fracture**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dill Jones (for a week)**
London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom: **Bow Wow Wow**
London Marquee Club: **The Rods**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Limehouse**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **Colin Newman/The The/Five Or Six**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **A Blue Condition/The Motivators**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Margaret St) Xclusive: **Ray Shell & The Street Angels**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jass Babies**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead/Tank**
Nottingham Browne's Wine Bar: **Chas & Dave**
Oxford Scamps: **Play Dead**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Slade/Vardis**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **David Essex**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Mike Harding**
Watford Bailey's: **The Four Tops (for a week)**

tuesday 23rd

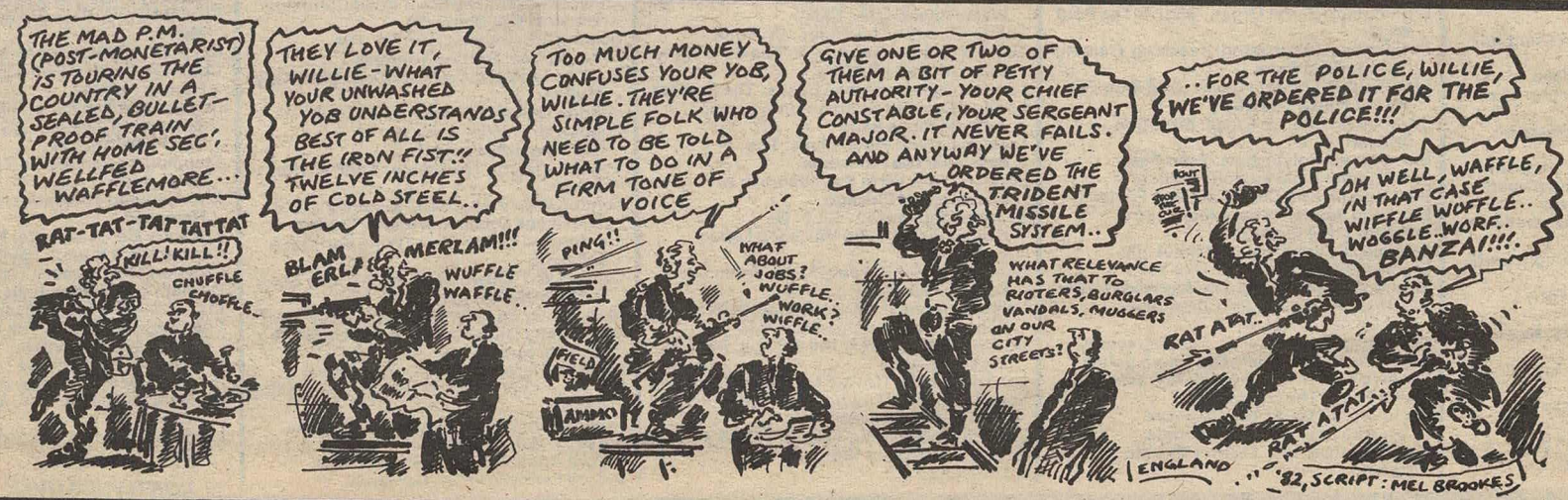
Pete Shelley: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Waso**
Brighton Centre: **Slade/Vardis**
Bristol Civil Service Club: **Chas & Dave**
Bristol Locarno: **Haircut 100**
Burnley Centrespot: **The Insane/Blitzkrieg/Living Dead**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Mean Street/Zanti Misfits/Rivington Spyke**
Chester Edwardians Wine Bar: **Stun The Guards**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Secret Affair**
Coventry Guy's: **B-Movie**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Pigbag**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Breakaway**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Stingrays**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **All The Rage**
Grimsby Community Centre: **The Business**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **The Jam/Rudi**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Icicle Works**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaries**
London Brentford Red Lion: **C.C. Rockhouse & The Cockroaches**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Miles Over Matter**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sportster/The Critics**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hectic Speak/These Bridges/Survivors**
London Deptford Albany Theatre: **The Blockheads/Carol Grimes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Streetwalkers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Onlookers/London Secret**
London Fulham Kings Heads: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Rimshots**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Feelers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
London Marquee: **The Wall**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Future Tents**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Outcasts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **3.P. Sweet**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band/Darting Tongues**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tilt/The Firm**
London W1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **The Lines**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **XTC**
Manchester Band On The wall: **This**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead/Tank**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **David Essex**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Southampton Solent Suite: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Blancmange**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Dubliners**

wednesday 24th

Stiff Little Fingers: London

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Photographic Memories**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Fear Of Fying/Impulse**
Basildon Racquels's: **Chas & Dave**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Vardis/Rockin Horse**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head; **Roses**
Brighton Top Rank: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Burnley Football Club: **The Insane**
Cambridge The Racehorse: **The Agents**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Innervision/Monolith**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Risky Zips**
Exeter Tiffany's: **Black Roots**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **David Essex**
Kirklevington Country Club: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Judie Tzuke**
Liverpool (Woolton) Coach & Horses: **The Chase**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **Stiff Little Fingers**
London Battersea Art Centre: **Joe Stead's Culture Night**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Merseybeats**
London Camden Dingwalls: **OK Jive/Orcheste Jazira**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Jukes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dads**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The White Brothers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm/Sweet Substitute**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stampede/Challenger**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Mike Cooper/Duck Baker**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Rackets/People In Films**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The London Apaches**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **I**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Holly Beth Vincent**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Never Art**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **La Hooker**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip Shop Show**
London Stratford Green Man: **Ghost**
London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Battle Of The Bands Final with Mezzaforte / Private I.D. / Thin End Of The Wedge / The Crack / Shoot The Moon and guests Dollar**
London Victoria The Venue: **Robyn Hitchcock Band / The DB's / Motor Boys Motor**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Watts Noys / The Blind Venetians**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Lee Kosmin**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Design For Living / Native Hipsters / The Anonymous Sisters**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Ray Shields Combined Services Orchestra**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead / Tank**
Nottingham Black Boy: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Situations Vacant**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Breakfast Band**
Stirling Avante-Garde Club: **The Higsons**
Swansea Top Rank: **Haircut 100**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **John & The Vanderband**


Not Only Rock And Roll Lowry
THE MAD P.M. (POST-MONETARIST) IS TOURING THE COUNTRY IN A SEALED, BULLET-PROOF TRAIN WITH HOME SEC', WELLFED WAFFLEMORE...
THEY LOVE IT, WILLIE - WHAT YOUR UNWASHED YOB UNDERSTANDS BEST OF ALL IS THE IRON FIST!! TWELVE INCHES OF COLD STEEL..
TOO MUCH MONEY CONFUSES YOUR YOB, WILLIE. THEY'RE SIMPLE FOLK WHO NEED TO BE TOLD WHAT TO DO IN A FIRM TONE OF VOICE
GIVE ONE OR TWO OF THEM A BIT OF PETTY AUTHORITY - YOUR CHIEF CONSTABLE, YOUR SERGEANT MAJOR. IT NEVER FAILS. AND ANYWAY WE'VE ORDERED THE TRIDENT MISSILE SYSTEM..
..FOR THE POLICE, WILLIE, WE'VE ORDERED IT FOR THE POLICE!!!
RAT-TAT-TAT TAT TAT
KILL! KILL!!
CHUFFLE CHOFFLE..
BLAM ERLP
MERLAM!!!
WUFFLE WAFFLE..
PING!!
FIELD
AMMO
WHAT ABOUT JOBS? WUFFLE.. WORK? WIFFLE..
WHAT RELEVANCE HAS THAT TO RIOTERS, BURGLARS VANDALS, MUGGERS ON OUR CITY STREETS?
OH WELL, WAFFLE, IN THAT CASE WIFFLE WOFFLE.. WOGGLE..WORF.. BANZAI!!!
RAT A TAT..
RAT A TAT..
ENGLAND
'82, SCRIPT: MEL BROOKES
Lowry Not Only Rock And Roll

TOUR NEWS

Quo openers in Belfast

STATUS QUO precede their previously reported British tour (opening April 23) by playing six concerts in Ireland — and these will mark the first appearances of the band's new member, ex-Original Mirrors drummer Pete Kircher. The Irish schedule culminates in two nights in Belfast at the Antrim Forum on April 19 and 20, for which tickets are available from next Monday at the venue box-office and at Harrison's of Belfast. Meanwhile, Quo's first single of 1982 is released by Vertigo this weekend — titled 'Dear John', it's lifted from their upcoming album '1982'.

Th. of Hate extra

THEATRE OF HATE have slotted another date into their current British tour schedule — at Coventry Polytechnic on Tuesday, March 30 — and this is expected to be the final addition, as they are then off to Europe.

☐ **QUEEN IDA & Her Bon Temps Zydeco Band** have had their gig at London Victoria The Venue re-scheduled for Easter Saturday, April 10. This replaces the date on Wednesday last week (March 10), which was postponed because of the London Transport strike.

☐ **THIN LIZZY** are not playing any UK concerts at the end of this month, despite the half-dozen dates you may have seen last week in another publication, whose name escapes us. In fact, these dates were announced on Monday of last week, then cancelled without explanation the following day.

☐ **B-MOVIE** have added a few more dates to their tour schedule, reported three weeks ago — at Leicester Horsefair (tonight, Thursday), Coventry Guy's (March 23) and Birmingham Romeo & Juliets (24). Their show at Manchester Polytechnic, originally planned for tonight, moves to this Saturday (20).

☐ **COLIN NEWMAN** of Wire, whose solo album 'Not To' (on 4A.D. Records) is figuring strongly in the indie charts, plays his first and only promotional date at London Victoria The Venue on March 22.

☐ **SECOND IMAGE** have added further dates to their on-going tour at Birmingham Carlton Club (March 27), Southampton Top Rank (April 6), Brighton Sherrys (20) and Oxford Blades (23).

☐ **DIAMOND HEAD** are going on the road to promote their 'Four Cuts' EP, issued through MCA on April 2. They headline at Edinburgh Caley Hall (March 25), Manchester Free Tade Hall (26), Hinckley Leisure Centre (27), Gravesend Woodville Hall (28), Oxford Blades (29), Bristol Granary (30), Colwyn Bay Pier (31), Newcastle Mayfair (April 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (3), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (4), Swindon Brunel Rooms (5), London Peckham Bouncing Ball (8), Mansfield Leisure Centre (9) and Newtown Halfren Theatre (10).

☐ **TONI BASIL**, whose single 'Mickey' and album 'World Of Mouth' have rocketed her to stardom, is now back in the States — but expects to return here in the autumn for live appearances. Talks are already under way, with a view to her touring with a full production show — and she would also film another TV special in this country.

☐ **BLUE ZOO**, currently recording their follow-up single to 'Love Moves In Strange Ways' with producer Paul Hardiman (Kate Bush's producer), have a major London date at the Barracuda in Baker Street on Monday, March 29.

☐ **BLACKFOOT** have added another date to their extensive UK tour next month, at Bradford St. George's Hall on April 26. All tickets are £4, and they go on sale this Saturday.

☐ **POOKIESNACKENBURGER** have added another four London dates to their one-nighter series. The busking kings are at University College (tomorrow, Friday), Kensington Imperial College (March 23), Islington Empress of Russia (25) and Islington Almeida Theatre (April 2).

ELTON GOES WORLDWIDE

ELTON JOHN opened his world tour in New Zealand last week, and his travels will subsequently take him through the Far East, Europe and North America. The official word is that "there are no confirmed UK dates for him yet, but it's likely he will play here in the autumn". *NME* has already reported plans for him to undertake a full British tour in November and December, culminating in a string of pre-Christmas shows at London Hammersmith Odeon.

STOP PRESS: LATE RECORD NEWS

■ **Do It Records, who recently released the ADAM & THE ANTS 'Ant Music' EP, are bringing out a picture disc titled 'The B Sides' in a limited edition of 10,000 copies — it features 'Friends', 'Kick' and 'Physical', and will be available from March 26. From the same label comes a four-track EP called 'Tightrope' by EVEREST THE HARD WAY in both 7" and 12" formats.**

■ **UK SUBS have their album 'Endangered Species' released by Nems Records this weekend, with distribution by Stage One. Tour dates are being lined up for the band and will be announced shortly.**

JAP POP

FROM PAGE 19

Of Folks' after the 1936 Berlin Olympics, consists of his versions of Japanese mainstream hits; like European Schlager music, the Japanese version oozes ersatz sentiment, and in tackling it, Koichi ironically and gleefully attempts to reinvest some real emotion. The results are alternately fascinating and grossly funny, something like electronic pop applied to Tyrolean mountain songs.

"I am interested in exploring this new combination of traditional hit songs and techno pop," Koichi explains, "because it is different from rock and western music. It came from Korea or our traditional folk songs. But nowadays these musicians are using synthesizers and Yellow Magic Orchestra style phrases and some even play songs of YMO."

He's aware of the risk involved in extolling a National form under present conditions in Japan.

"You have to be careful that the Nationalists don't take an interest in your interest in Japanese culture," he agrees. "Today it's not so important to insist on a Japanese culture, but 10 years ago it was helpful and beautiful to take an interest. At that time we were losing our identity. It was the peak of our economic recovery and we accepted every other culture from Europe and America. We needed a movement back to Japan, but now the whole society is swinging back to the Right, towards the Nationalists, and you have to be more cautious."

I would worry, but Koichi doesn't appear to be a man who is easily swayed from his fiercely individual line. He seems more imbued with a spirit to resist than to surrender.

Composed and self-assured, his face reveals only as much as he wants to let on, but he's nevertheless more impish than imposing. Live he apparently incorporates his basic mime training into Hikashu's performances. To prove he's not kidding he does a perfectly good impression of a tree being felled, crashing to the hotel floor on his back without flinching, not once but thrice so that Peter Anderson can catch it on film.

It's been said before, and we'll say it again: falling over gets you accepted in *NME*.

IN CONTRAST to Koichi Makigami's fresh face mask, Lizard's leader Momoyo peers furtively through a curtain of long, lank black hair. If he's not consumed by a fatal illness, he'd probably like to be, and he's content anyway to give off a faintly rotting aura. He must've perfected The Look through all those years spent underground.

Momoyo is a survivor of the '60s, brought up on psychedelia's first and most potent flowering, but has no interest in reviving that spirit today.

"I don't listen to this second psychedelic era," he insists. "Only Joy Division . . ."

Translator Haruko elucidates: "In Japan we feel an affinity with that music of Joy Division — do you know another meaning for wet? Sensitive? We Japanese are quite sensitive and if you get familiar with our culture you will learn that we hate sunshine, but in a symbolic way. We are drawn to the melancholy and dark . . . and in Joy Division we find a similar spirit . . ."

Momoyo darts back 2000 years to dig up an example: "From the ruins of that era a clay doll was found in the North of Japan. It wore some sort of glasses, and through this slit it viewed the world. So even back then they could not see the sunshine . . . We could give you some more examples . . ."

No thanks, that'll do. Momoyo led Lizard through dark, violently beautiful permutations that paralleled the developments of Can or Velvet Underground without directly drawing upon them. He puts similarities down to like sources. Lizard digested the Japanese Dada equivalent Mavo, applied its disruptive mechanism to their own time. Mavo reflected a society in a state of decay, a society that had ripened for 200 years (of the Edo period) away from the gaze of the West and when it finally opened its doors to the world (circa 1860), it was too spent to resist the foreign influx.

Hence the easing of rigorous social codes, the acceptance of soft Western ways and the courting of the Cardin Look, as Mishima calls it. The decline sparked the fierce nationalist backlashes that have peppered post-Edo Japanese culture.

Momoyo fuels Lizard and, his solo work, on the energy siphoned off from the fermenting garbage left behind in the clash of the present, emotionally arid technological age, and the past, perhaps over-ripe traditions. His willingness to roll in the dirt of Japan isn't in itself necessarily smart, but his ability to make sense of it all is invaluable in light of his contemporaries' refusal to soil their commercial prospects by scratching the gleaming surface of the modern world.

"Energy is good; lethargy is evil . . ." (*Mishima*)

FOR THE MOST part looking to learn anything about Japan in its pampered modern music is pointless. You'd be much better off going to see a movie by '60s *Enfants Terribles* like Nagisa Oshima, whose films have persistently probed and prodded the contradictions of living in Japan today, touching all its most sensitive areas and challenging the hypocrisies of its assumed modernism and humanism:

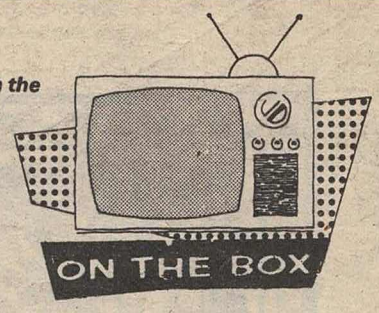
Its inherent racism and ritual cruelty in *Death By Hanging;* the wearing, subtle repression of the family hierarchy in *Ceremony;* the sexual tensions bristling beneath the smooth skin of the bourgeoisie in *Diary Of A Shinjuku Thief* which blossom into the ultimately destructive, all-consuming sexual passions of the gangster couple in *Empire Of The Senses*. But perhaps best of all in the gentle, heartbreaking *Boy* in which he tells of a nomadic family of misfits unable to find a place in the hierarchy, who make a living by getting their nine-year-old boy to fake being run over, in order to blackmail drivers.

The boy's child-dreams of comfort and security are continually crushed by the everyday needs of his family, but a combination of loyalty and inter-dependence prevent him running away. They are eventually caught and the boy is taken into care. Based on a newspaper article, the film was made in 1969, meaning the boy would be 22 today.

Now if he were in a group, his would be the one I'd like to hear.

Special thanks to Haruko Minakami — translator and guide.

IAN PENMAN finks on the boob toob movies.



Friday March 19

The Arsenal Stadium Mystery (Thorold Dickinson 1939). No mystery about Wembley Stadium last Saturday though, eh Adrian??!! Highbury the setting — how'd you guess? — as Arsenal take on a team of amateurs for charity. The Trojans' best striker is the cadaver. The suspect list is of Aggie Christie proportions. Obviously worth a look. **(ITV Thames)**

Hannie Caulder (Burt Kennedy 1971). Raquel Welch and Diana Dors compare acting skills in this crumby Western revenge joblot. Could be one of those so-bad-they're-watchable-if-you're-pissed-enough losers. **(BBC1)**

Saturday March 20

Father Of The Bride (Vincente Minnelli 1950). Lavish '50s (just) commercial cinema with Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett and Liz Taylor. Good Saturday afternoon movie. **(BBC2)**

Panther Panchali (Satyajit Ray 1956). The film which established Ray — good old Ray —and stirred up a sensation at the time of its release because of its largely non-pro actors. **(BBC2)**

Sunday March 21

The Bulldog Breed (Robert Asher 1961). Norman Wisdom vehicle which can't be entirely bad, and possibly very good — with the customary lengthy castlist for these Sunday afternoon '60s comedies: Liz Frazer, Oliver Reed, Michael Craig, John Le Mesurier . . . Can't be more boring than last week's *The Cruel Sea*. **(BBC1)**

Logan's Run (Michael Anderson 1976). Piece of futuristic crap with Michael York (cringe), Farrah Fawcett Majors (cringe), Jenny Agutter (you can do better than this, dear), Richard Jordan (Richard, oh Richard!!! You've broken my heart after *The Yazuka* and *Friends Of Eddie Coyle*. I know the bucks have to come in, but . . .) **(BBC1)**

Winter Kills (William Richert 1979). Depending on which critique you peruse, this is either one of the most embarrassing misdemeanours of all time, or a weird and worthy curio. The cast list alone insures some kind of morbid interest: Jeff Bridges, John Huston, Anthony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune ("Japan's answer to Steve McQueen" — Monty Smith, in his *Actors I Have Compared to Steve McQueen, Volume 11, Liars Du Cinema, Edition 25*) and Liz Taylor, amongst many. **(BBC2)**

Monday March 23

Alice Adams (George Stevens 1935). So-so small town American love story, made utterly unmissable by presence of . . . sigh . . . Katharine Hepburn. **(BBC2)**

The Card (Ronald Neame 1952). Alec Guinness heads cast (which also includes Petula Clark and Glynis Johns) in an Eric Ambler adaptation of an Arnold Bennett novel, tracing the social soaring of a young Potteries lad in the late 19th century. **(ITV Thames)**

Tuesday March 24

The African Queen (John Huston 1952). Drunken ruffian Humphrey Bogart finds himself falling slowly, madly in love with Katharine Hepburn. I can understand that, the lucky sot. Oscar for Bogart, bliss for me. **(BBC2)**

LIVE ADS

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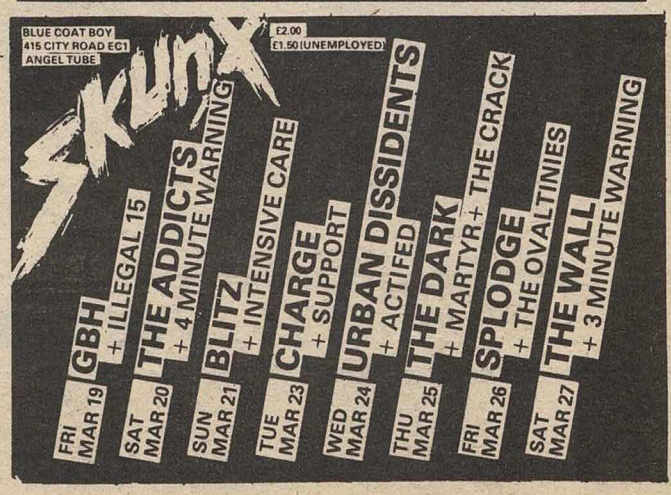
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SUN MAR 21 BLITZ + INTENSIVE CARE
TUE MAR 23 CHARGE + SUPPORT
WED MAR 24 URBAN DISSIDENTS + ACTIFED
THU MAR 25 THE DARK + MARTYR + THE CRACK
FRI MAR 26 SPLODGE + THE OVALTINIES
SAT MAR 27 THE WALL + 3 MINUTE WARNING

'HEAR NO EVIL.' GEORGE HARDIE.

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LIVE!

THE JAM

Fair Deal

"See me walking around — I'm the boy about town that you've heard of . . .

THE JAM are The Gift, the fair deal from heaven, because, even if they do nothing else, they FIT. At the beginning of their career they had the mark of a group, especially of a Polydor "new wave" group, that would quickly be forgotten. The mod image looked dubious and the then pro-Tory politics rankled without actually disturbing.

But in fact mod turned out to be the perfect start — its social ambiguity gave them a diffident, lower-middle-classless distance from the sweat and stupor of things like punk and heavy metal. Weller used mod as a perspective rather than an engrossing style, as a fan rather than a champion. True, The Jam could play The Who's 'Much Too Much' with more confidence and dynamism than The Who themselves ever mustered, but Weller was no mere revivalist. Before he could even be sure of his musical bearings, the mantle of working-class hero had been placed on his shoulders, and The Jam were all of a sudden filling the gap between punk's irresponsible glee and rock's sedated sleepwalk. To this day Weller has never sold out mod, never pensioned it off; his elevation to the status of hero enabled him simply to ignore the rapid rise and fall of its official revival.

The Jam's solid entrenchment in the Sixties is a crucial part of their success and it works because they adapt r'n'b for an audience that knows little about the original music. Weller's open perspective allows him to draw into his songs whatever trademarks seem appropriate for individual themes without slavishly reproducing them. As he can phrase it to this day — with reference to both the funk of 'Precious' and the Motown bass lift of 'Town Called Malice' — *"Take a pinch of white and a pinch of black/Mix it together and make a movin' flavour . . ."*

"Pinch" is the key word, for by "pinching" the '60s and its endless memories, The Jam have somehow attracted vast legions of the disaffected, the non-aligned, and the nobodies, who flock to Weller because no one style confines him and because he has not been "corrupted" by his fame. When he inherited Townshend's guitar techniques, he also took on the man's neurotic sense of responsibility.

A Jam gig is thus a fairly joyless spectacle. The Lonsdale sweatshirts are eloquent symbols of its rigour and sobriety: what we are really witnessing is a gymnasium of exhortation. Weller never preaches, but he never *sings* either. Where the Stones made up for not being black by being camp, The Who and The Jam strip r'n'b of its soul and sexuality. By using it as a basis for social anthems, they kill off the humour and narcissism of its live performance.

With a banner proclaiming the legend "Trans-Global Unity Express" pinned above them, there was a fine irony in the almost total absence of non-white faces in the audience. But The Jam's *is* a definitively white, unsensual sound, and not simply because Buckler's drums are a battery blam bam pickup job. No, the real reason is Weller's voice. The words he sings are never integrated into the overall sound; they exist *outside* the engine-room of rhythm because they are not born of musical instincts in the first place. Every emotion, every potential inflexion, is thrown out with the same aggressive urgency — so that a great song like 'Happy Together' carries exactly the same degree of imploring and *hopefulness* as an ephemeral fling like 'Precious'.

The problem is that too many Jam fans are constantly looking to Weller to *speak* to them, to somehow explain them. A Jam audience really *works* for its heroes, chanting for encores like possessed football supporters and loving themselves in their benevolently assigned mass identity. It's irrelevant to them that 'A Town Called Malice' is just a case of Madness meet the Four Tops down in the tube station at midnight, because Weller is *the* authority, *the* figurehead against which we are all of us matched and judged wanting.

On 'The Gift' Weller's confusion under the burden of this responsibility is almost pathetic. He can conclude 'Precious' with the confession that *"I feel trapped in sorrow/In this imagery"*, and then immediately plunge into 'Just Who Is The 5 O'Clock Hero?' with *'Hello darlin' — I'm home again/Covered in shit and aches and pains"* — and both sung in precisely the same cockney monotone!

What one feels most powerfully at a Jam gig is Well straining to keep up with the expectations and assumptions which have been forced on him. His every movement is a genuflection of rhetorical presence — his torso muscling into his guitar, his neck thrusting out at the mike as if it would throw the whole of Paul Weller at the heart of his audience.

Bruce Foxton is of course the perfect complement to this bursting charisma: everything about him, from his early 70's ex-skin brushtop to his hideous skyblue suit, is plain *naff*.

At the Fair Deal The Jam made it clear just how extensively they are prepared to compress their manifold sources in the service of social conscience. As if 'Heat Wave' weren't enough, amazingly flatulent versions of 'Fever' and 'Hit The Road Jack' forced the point home. A handful of really exciting numbers — like 'Funeral Pyre' and 'Private Hell' — stood out from a predominantly safe and "assured" set, but they were few and far between. Weller even felt obliged to advise us that the two new "important" songs — presumably the ones we should be studying and learning — were 'The Gift' and 'Trans-Global Express'.

Paul Weller no longer challenges anything, he simply fits the bill, meets the demand for a certain sanity with the contrived authority of his voice and its equalised emphases. As Richard Cook said, or at least implied, the sheep that are buying 'The Gift' are the very people who should be listening to The Fall.

As they stand at present, The Jam are a strident summation of traditional pop forms and archaic rock attitudes, the pivotal point of white youth culture. Weller himself sits so neatly between the messiah Joe Strummer and the craftsman Elvis Costello it's unreal — yet he touches neither of their heights.

What is more bewildering still is how he manages year after year to ignore the extreme conservatism of his fans, instead actually going to the condescending lengths of thanking them in full page ads for their undying "trust and loyalty" . . .

"I believe in life — and I believe in love

But the world which I live in — keeps trying to prove me wrong."

— and what you give is what you get!

Barney Hoskyns

THE GIFT OF UNSOUND VISION

White man's burden. Paul Weller pic: Peter Anderson

LIVE!

EARTH WIND AND FIRE

Wembley

SUMMON UP the spirit of Busby Berkeley, put Cecil B. De Mille behind the foghorn and call in Steven Spielberg as technical adviser and you have some idea of what the opening five minutes of lasers and lighting effects, smokebombs, choreography, trapdoors and stage space invaders are like — a close encounter at the top of showbusiness' sugarloaf mountain.

Earth Wind and Fire music has so much sky punching ecstasy, so much joy, so much colour, so many cascades of clarity, so much heat, so many spine tingling moments, so much sheer brilliance, so much magic, so, so . . . So you get lost in music and lost for words, so . . . So let's go over the top. Let's go RIGHT over the top.

Earth Wind and Fire don't mess about, this is mega-style entertainment with all the stops pulled out. Where do you start? But with the dawn of creation itself. Where else? An alien harbinger of doom and darkness is gradually shunted off the stage by a succession of FX — a luminous greenball whizzes onto the dark virgin terrain, a phoenix rises on the laser screen, smoke bombs go off all around the stage, the drummer appears behind his kit from out of the ground, the shape on the screen reshapes itself into the letters EARTH WIND AND FIRE and there they are, the other thirteen of them beaming smiles as bright as their sequinned trousers as they shoe shuffle smartly to their positions and into an unbeatable opening thrust of the tightest rhythms, the smartest horns and the most majestic straightforward singing that's likely to grace a London stage this year.

Vocalists Maur-eece White and Philip Bailey lead the group through a spectacle which takes everything to extremes — the clothes, the 14-piece funk orchestra, the presentation and the £2 programme. The music, except for an appalling lapse of taste which threatened to bring the show into a bottomless pit halfway through, has this same exaggerated and multilayered quality but at its best all the pieces fit snug as a bug in a rug and it's a gigantic, perfectly proportioned sound. They blaze through the opening foray in swaggering fettle. With the breath of a dragon and the lungs of a lion the huge hit machine tosses garlands like 'Fantasy' (bloody awesome!) high up into the 30th row to the nonstop weekend funkateers. From 'Star' to 'In The Stone' and back it's an unstoppable celebration, popping champagne corks and pumping out life affirming blasts — a triumph of spirit and force.

EW&F break protocol in the gross platinum overkill stakes. It's a carnival or a circus — you bounce high up on the trampolines, get light headed and lose your stomach on the big dipper — they never lose their sense of fun or wonder.

I could have done with more flash and dazzle — the illusionist and levitation they brought over last year f'rinstance — but instead of high spectacle we get a half hour period in the middle when it seems the group stop playing songs, and starting with a solo squeaky synth work-out they polish off their individual egos. It's one thing having all the ace cards, it's another knowing when to play them.

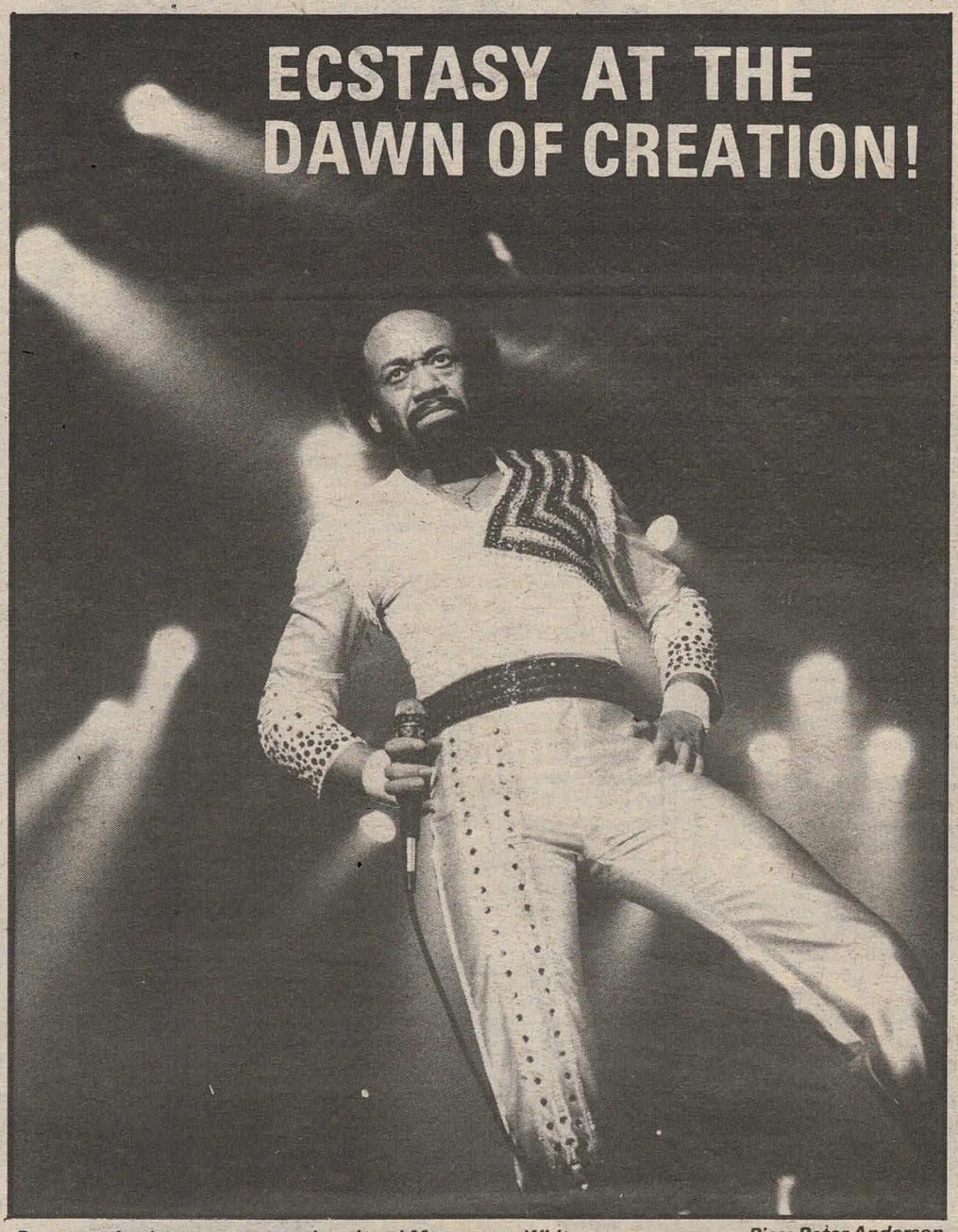
Still the close was beyond criticism, without comparison — marvellously paced and executed with genius. The conceit gets ridiculous — amidst a maze of holograms White faces the dark intruder who opened the show once again, this time for a fight to the death. heaven and hell open and the beast is swallowed up. The music provides the ultimate victory careering forward in a polishing of the *collective* ego the audience ride on the crest of crashing waves and glorious dancing fanfares.

Indelibly stamped with so many memories, so many good times, the multi coloured extravaganza hits peak after peak with 'September' and 'Boogie Wonderland'. The enthusiasm is inexhaustible and totally irresistible. If you don't go with the flow you'll be knocked over, if you don't feel the force then you should get your Central Nervous System checked out; either way it's total submission, the ultimate in jubilation.

When Maaar-eeece goes to the side of the stage and cocks his head towards the audience in a schoolmarm exclamatory teaser, "So y'all lahke to groohave?" wary as I am of such tedious inquisition the answer from press row number three just had to be a resounding "Yeah" and with the insurmountable 'Let's Groove' making its entrance it was up, up, up to unthought of heights.

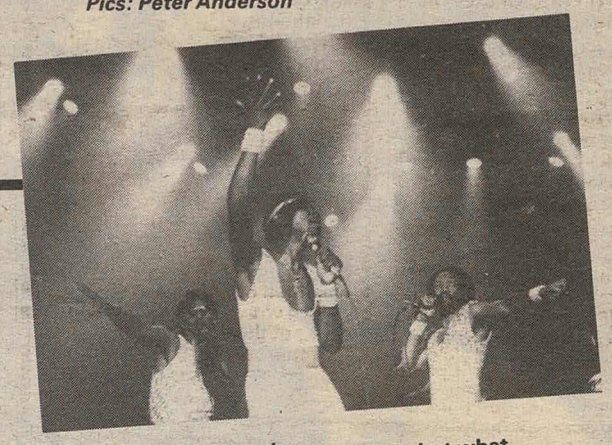
Earth Wind and Fire had gone so high that it didn't feel like we were ever going to come down. You leave the auditorium with a fist clenched, a window breaking smile on the face and a memory you'll never forget. That's entertainment. That's quite something else.

Gavin Martin



Pay attention in press row number three! Maar-eeece White, ruler of a boogie wonderland

Pics: Peter Anderson



TERMINAL ROMANCE

PETE SHELLEY

Derby

I DON'T know what it is, I'm thinking Pete Shelley inspires affection. The Blue Note was full, partly because it's a comfortable club — except when the DJ plays with the stroboscope like he's just found a new toy — and because genuinely people like Pete Shelley. Me, too.

Elements of the determinedly individual, personal, subjective 'Homosapien' LP reminded me of John Cale's 'Vintage Violence' and 'Rubber Soul' / 'Revolver' Lennon songs; the melodies are neither so lush nor so wild, but the tones are similar. Keats' thing of beauty is a joy forever.

The different surface is that Pete Shelley's voice is more of a whine, a prod and a poke to make you squirm occasionally, though live he's much smoother. He's accompanied by drums, Steve Garvey's electric bass, his own 12-string guitars, and more importantly, in theory, by an eight-track tape machine. In theory, because in actual practice he made significantly limited use of it, other than as an additional pulse-beat, and for vocal harmonies with himself.

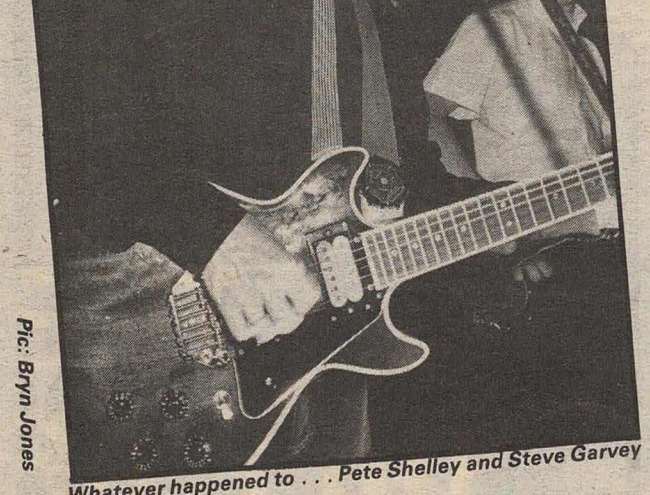
Despite refusing to acquiesce to requests for 'What Do I Get?' — resisting the supreme folly of pandering to any audience, (Pete Shelley is not under threat) — he played a conservative set all the same. Most of the 'Homosapien' LP — the song he began and ended with — plus 'Fictionromance' and 'Something's Gone Wrong Again'. It wasn't the choices, it was the execution. The malpractice, not the theory. It sounded conservative because the tight tucking-up of any loose ends which might have fallen out into a straightforward wedge of sound was often teetering on the brink of textural boredom. Of emotional fluid congealing into aural sludge. Though when he tells a story and dedicates 'Pusher Man' "to the road crew" and the sound packs up for a while, he laughs loudest. He's relaxed.

'Guess I Must Have Been In Love With Myself' and 'Just One Of Those Affairs' are the best post-Buzzcocks Pete Shelley — vulgar vignettes from the real nitty gritty nooks and crannies of his 'character'. Like all authentic Romantics — and unlike the too fragile to fuck spokesmen-for-their-age — Pete Shelley can be VULGAR and human(e) when he wants to be, which is most of the time — *"Me and you sir, Homosapien too"* — happily able to put his finger on those dents and bumps of the psyche.

But the rub is, terminal Romantics tend to innovate once and for all, if at all, before stasis sets in; not inevitably, but what happened by the time he got around to 'Qu'est-Ce Que C'est Que Ca'. Answering his own perfect question with 'Something's Gone Wrong Again'. Why? Because a thing of beauty is a joy forever — and like the high-tech-through-the-ages clutter of the 'from pyramids to computers' cover of 'Homosapien', it stresses continuity, but can't resist resigning itself to the unlikelihood of movement, as in, er, development. Something's gone wrong again and, *"I never escaped it"*.

But like it? Enjoy it? Of course, I loved those moments. Me and you sir, homosapien too, I'm sure.

Mark Cordery



Pic: Bryn Jones

Whatever happened to . . . Pete Shelley and Steve Garvey

TUXEDOMOON
PINKSI ZOO

Venue

I REALLY want to like Pinski Zoo more than I do, just now. A second viewing of their living music again showed a misfiring on crucial cylinders: the percussion and drums conflicting and seriously lumpen at points when a straight KO is called for, Steve Iliffe's piano insufficient in support for Jan Kopinski, a short-fuse tenorman who comes in like a wrathful behemoth and tends to let the fire splutter out.

There are impressions sketched in a coarse bluenote inflexion on their record that in this situation get minced by trying too hard. Pinski need to rethink their chops to suit a sterner live climate.

Coming after that blustery rough-housing, Tuxedomoon's unflinching austerity seemed like a cordial with very bitter ingredients. Times are tough for the 'Moon. With Blaine Reininger scarecely recovered from an assault that left him with a broken hand (not exactly helpful for a violin player) their equipment was also filched shortly after their arrival here. That they made anything at all of the opportunity to play was something; that they drew the filaments of their recital with such fine metallic richness was little short of incredible.

The gothic strands of Tuxedomoon might blanket them with adjectives of doom, but in truth a siren of misfortune seems to sing at the apex of their best songs: an alluring sweetness tempers the cutting edge of 'East' or 'Again'. The dashing Reininger's electric violin dictates a spare flamboyance that looks out a sinewy rapture without submitting to the fool's paradise of sentiment. Matched with Steve Brown's acidly clear soprano sax on a Spanish song the upper frequencies ran across Catalonian fantasies in a positively bewitching moment.

Old Europe seems to imbue much of what Tuxedomoon do, though it is the elegance rather than the decadence which they seek to employ. Perhaps Winston Tong's occasional vocals were a slightly unbalanced intrusion — no matter, really. Tuxedomoon value a human element to offset the ominous ticking of their drum machines and assorted synthetics. They are an oddly affecting troupe to watch. Reininger's debonair approach and Tong's ambling mischief lent little lightness to a truly melancholic industry.

A performance patched from ideas deeply tristful or just deep: sometimes a little too abstracted or blocked by a clouded isolation. Tuxedomoon portray an unhappiness free from whining negativity. For that alone they are remarkable. I thought it appropriate to walk home in the rain, a sadder but rewarded man.

Richard Cook

LIVE!

WILD DREAMS OF CLOCKS AND CUBES

THE BOX
CHAKK

Sheffield

THE BOX, another offshoot from a different Clock. The DVA ideal dead and buried and the name left with an old style no style funkateer jazz aspirant spiralling towards the big money status strife. While Adi Newton, instigator of the late great Clock DVA, hitches a lift to the tip top one hundred haircuts with Polydor, The Box start right HERE!!

The Marples Club is an entrepreneurial delight. Aided by scores of willing but jobless youngsters, Marcus Featherby has gradually converted a back-street room above a seedier pub into a very useful little club. At times it resembles a retired punks' resting place but tonight it's the spot the toy town pop star and his bunch of crony liggers night.

Chakk are a Birthday Party in the bush of ghosts. They wander a little too aimlessly for comfort. A voice spitting strangulated over an aggressive rhythmically tumultuous backdrop. "MOUTH WIDE OPEN!" howls the bringer of doom.

Chakk need to harness their power, reject the surplus slut of ideas, the instrumental glut that perpetrates this moody funkster ratio.

Charlie Collins' saxophone introduces The Box's live debut. A subtle trance suggestive tone trap, a chance meeting belying the intensity of damaged dance attack that assaults the ear only a few seconds later. I can't hear the bass. Turn the bass up. The bass is turned up. A rapid recovery from the initial setback and The Box bite! An atonal discordant hybrid pop. It's as easy as ABC but . . . .

The Box are Frenzy. Speed kills the contort yourself sound saxed up high. It takes some getting used to. Widger's guitar scratches and screeches, destroys nerve ends, slips and slants through and along the layers of Box music. Guitar and sax solo together (solo together?) on Hazard (rules your movement), cymbals crash and the instruments clash in sinful chaos. It's definitely going to take some getting used to.

Mal, a hired rhythmic voice box from Cabaret Voltaire, incorporates the intensity of Mark Stewart and Mick Jagger's pout to twist and shout, clamour and pout. The music is so frenetic, it must be incredibly difficult to sing to. Mal doesn't even try. The voice is just another instrument, now playing on the crest of well textured fire and now lost in layered hysteria.

The Box are all about FEEL. Feel the grating sand paper guitar corrode and grind. Feel the lunatic silhouette drum machine shoot the pump. Feel the rhythmic voice shoutover feel. Feel the wicked saxophone cackle. Can you feel the bass?

The Box didn't do an encore and the audience were too stunned to ask for one.

The Box are in a world beyond good and evil. They've existed before but only in The Pop Group's wildest dreams. Without manufacturing anything they've created the beginnings of a sensuous essential pop dance.

As a wise old box once said: "It's not the way it holds together . . . it's the way it falls apart."

Amrik Rai

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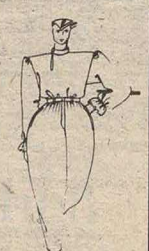

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LIVE!

GNASHING AND WAILING

THE BITING TONGUES

Beet Bop Club

Look up in anguish .. Biting Tongues *Pic: David Corio*

THERE'S not much I can add to Gavin Martin's recent rude remarks about the Beet Bop's pathetic populus; except that they are maybe even worse than he described them. Say "sorry" in here for spilling someone's drink, and they either glare at you like you're some passing leper, or take it as their cue for the kind of clever-dickhead humour that puts pleasant people right off going to art school.

The level of organisation in this slummer's shrine reaches similar depths to the sociability of its patrons. A state of confusion apparently caused by the attendance of a London Weekend Television film crew (gathering footage, I'm told for a 20th Century Box programme about the 'New Jazz Scene'; hours of fun await you, Danny Baker) causes nothing at all to happen for nearly two hours, except that Gorp tune up; "really good", announced some pillock. Laugh? I nearly caused a flood.

And, Lo! Gorp did play. A stumbling muddle of suits, stubble and silly beards, Gorp took some eager stabs at improvisation. They do have *some* idea. Using backbeat, saxophones and voice, they at least acknowledge that people are stirred by a beat and moved by a tune. No doubt this condemns them as screaming reactionaries. Compared to what came next, though, Gorp are the Second Coming.

I am one of those hopeless straights who can't see why two bricks on a cushion is a Work Of Art. Two old bricks on a cushion can, however, be relied upon to keep quiet, and hence are vastly preferable to the dismal jumble of screeching noises, tortuous groans and can-thumping which Sulphur Of Lions (amazing name, chaps) preciously trotted out. Furthermore, enigmatic hopping beneath a Terry Hall haircut does not in itself count as subversive individuality, or similar drivel, in any way at all. The real purpose of Sulphur Of Lions is to be heard making smart remarks in posh voices, *after* they've finished their set: "they just didn't know how to take us, did they Crispin." Insignificant twerps to a man.

Camera subjects and main attractions are New Hormones outfit The Biting Tongues. At last, something I could relate to. Why, only this morning, I myself was stumbling about making angry noises with kitchen utensils. I conceptualise this process as the 'Scrambled Eggs And Coffee Notion'. It *is* deeply satisfying, but I generally keep it to myself.

By now the place is packed with preening 'drop-outs' and maybe some of them noticed that with a bit of unfashionable self-discipline and *purpose*, Biting Tongues could make a decent disc or two. (I *was* a *bit* unkind back there). Alas, though, their impact was rather diminished by their anguished vocalist not noticing that his microphone didn't work. And the dense percussive weave they sought was severely disrupted by the sheer confusion wrought by all that spontaneous instrument juggling.

What can it mean? No doubt certain Beet Bop clientele imagine that their ritual hanging out in hovels indicates a thorough rejection of conventional behaviour. I'd say that the practice of reverse social-climbing is, and always has been, the very clear pursuit of the terminally bourgeois. So shove that up your trenchcoat.

Dave Hill

THE BUSINESS

Skunx

THE LAST TRAIN LEAVES OI! STN. RIGHT ON TIME

LISTEN. Only three great things came out of Oi! and one of them was the chorus to 'Harry May'. The Business have a name to live up to, a reputation to deal with and a single to follow. . . so, do they cope?

This night, this time round, Skunx is less manic, a more relaxed place to be, the band are less strung up on other people's legacies, less hung up on themselves — this time Lewisham holds court in Islington. The Business play to a home crowd and so, in spite of stretching 'relaxed' to 'laid back', win the game with the audience pumping most of the energy/most of the buzz and yer actual crop-tops onstage content to play hardcore cabaret and run through the hits.

The hits line up this way: 'H-Bomb', 'National Insurance Blacklist', 'Deo', 'Suburban Rebels'. . . Micky Fitz looks out on the faithful and, er, croons. . . the bassist looks handsome in a tartan tam and plays left-handed cool with a right-handed bass. . . the guitarist doesn't like the smell of Micky's left armpit and turns away to face the wall. . . this band *looks* good. . . . . .Problem being they've forgotten what to play. Do we get 'Work Or Riot'? 'Last Train To Clapham Junction'? 'We Don't Wanna Die'? Nah — the Biznuss observe the strange ritual of trashing six strings, skins and things for 20 odd minutes and calling it a set. When they do return, they encore with the two numbers that they ended with only minutes before.

These boys out of shape, or what? They should play their own songs and play longer. Sure, Micky Fitz does great impressions of Jimmy Sham on 'Tell Us The Truth' but do you need it? They should drop the covers and quit pretending they haven't got ideas of their own.

See this, even if their ideas do take few wrong turns, this crew have got a lot of smart ones: starting the set with 'H-Bomb', turning the screw with 'Suburban Rebels', dedicating 'Sabotage The Hunt' to the Swedish skins ("They're like us — good boys") — Neither Washington Nor Moscow But Vulpine Liberation And International Socialism! Ha!

But then a lot of wrong turns crop up all of a sudden in one place — 'Smash The Discos!' Gordon. . .

. . .This is a no-no, a mistake, a right dumb ulcer. . . It's nothing on 'Fuck A Mod' for crass stupidity but it's heading that way and it *doesn't* say: "There are three million on the dole — we don't want to get down and boogie!", it says "Smash the discos! Smash them up!"

Sit quietly little ones and listen as the autocue gets stuck and the cack careerists churn out the hack excuses on tap. . . on tap. . .

. . .They will tell you "Someone's Gonna Die' is anti-violence (but it never sounds that way), they will tell you 'England' isn't an anthem for the *white* working class (but it's always taken that way — just go to the gigs will ya — a malignant cancer on a great band) and they will pipe up: "Yeah, but 'Smash The Discos' doesn't really *mean* that, it means. . ."

It's the worst excuse in the world: Gil Scott-Heron is *not* the soundtrack of blue-rinse hatchet-Thatcher juntasville; 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise, is *not* the voice of stale conservatism; James Brown is *not* the Tories' support act. . . Christ, it's no excuse at all! Blame the bosses not the blacks! Slam the lyrics not the dancetracks!

Natch, the Business will learn. They have the suss to junk the crap, the intelligence to pinpoint the real threat and the real road to fightback. They should do. So long as they don't flounder in soft populism like Sham (don't mess with it, Micky; it sticks and it stinks and it's hard to get rid of the smell — look at Pursey) and don't get tied to London tribalism, they'll outrun the whole of the Oi! crowd.

The Business have the politics, the power and the gip to be the best, to make some grand singles and leave the majority of their peers looking less than zero, more a waste of time.

For now they're coping. . . just. But make a mental of this:

They'll cope, wacker.

X. Moore

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ACROSS

1 UB40 dropping . . . er sorry, showing their guts at the dentists? (1-4-5-2-4)
8 Chart number — pin-up of that recent shivering beefcake whose pride was eclipsed by the staple? (10)
10 Industrious label (7)
12 My baby takes the . . . (name that tune in four) 4-2-4)
13 Moggy and the waiters (1-1-1)
14 **+22D,** She loved to love and loved like a lover with Dr Love and love boys (4-7)
15 On the horn with Stevie Nicks band (4)
17 **+33D,** 1979 hit from 'superstar' duo released on both Casablanca and CBS simultaneously (2-4-5)
18 Heavy Band who first emerged album-wise in 1971 — or Adam Faith TV, wise in the same year (6)
20 The original crooner (4)
11 20 years on and Cliff still heeds his father's words (8-3)
23 Cat Stevens gift for the tillerman (3)
24 Openings for some breed (5)
26 **+27D+40** A Miss World and Les Dawson's mother-in-law *a la* Bowie (6-3-3-5)
31 The Queen's musician of the month (3)
32 The Alan Price — (3)
34 Wikka wrappers (8)
35 Nearer to . . . or rather from Joy Division (6)
37 See 36D
38 Same title, four different songs from Stealers Wheel E.W.&F. Nazareth and Kiki Dee (4)
39 Slowhand and just what Brown Sauce wanted (4)
40 See 26A
41 See 3D

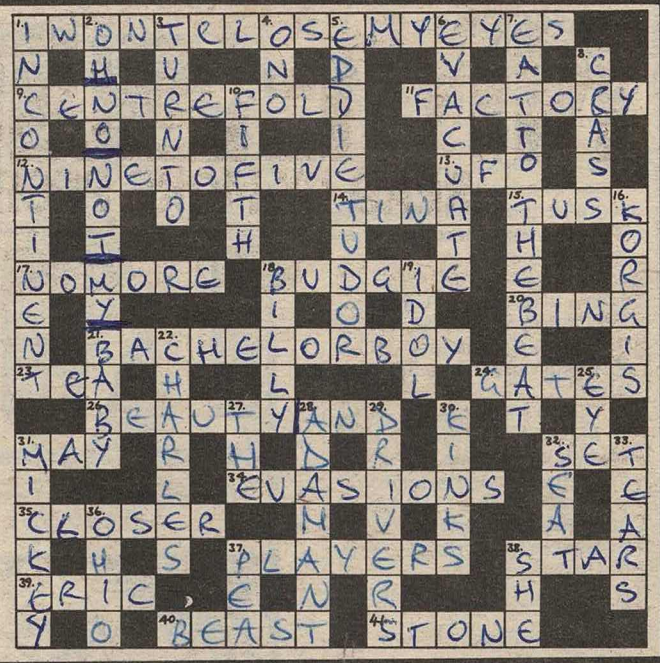
DOWN

1 Bed wetting from Fad Gadget (11)
2 Sung by Manfred Mann and Rod Stewart, but not I trust by Prince Charles (2-2-3-2-4)
3 **+41** A Petrification, its ELO (4-2-5)
4 Sounds like John Lennon had disagreements with his missus (3)
5 Toured, died — makes his name as a lead singer (5-5)
6 Quick everybody get out of town — Chelsea are here (8)
7 Or Debbie could have called it Munch with the Crunch (3-2-3-4)
8 They're green with penis envy (urgh!) — excluding that shivering beefcake (5)
10 The Dimension that gave us Aquarius (5)
16 Best known for "Everbody's Got To Learn Sometime (6)
18 **+19D** Gen X frontman (5-4)
22 See 14A
25 A kick in it from Bauhaus (3)
27 See 26A
28 Absolutely positive he's last year's thing (4-3)
29 **+32D** 1979 minor hit from Sniff 'n' the Tears (7-4)
30 You really got me, set me free, apeman (5)
31 Ridicule a chart riser (6)
32 See 29D
33 See 17A
36 **+37A** US funk band who had chart entry in '76 with 'Who'd She Coo' (4-7)
37 Manfred Mann 1967 instrumental, 'Sweet—' (3)
38 Charles Aznovoice number one (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS:— 1 Ashes To Ashes, 8 Neo, 9 Knack, 10 Noddy, 11 See 29 Down, 13 Pine, 14 Stars, 15 Taxi, 18 See 5 Down, 20 Ace, 22 Arlo, 23 Thang, 24 Velvet, 25 Gentle, 28 Acts, 30 See 16 Down, 31 Ronette, 33 Sci, 34 S.L.F. (Stiff Little Fingers), 35 Crash, 36 Chas.

DOWN:— 1 Among Strangers, 2 Hendrix, 3 Sony, 4 Oi, Oi, 5 and 18 Across, Sex Unter Wasser, 6 Sun, 7 Second, 12 See 16 Down, 13 Psychedelic, 16 and 12 and 30 Across I Won't Close My Eyes, 17 English, 19 Elvis, 20 A.T.V., 21 Eat, 26 Late, 27 E.C.T., 29 and 11 Across Tear It Up, 30 Mash, 32 Nel.



Telling . . . Oku Onuora

TWO SCANTILY recorded Jamaican vocal trios emerge with new LP releases this week.

Up on UK issue via Trojan is a 10 track set from former Studio 1 stalwarts **The Viceroys,** who plead 'We Must Unite' (TRLS 208). Produced by Linval Thompson and recorded at Channel One with the Roots Radics musicians, the title includes an update of the group's redoubtable 'My Mission Is Impossible' song, plus other original E Tingline compositions 'Show Me Your Company', 'Riding The Strength Of Jah', 'The Intelligence Of Her Mind' and the current discomix release 'They Can't Stop Us Now'.

Over from the States courtesy of blues imprint Nighthawk arrives a debut album from Westmoreland outfit **The Itals** — led by Keith Potter and with Ronnie Davis and Lloyd Ricketts providing harmony — claiming it 'Brutal Out Deh' (NH 303). Produced by Bob Schoenfeld and Leroy Pierson, the set dispenses 10 new titles including 'Herbs Pirate', 'Rastafari Chariot' and 'Truth Must Reveal'.

New on Greensleeves of Shepherds Bush, **Toyan** and **Nicodemus** toast five tunes apiece for 'DJ Clash' (GREL 32) — a Henry "Junjo" Lawes production recorded at Channel One and mixed by Soldgie.

A set of five titles are issued on D Germain's new UK discomix outlet Reggae: **Cultural Roots,** Ghetto Runnings (REG 01); **George Nooks** with an interpretation of Murrh and Stegall's 'We're In This Love Together' — also recently recorded by Bingy Bunny — (REG 02); **The Tamlins,** 'Baby Love' (REG 03); **The Mighty Diamonds,** 'Pretty Woman' (REG 04); and **Ranking Toyan,** 'Walk & Look Man' c/w 'Girls Now A Days' (REG 06).

Other new 12" discomix titles include: dub poet **Oku Onuora,** 'I A Tell' c/w 'Reflections In Red' (KUYA — SK 001) — produced by Mr Onuora and Aston Barrett; **Horace Martin,** 'Africa Is Calling' c/w 'Saturday Night Jamboree' (African Youth — AY 001) — produced by T Elliott; **Edi Fitzroy,** 'Youth Man In A Penitentiary' c/w **Ringo,** 'Life In A Jail House' (Maroon Rockers — MRD 102) — produced by Trever Elliott; **Radio Rebels, Nightdoctor & Iauwata,** 'Striving To Be Free' c/w 'It's A Sign' (Dread Broadcasting Corp — ZD 01); **Norman Soloman,** 'Joy Bells Ringing' c/w **The Jays,** 'Unity Call' (Black Joy — DH 816) — produced by Prince Jammie; **Riot Squad/Matumbi,** 'Why Do You Make Me Wait' c/w 'Paraphrase' (Extinguish — EXT 004); and **Tony Chin,** 'Lonely Soldier' c/w **Michigan** and **Smiley,** 'Too Much Confusion' (Hit Bound).

Former Misty and Gaylords bassist Chesley Sampson has joined forces with erst Misty drummer Julian Peters and others to form **Natural Roots.** The group are presently working on an LP to be released on their own Fasimba label in May and entitled 'Big Reggae Showdown', with the title track imminent for discomix issue.

New 7" pre-release include a trio of titles on the Gorgon label: **Delroy Wilson** reinterpreting 'No More Heartaches'; **Phillip Frazer,** 'Please Stay'; and **Cornel Campbell,** '100lb Of Collie'. Other JA pre include: **Ranking Roger,** 'Tribute To All Young Gal' (Center Forward); **Delton Schreechie,** 'Many Things In Life' (Center Forward); **Burning Spear,** 'Education' (Burning Spear); **Johnny Osbourne,** 'Do It Again' (Cash & Carry); **H Brown,** 'Love Life' (Hit Sound); **Porty Jewel,** 'Staring At Me' (Leggo Sounds); **Robert French,** 'My Arlene' (Thrillseekers); and **Kongo Ashante Roy,** 'Dust To Dust' (Ancient Nayah Binghi).

Penny Reel

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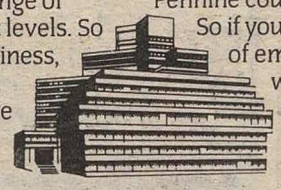

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REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL

All those criticisms of you. I bet you feel poorly but don't worry, it could be worse — you could be *Razzamatazz. The Rat, Belfast.*
Good to open the *Bag* on such a grotesquely optimistic note. Think I'll try to keep this one friendly. — M.S.

I have the answers to your circulation problems:
1. Revive *Garageland*
2. Keep Morley on interviews only
3. Dig up Nick Kent
4. Make Charles Shaar Murray write again
5. Sign up Andy Darlington who freelances for *Hot Press* and Mick Sinclair who freelances for *Sounds*
6. Drop *Errol*
7. Expand *T-Zers* to a full page
8. Expand *Gasbag* to two pages
9. Bring Back the *Next Week Box*

You've already done the last item — get on the case!
Robert Gillham, Welshpool, Powys.
10. Nuke Wales — M.S. (I'm sorry, but the friendly approach just doesn't work.)

OLD RELIABLES 1: SEX

I'd like to preclude any notions of a nonsensical attack on Paul Morley as he often contributes some good articles, though I'm occasionally mystified by his overblown language and form. However, in the last two issues his motives border on the suspicious.

I'm referring to the blatant objectification of Kirk Brandon's ears (?) and Pete Murphy's mouth (?). This not only renders their music invisible (maybe not such a bad thing) but does the same for said men. No matter how poetic Morley is with the multitude of associations, symbols and fantasies he attaches to these particular parts of the body, he's perpetuating and reinforcing male oppression of women simply by using the same politics towards these two men.

By objectifying, men's attitudes to women are persistently sexual (violent). A woman is not a person — she is lips, eyes, legs, arse — neither whole physically nor intellectually. Kirk Brandon is ears, Pete Murphy is mouth. Morley adopts the same principles but covers his tracks by emphasing Brandon and Murphy's masculinity, highlighting that the objectification of women is always sexual, always abusive and thus reduces women to sperm recepticles.
T. Cope, London E4.
Curious you should equate sex with violence. Are you sure (you can) Cope? — M.S.

I must object to Laura Booth's letter titled 'Fussed' *(Gasbag* 6.3.82). Who cares if there is "any hope for the cause of the women's movement"? Aren't we all sick of the bile-spewing, bearded circus ladies brigade? Dear Laura, aren't all bigoted, militant feminists more masculine than Johnny Wiessmuller and Clint Eastwood put together, and doesn't this thus spawn a deep jealously of the so-called "dolly birds" on *TOTP?* Have you ever seen any of the "movement" in anything else but a boiler suit complete with tool kit?

However, to get to your crass statements on 'Centerfold'. Did you ever stop to analyse the lyrics properly? Surely J. Geils *is* attacking sexism; it is visual sexism which is illuminated and abhorred in the lyrics.
M. Dawson, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
PS *"Take off your clothes in private"* is a compliment to any woman, except the bull elephants of the feminist movement.
Are you the same M. Dawson who writes for *National Lampoon?* — M.S.

The Big KISS OFF
·WORDS·
LAST POETS
·GRAPHIC·
·JILL MUMFORD·
BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO STRUGGLE...
OPPRESSION IS WORSE THAN THE GRAVE...
BETTER TO DIE FOR A NOBLE CAUSE THAN LIVE + DIE A SLAVE
SO MAKE SURE YOUR REASONING IS SOUND... BEFORE SHOOTING THAT OTHER PERSON DOWN...
CONSPIRACY IS IN THE AIR...
FOR WHEN THE TRUTH IS REVEALED, FALSEHOOD MUST DIE!
TO BE CONTINUED!
YES ITS TIME WE ALL TOOK A LONG HARD LOOK AT THE LIFESTYLES WE HAVE + THE ONES WE FORSOOK

We notice that all those outraged letters concerning Pamela Stephenson's recent bondage larks were from men. Now don't we all love male feminists? Creeping about in their duffle coats and beards, quoting Rosa Luxembourg and collecting vast piles of *New Society.* They've all got clever dick kids called Jon without an 'h' or Marc with a 'c', and are seen wandering about town with their brats strapped to their backs American Indian-style. No doubt they're only aware of the advert in question because it was circulated to them via their local men's awareness group, or they were found ogling it by their dungareed Ms and needed to clear their conscience in order to be allowed out with the lads for a pint of real ale. And we bet you received their epistles on that horrible recycled paper in used envelopes with those blasted stickers-with-trees for the address.
Chas Devlin and Ross Turner, London N10.
That's just not true — only one of them was written on recycled paper. The rest came in plain brown wrappers. Make of this what you will. — M.S.

TOP OF THE MORNING

The *Ulster Morning View* clipping exposed in *Thrills* was the best thing I read in our paper. The fact that the writer did not appear to know the popular musical significance of 'A Town Called Malice' and Theatre Of Hate was irrelevant. What it did show was that a section of popular music has great relevance to contemporary affairs, and can be influential in areas we do not expect. The jibe at the probable age of the journalist was gratuitous, very old fashioned, and youthist.
Matt Newberry, Carshalton, Surrey.

The joke's on you if your only reaction to the *Morning View* article 'A Town Called Malice' is a smug laugh at how these people aren't hip enough to know pop charts or the latest groups. Despite the fact they obviously haven't heard the record or about Theatre Of Hate, they seem to have taken Weller and Brandon's points better then you (whoever you are) if you can't see the irony of just seeing it as an illustration of out of touch editors. Start laughing when 'Land Of Make Believe' is construed as a bitter anti-Thatcher statement. (It's not, is it?)
G.S.M., Stevenage.
Once again, *NME* gets its collective botty smacked for daring to make a joke. I will personally endeavour to permit only those jokes in the best possible taste to surface in this week's *Bag.* Keep frowning. — M.S.

LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE

I'd like to thank Margaret Thatcher from the bottom of my heart for making me feel like a decent citizen and for restoring my pride in being once again a useful member of society. Thank you for taxing my supplementary benefit, Mrs Thatcher, it feels so good knowing that soon I'll be contributing once more and helping to make Britain great again. Yesterday I was able to buy the *Daily Express.* I am now able to listen to Brian Redhead on Radio 4's *Today* programme, and on Friday I'm going to tune into *Any Questions.* Isn't life grand?
Lance Comfort, High Wycombe, Bucks.
An interesting example of the school of sarcasm, thought by many to be the lowest form of wit. I rather like it. — M.S.

Re: your coverage of the YOP trainees lobby of Parliament (6.3.82). You gave the impression that the YOP's lobby was part and parcel of the Right To Work Campaign (a front for the Socialist Workers Party) when in reality it was the climax of the National YOP Trainees Union Rights Campaign, which was organised from the outset by the Labour Party Young Socialists, the biggest political youth movement in the country.

X. Moore also failed to mention that the demands put forward by the YOPsters were first put forward by the LPYS and are in fact included in the LPYS Youth Charter. Also ommitted was the publicity coup pulled off by the SWP, ie the way they had the RTW marchers burst in after the meeting had begun and the TV cameras were rolling. What was this in aid of? Stunts, no matter how good, will not win the aims of the campaign. On this particular day the SWP seemed more interested in publicity than real protest.
Peter M. Farrow, chairman, Blackpool LPYS.

Sometimes we have to set the record straight. I know it's not particularly interesting (this letter contains the ugliest assortment of initials I've seen in a long time) but it has to be done. — M.S.

OLD RELIABLES 2: VIOLENCE

The latest police figures on increased street violence should shock and dismay all right thinking skinheads everywhere. It started off as a joke: Lennon (who later saw the light) saying *"I'll put the boot in"* in *Help!* Parsons and Burchill getting vicious with words in *NME. Kung Fu* on the television, *Tom & Jerry.* And it's ended up with young guys coming out of dancehalls, at best limping, at worst ruptured. And old ladies, your mother maybe, cut and bruised in hospital.

Hasn't the joke gone far enough? Isn't it time that the *NME* and other youth papers spread the word that violence is just not hip? It's not anti-establishment. The establishment may want you to stand up and fight a war for them one day, so all the unpaid combat practice you get on the street is OK by them. That's why establishment censors let you see all the violence you like in vile and unintelligent films like *A Clockwork Orange* and Bruce Lee.

The cult of violence is sick in whatever form it comes. There's no such thing as a hard man — I've seen the hardest of villains back down when faced with someone a little bit harder. Back in Jack Kerouac's day, when a beatnik was called a juvenile delinquent by some passing straight it was pointed out to the said straight that a beatnik was hip, the juvenile delinquent just a square in a hurry. Likewise today, the violent man is just a square in a flurry.
Kerouac Fan, Torquay, Devon.
Too much to expect coherent argument from a fan of Jack Kerouac (well known mummy's boy and idiot author) but I know what you mean. — M.S.

OBJECTIFYING ANTON'S EARS (SORRY — EYES)

Who minds the advertisements when Anton Corbijn does his job? Last week's pics of Echo and other animals states this again! Why don't you collect all the best pics in an annual edition (on some nice paper), or show them all in an exhibition?
Lieve, Leuven, Belgium.
Anton's etchings are currently for private consumption only but I'm sure the Dutch darkroom wizard (30 - 24 - 30, 6ft 7ins, F-stop 8) will soon reveal all! — M.S. (Page 3 captions optional)

How famous do you have to be to have Anton Corbijn take your photograph?
S. Lauren, someone who thinks Corbijn's pics are the cat's miaow.
Bloody famous. — M.S.

LATE RESULTS

I've seen it all now — Pursey dancing on *Riverside.* Nothing could be worse, unless of course Spurs win four trophies.
Burnt Oak Clock End Punks.
We'll take more care of you . . . — Ronnie Whelan

I note with horror that the League Cup is to be renamed the Milk Cup. This begs a provacative question of football legend and as such I wonder if you could confirm that the FA Cup was so-called due to the fact that the football association could not afford to have a trophy struck during the competition's formative years?
Kevin Mank, Salford FC, Manchester.
Absolutely untrue, otherwise we wouldn't be sponsoring this year's final. — Egg Marketing Board.

MORE MORLEY

MORLEY
Never have I read such a load of pretentious, mindless and totally misguided crap as your review of Bauhaus at the Old Vic (6.3.82).
KILL
"Saddened" are you "that such hysterical surface scratching . . . excremental idiocy could be taken seriously. . ."? You should feel bloody saddened at having to write about something you obviously know nothing about.
YOURSELF
I just can't believe anyone can misunderstand anything so badly. The penultimate sentence in the review illustrates your total

The Friends Of Monty Smith

can be contacted at Gasbag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG

ignorance of Bauhaus' music. (You *are* supposed to be writing about music, aren't you?)

TWAT

I'm so bloody annoyed that I can't carry on with this. But the fact that 'In The Flat Field' is almost permanently in the independent charts speaks for itself. (And this despite the fact that the bassist is "weedy".) In future, keep your inane ramblings to yourself.
Sally, Leeds.

Bauhaus performed a simply stunning set at the Old Vic. It was exciting, effectively sparse and original. We were there! Where was Paul Morley?
The Audience

Death Wish 2, Halloween 2, Mad Max 2. Has Paul Morley got a sequel? I hope it's an improvement on the original.
Nick Castle, Shapesville, Illinois.
Paul Morley 2 has currently run into budget problems. Expect it to surface after next week's expenses. — M.S.

OLD RELIABLES 3: DRINK

When *Gasbag* had a letter from someone who dreamt that a nuclear explosion made his beer warm *NME's* star turn Paul Morley said "Try saki — the warmer it is the better." I hope this was an accident on the part of one of your paper's self-styled 'men of taste'. If it wasn't then it's high time you took him in for an overhaul. Clue: Hiroshima, Nagasaki.
Humourless of Liverpool.
At least you've got yourself sussed. — M.S.

As a Yorkshire person in exile, can you either stop printing letters about Tetleys or send me a bloody six pack over.
Phil Driscoll, South Australia.

POP PERSONALITY SPOTS

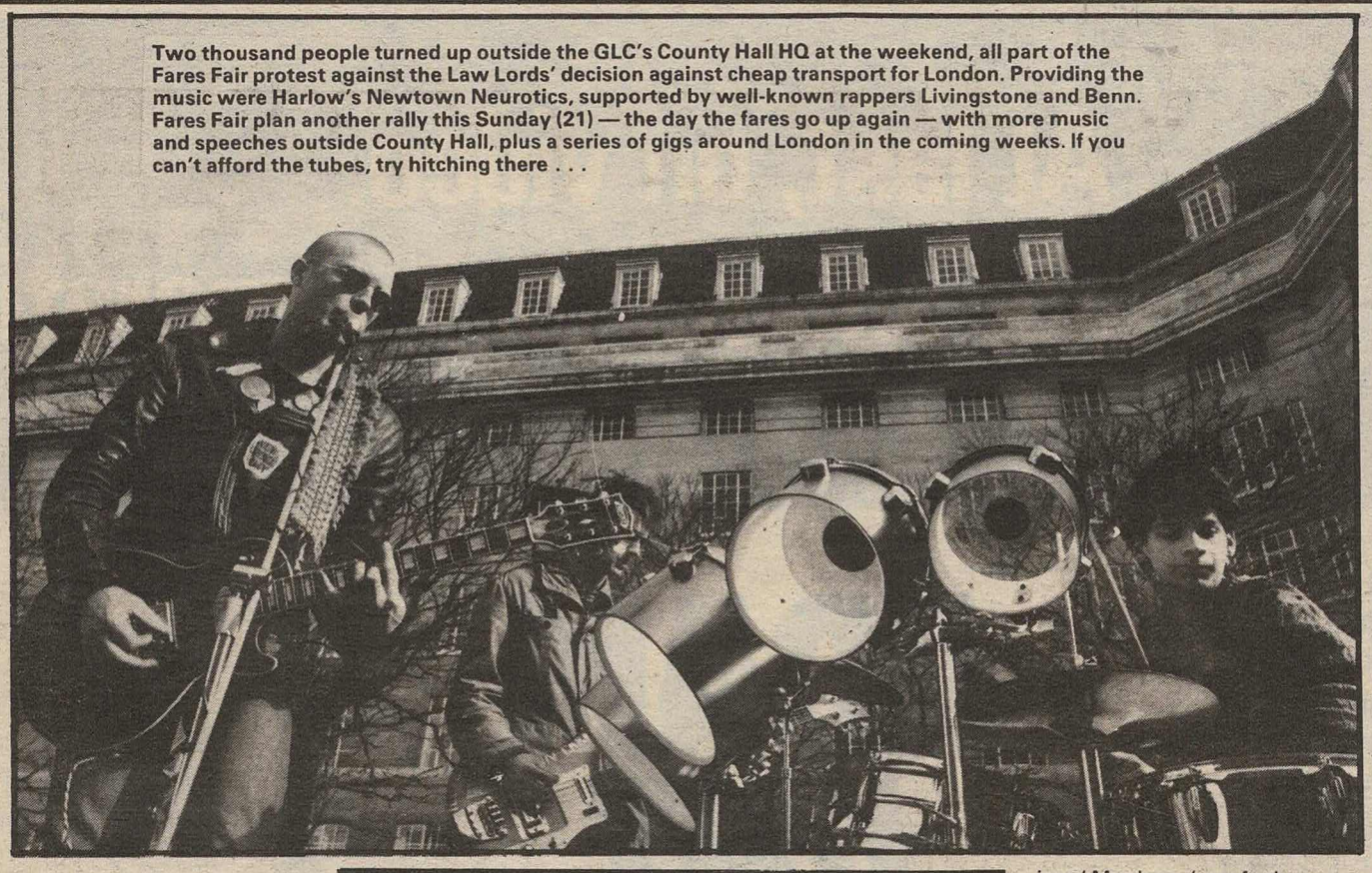
Gavin Martin just *had* to mention Martin Fry's acne in his ABC interview, didn't he? I don't suffer myself, but I'm sure he will have offended a vast number of the puss-filled, crater-faced wretches who read your paper. More tact in future, *please.*
Bald Eagle, Moss Side, Manchester.

How nice of Messrs Lock to appreciate that, although in his opinion The Jam are not doing enough, they're still trying. Piss off mate!
Dancing Andy, Bradford.
Messrs Lock? We know he's fond of his apple pie but rest assured Graham is but one personage. — M.S.

I was very amused to hear Mark Cordery's totally unbiased view of Diversen (6.3.82) where he pointed to the tones of Melanie Milburn's trumpet playing. Is it no coincidence that both attend the same North London polytechnic and are known to be good friends?
Captain Hardass, London NW1.
I love sneaks! — M.S.

I've always been fairly nuts, but I'm nuttier now . . . what the hell *does* Pete Sinfield's *"The seagoat casts aquarian runes through beds of mirrored tears/suave pirates words of apricot/pour out your veneer"* actually mean?
Paul Starkie, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.
That Honest Abe was right; you *can* fool some of the people all of the time. — M.S.

Well, if Crispian St Peters is going to be as big as Elvis (*Record Mirror*, 1966) he'd better make it soon.
Brian Poole, Sidcup, Kent.
He's working on it — I saw him going into a Wendyburgers twice last week. — M.S. (hastily apologising for lapse in 'taste stakes and scarpering swiftish).



Two thousand people turned up outside the GLC's County Hall HQ at the weekend, all part of the Fares Fair protest against the Law Lords' decision against cheap transport for London. Providing the music were Harlow's Newtown Neurotics, supported by well-known rappers Livingstone and Benn. Fares Fair plan another rally this Sunday (21) — the day the fares go up again — with more music and speeches outside County Hall, plus a series of gigs around London in the coming weeks. If you can't afford the tubes, try hitching there . . .

T-ZERS

ANIMALS! DONTCHA just adore 'em? We at *T-Zers,* the world's most good-cause-conscious column, certainly do. So don't expect us ever again to kick off with tastelessly offensive gags of the Why-didthehedgehogcrossthe-road (answer: to see his flat-mate) variety . . .

After all, as **Blondie's Chris Stein** told us recently, "We have animals who are our friends. They know what's going on!" And just to prove the sincerity of that sentiment, the group name "animals and jungle" as the theme of their just-completed new album, **'The Hunter'.** Produced by **Mike Chapman** once more, the LP herds up a menagerie of different styles, from reggae to rock to calypso to metal. At the same time, showing an equal concern for the human species, upcoming Blondie shows include benefits for **Vietnam** veterans and for **New York's Guardian Angel** people . . .

Adding a postscript to his acclaimed **Alan Vega** feature last week, **Richard Grabel** reports how AV looks like doing his next recording at **The Cars'** studio in Boston — musicians to include The Cars themselves, minus **Rick Ocasek** who'll do the producing thing. Tapes of a preliminary collaboration are described as "a danceable, edgy, extended groove, quite different from anything Vega has done before, though a few trademark touches are there. The Cars on it are in no way recognisable as The Cars." Now *that* sounds hopeful . . .

What did we do to deserve this? **Alice Cooper** was supposedly so impressed by UK reaction to his new act that he's recorded a tribute single, **'For Britain Only'** . . .

Knack knackered: sit yourself down now, pour out a stiff drink even, but we've got to tell you singer **Doug Fieger** has left the power-pap popsters, so throwing their future into confusion . . .

Bob Dylan in 'Christianity was last year's thing' shock. It now seems the **Lord's** favourite son has done a spiritual 360-degree turn and re-embraced the **Jewish** faith . . .

ON A LESS elevated plane of consciousness. meanwhile, we learn of **Debbie Harry** performing a strictly-artistically-valid sequence in the new *Videodrome* film, wherein she has all items of clothing removed by a whip-wielding giant . . .

LA coroner attributed the death of **John Belushi** (reported last week) to an overdose of heroin and cocaine . . .

Arch-deacon of Beat, the poet **Allen Ginsberg,** has just emerged from Dylan's studio with a new song called **'Do The Meditation',** which the bearded one claims will fulfill his ambition to "enter the rock and roll world and save it". But save it from what, Al? "From bubblegum commercialistic, spineless, neutral, apolitical, a-spiritual fatigue." Come off it, bet you haven't even *heard* the new **Spandau** album. By the way, Ginsberg's work with **The Clash** is coming up on the last gang's next LP, which is likely to be called **'Rat Patrol From Fort Bragg'** . . .

Absolutely no slighting remarks about balding DJ **John Peel** this week, after his comment on **Attila The Stockbroker's** New Towns article in last week's *NME:* "It's probably one of the most important things written this year. And it ranks alongside Paul Du Noyer's piece on Liverpool as one of the best I've read in a long time". . .

And the infamous Stockbroker has now taken to touring the **West End** wearing an "Anti-Disco League" badge, all the while muttering oaths over the lack of venues in **Harlow** . . .

THE HUMAN LEAGUE'S recent **Paris** show nearly came to grief, thanks to a peculiar local custom of throwing rice at the stage. After an appeal by **Susanne,** combined with a threat to call the concert off, did little to quell the onslaught, the day was saved by the gallant intervention of one **Jock MacDonald** (reports one Jock MacDonald) who'd organised one of several English bus trips to the gig . . .

Abba have been banned from the **USSR.** Even though they turned down that nice **Mr Reagan's** invitation to appear on his *Let Poland Be Poland* TV gimmick, they did send a statement of support — enough to incur the Soviet's wrath . . .

Hottest moniker on all the lips this month is new **Lake District** group **Billy Eckstein's Shirt Collar.** Reason is the buzz created by their first live appearance last Sunday, playing to a select crew aboard a trawler in the **North Sea.** Eye-witnesses have described the set as a "cool jazz / Monkees / rap-funk crossover". . .

Last week's *Sun* "scoop" about the supposed kidnapping of **Annabella Bow Wow** by scheming Macchiavellian manager **McLarfn** has drawn the inevitable scornful responses. Answering her mother's anguished allegations, Ms Lwin junior said "She knows I'm staying with my aunt in Devon and she can reach me any time". . .

Also in the clear is **Gary Numan,** who was charged after police found him queuing at a hamburger stall, carrying an "offensive weapon" in the shape of a baseball bat. The charge was dismissed . . .

Donna Summers' next record looks set to feature a couple of numbers written for her by **Bruce Springsteen** . . .

BACK IN BRITAIN, **David Bowie** is lined up for a part in **Tony Scott's** film *The Hunger.* In it he plays an alien who's been hanging out with **Susan Sarandon** *(Atlantic City* Oscar nominee) for 500 years on earth. At which point — not surprisingly — the lad starts to disintegrate. So **Susan** ditches him in favour of **Catherine Deneuve.** Jeez, who writes this stuff . . .

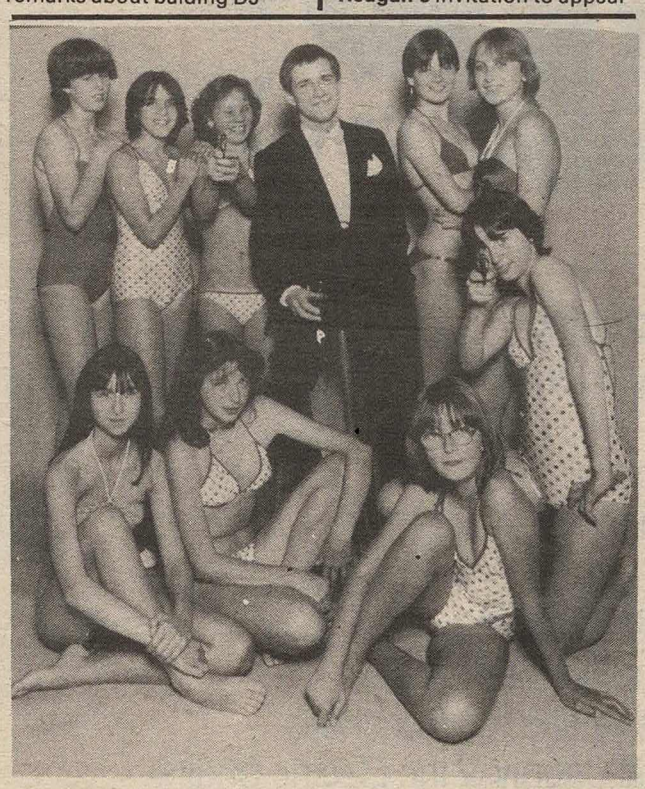
Over in **LA,** a group called **Vox Pop** are being strongly tipped for the **Worst Band In Town** title. They took another giant step towards the prize by getting **Billy Idol** onstage with them to sing 'LA Woman' . . .

Jack Douglas, who co-produced the **Lennons'** 'Double Fantasy' LP, is now involved in legals against **Yoko** for money due on the record. At the recent Grammy awards, where 'Double Fantasy' got Album Of The Year, Douglas was stopped from joining Yoko on stage to collect his share of the award . . .

Backstage at the same awards, **Tina Turner** was posing with **James Brown** and muttering "I've still got it. I've still got it." Experts are still deciding whether this was a reference to her looks, her career, or a bit of toot in her purse . . .

Most impressive remarks of the whole Grammy affair, though, came from **BB King,** picking up an award for "best ethnic recording'. Speaking about the image of bluesmen: "A lot of people think of some guy who can't write his name, likes to stay drunk and doesn't take care of himself. His pants are worn out, his shoes don't have laces and his cap is on backwards, and he has a cigarette hanging out the eastern corner of his lip. Now look at me. I'm a blues singer too," said King, looking dapper in his tuxedo. "I rest my case . . ."

And so do we . . .



Introducing . . . Die Doraus Und Die Marinas!

ANDREAS DORAU — he's the one who's smiling — is the 17-year-old Hamburger they're calling "Germany's singing schoolboy sensation". Now, the record he made with Die Marinas — they're the ones not wearing pocket handkerchiefs — is out over here on Daniel Miller's Mute label. Entitled 'Fred From Jupiter', it's drawing ecstatic responses from NME know-alls, ranging from "ever so funny" (C. Bohn) to "biggest load of shit I've ever heard" (A. Thrills). Hasn't he done well? 'Specially for a Hamburger.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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2 ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE — So What? 1"
3 THEATRE OF HATE — Westworld 1"
4 FUN BOY 3 — FB3 1"
5 DEPECHE MODE — Speak & Spell 1"
6 ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE Fist ¾"
7 HEAVEN 17 — Money ¾"
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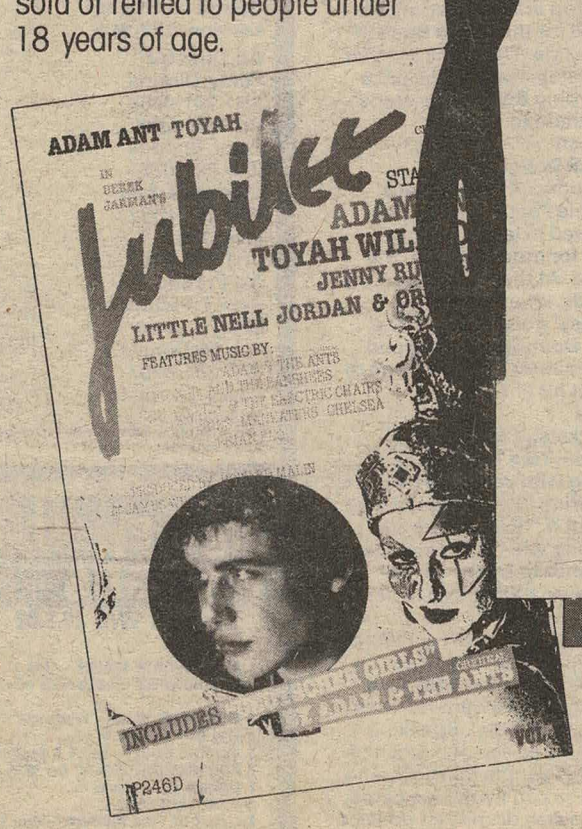

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